Commentary

Volume Seventy-six, Number Two, August 1983

The Rich, the Poor & the Reagan Administration

Michael Novak

Are Things Getting Better in Eastern Europe?

Arch Puddington

How to Lose the War of Ideas — Chester E. Finn, Jr.

The Education of an Anti-Capitalist — Joseph Epstein

The Prince of Progressive Humanity—A Story — David Evanier

MUSIC: Rubinstein the Great Entertainer — Samuel Lipman

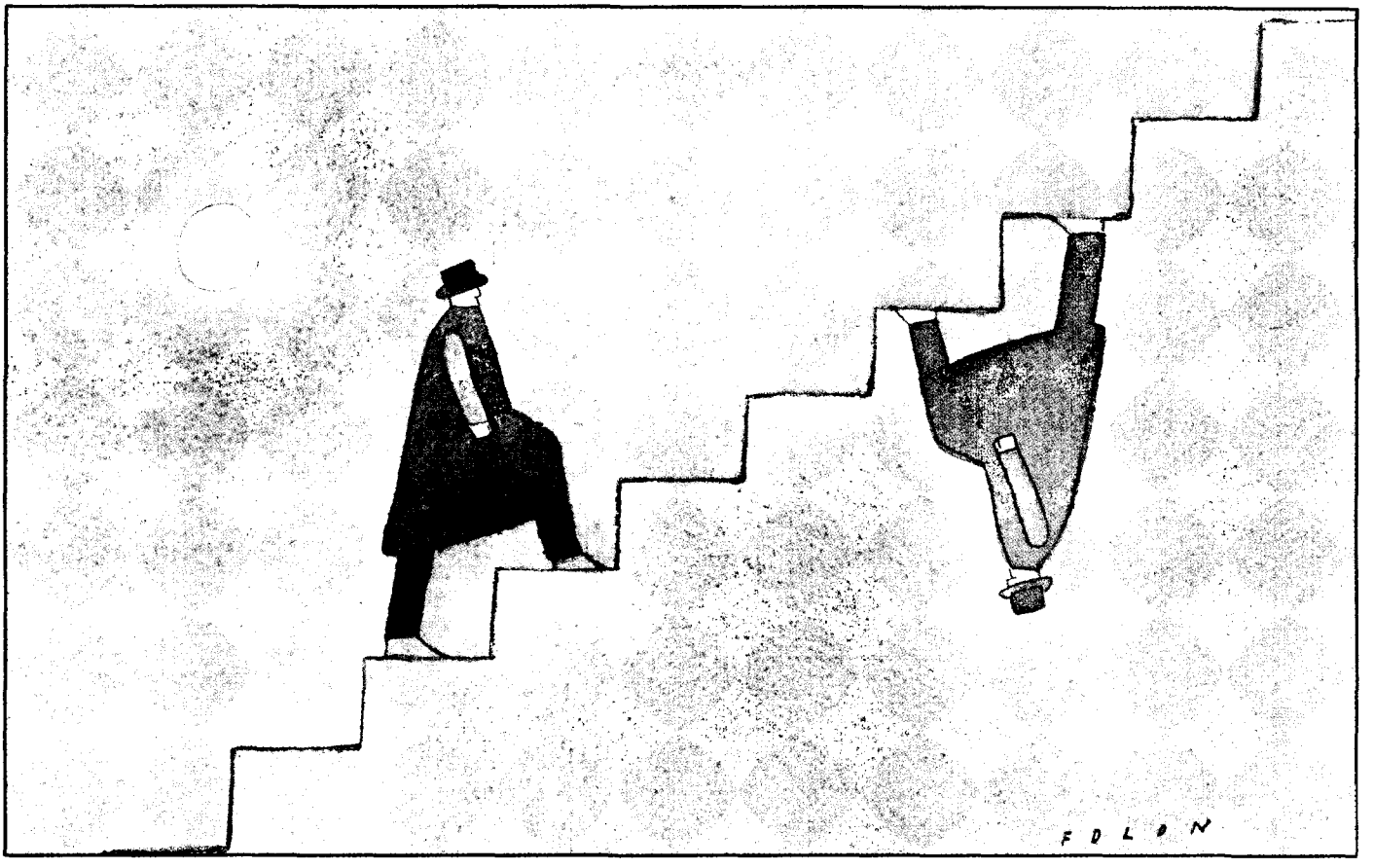
FICTION: Aharon Appelfeld, Survivor — Ruth R. Wisse

EXCHANGE: Sarah Lawrence's Secret — Louise Blecher Rose & Critics

BOOKS: Edward N. Luttwak on Strategic Thinkers — Leslie Lenkowsky; Chaim Raphael; Edward Jay Epstein

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE

THE ELECTRICAL AGE
Rebirth or Retreat?



Over the years, America has become more and more electrified. But today a critical question is being asked: in the future, will the importance of electricity increase or diminish? The answer to this question is critical to our country's future.

Are we using less or more?

Since the OPEC oil embargo of 1973, Americans have cut back on virtually all non-electric forms of energy. The direct use of oil and natural gas has dropped, and even the direct burning of coal has declined.

At the same time, though, use of electric power has actually *risen* by over 20 percent. While this increase is considerably less than in earlier decades, it continues a definite trend. America is shifting away from direct fuels and toward electricity.

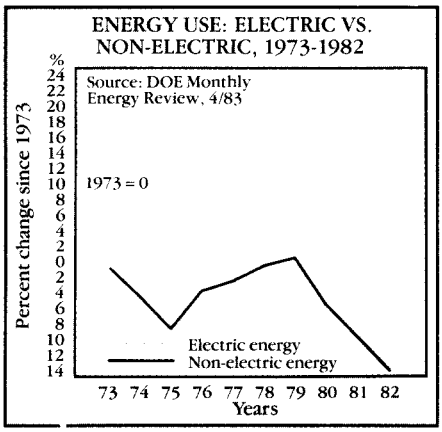
About 90 percent of all the new energy we have added since 1973 has been used to generate electric power. And while the country now has an adequate supply of electricity, the question is, will that supply continue to be adequate? The answer depends heavily on what happens to our economy.

As the economy begins to turn around, use of electricity will very likely increase. Every increase in our GNP has been accompanied by an increase in electricity demand. Even if the increase is small compared to previous decades, say 2 percent per year, that would still result in a 50 percent increase in the need for electricity over the next 20 years. To supply that amount, we would have to build the equivalent of around 300 large generating stations.

Some say a 2 percent per year increase is very conservative, but some say it is high. They feel that 1 percent may be more reasonable, based on recent history, current economic growth rates, and an interesting theory. The theory is that industry, the largest user of electricity, won't need as much electricity as it once did because America is turning from a high-energy industrial society to a low-energy informational society.

This theory is based on a number of assumptions that may be open to question. Can we assume that Americans are prepared to turn the majority of energy-intensive industries over to foreign competition? And can we assume that Americans will abandon their love for innovation and their desire for more comfortable, mobile, and productive lives?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


ENERGY USE: ELECTRIC VS. NON-ELECTRIC, 1973-1982
Source: DOE Monthly Energy Review, 4/83
1973 = 0
Percent change since 1973
%
24 22 20 18 16 14 12 10 8 6 4 2 0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14
Electric energy
Non-electric energy
73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
Years

Although overall energy use has dropped over the past decade, the demand for electricity has increased over 20%. Electricity use has historically paralleled the nation's GNP; the recent drop in electricity use is largely due to the recession. Many observers believe that as the economy recovers, demand for electricity will continue its upward trend.

Is the electrified future coming?

The forecasts of the 50's underestimated the amount of electricity needed to operate television in the 80's by 75 percent because of unforeseen innovation and behavior.

Though transistors use less electricity, the introduction of color, plus the use of multiple sets in the home and greatly increased viewing time, more than made up the difference.

Central heating and air conditioning, once considered luxuries, are now perceived necessities. Fifty percent of all new housing in America is electrically heated. Climate-controlled domed sports stadiums and shopping malls that once were found only in the humid South are rising all over the country.

Homes are becoming electronic centers as new entertainment and personal computer products flourish. But it is the rise in popularity of electricity as the cleanest method of home heating that could have the greatest effect on residential electricity demand in the years ahead.

People-moving is becoming more and more electrified. Electrified "bullet" trains between large cities are already in use in France, Germany, and Japan. San Diego has begun planning for one already and Texas and Florida are also looking into electrical people-movers.

New industrial electrical applications are coming on line in steel melting and other metal production industries, materials-cutting, glass-making, finishes, computer control, the manufacture of paper, textiles, and chemicals, and in robotics and lasers.

Home computers, video games, tapes, disks and cassettes are turning living rooms into electrified home entertainment centers.

Even farming is becoming more electrified with climate-controlled stock raising, pump-powered irrigation and increased electrical use in processing and storing farm products.

Electrified "bullet" trains, like this one in Japan, will greatly speed trips between U.S. cities. One is planned to run between Los Angeles and San Diego by the end of this decade. Cruising at up to 160 miles per hour, it would cut commuting time in half for its estimated 100,000 passengers per day.

America *is* becoming more and more electrified. As it does, a reliable supply of electricity will be even more important than it is now. And in a world where energy sources are becoming harder and harder to come by, which ones can we rely upon to generate the amount of electricity we'll need?

Sources we can count on today

While a temporary glut has taken the price down, oil is still neither an economical nor a secure source for making electricity. Most experts agree oil will become more and more expensive in the future. We've already seen how unpredictable the supply of foreign oil can be.

Natural gas is another depletable, finite energy source, and although recent estimates indicate that more may exist than was previously thought, it is uncertain at what cost it would be recoverable. Both oil and natural gas are also valuable for uses other than burning in power plants.

Virtually all hydroelectric sites have been developed, and electricity from solar is yet to be made practical and affordable for broad-scale application.

Coal and nuclear electricity are our best options. The U.S. contains enough coal to last hundreds of years. But coal can't do the job alone.

Coal's partner is nuclear power, which is close to becoming second only to coal in generating electricity for the U.S. While concerns and fears exist about nuclear plant operations and waste management, positive strides have been and are continuing to be made. The industry has displayed initiative in overcoming and preventing problems during its 26 years of plant operations. A supportive Administration and positive legislation, such as the 1982 Nuclear Waste Policy Act, are also helping to ensure that nuclear energy can continue to provide the electricity America needs.

Along with coal and nuclear electricity, conservation will also play a vital part. Conservation not only in the way we use electricity, but also in the way we build and design and create the things that will need electricity to keep them going.

America *is* turning around. The economy *is* recovering. The future holds immense promise. Tomorrow *can* be as bright as it seems if we use today's energy wisely.

If you'd like more information about the electrical future of America and the energy sources that will help fuel it, just fill out this coupon and send it to:

U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness
P.O. Box 37012
Washington, D.C. 20013

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

118

Information about energy America can count on today

U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

VOLUME 76 NUMBER TWO *AUGUST 1983*

Articles	27	The Rich, the Poor & the Reagan Administration	*Michael Novak*
	32	Are Things Getting Better in Eastern Europe?	*Arch Puddington*
	41	How to Lose the War of Ideas	*Chester E. Finn, Jr.*
	51	The Education of an Anti-Capitalist	*Joseph Epstein*
Story	60	The Prince of Progressive Humanity	*David Evanier*
Music	68	Rubinstein the Great Entertainer	*Samuel Lipman*
Fiction	73	Aharon Appelfeld, Survivor	*Ruth R. Wisse*
Letters	4	from *Alice Stone Ilchman, Charles DeCarlo, Saul Z. Cohen, Carla Pekelis Seitz, Marilyn Katz, Meyer Rabban, Leo Shapiro, Jennifer L. Douglas, Claire Rodman, Batya Bauman, Frank M. Goldsmith, Greta Litchenstein, Myra Cohn Livingston, Nina Freedlander Gibans, George M. Shapiro, Regina Smith Oboler, Jerold S. Auerbach, George Jochnowitz, Constance Lowenthal, Susan Lee, Pamela Foa, Susan Hendrickson, Jane Harrison Maybank, Louise Blecher Rose, Steven E. Zipperstein, Harold Heifetz, Alex Weingrod, Daniel J. Elazar, Ruth Miller, James H. Johnson, Matitiahu Tsevat,* and others	
Books in Review	77	The Wizards of Armageddon: Strategists of the Nuclear Age, by Fred Kaplan	*Edward N. Luttwak*
	82	The Europeans, by Luigi Barzini	*Leslie Lenkowsky*
	84	An Ambassador Speaks Out, by Shlomo Argov	*Chaim Raphael*
	86	Red Carpet, by Joseph Finder	*Edward Jay Epstein*

Editor: Norman Podhoretz
Executive Editor: Neal Kozodoy
Managing Editor: Marion Magid
Associate Editor: Brenda Brown
Contributing Editors: Robert Alter, Milton Himmelfarb, Walter Laqueur
Comptroller: Philip Shamis
Production Manager: Bruce Lodi
Circulation Manager: Helene Hansen
Cover: The Drawing Board, Inc.

COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee—Single Copy is $3.00, $30 a year; 3 years $81; 5 years $120—Add $5.00 per year for all foreign, including Canada and Latin America—Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

Copyright © 1983 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions—Indexed in *Readers' Guide, Book Review Digest, Public Affairs Information Service, Index to Jewish Periodicals, ABC Pol Sci, Historical Abstracts,* and *America: History and Life*—Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

Publication Number ISSN 0010-2601
EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES: 165 E. 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bank of Theodor Herzl

"The settler is worthy of more than gift; he is worthy of credit."

The founding credo of Bank Leumi. Written by Herzl in 1897. Thirty-five years ago when the State of Israel was founded we were already veterans in the financial field. When the fledgling State still did not have an official name, we had already been chosen to issue the first currency.

One of our proudest moments: the Declaration of Statehood signed on May 14, 1948 was immediately given over to our safe-keeping.

Our history and the history of Israel are inseparable. From financing the first settlements, to encouraging the growth of industry and export, to initiating trade connections abroad, Bank Leumi is the leader.

In Israel and around the world, Bank Leumi offers you expertise. Our resources are considerable. With over 450 branches, offices and subsidiaries of which 71 are located overseas.
With assets in access of US$20 billion.
Over 80 years experience has taught us how to use those resources for you.

bank leumi le-israel **בנק לאומי**

Regional Management
Western Hemisphere
342 Madison Ave.
Suite 1104
New York, N.Y. 10173
Tel: (212)850-9500
Telex: ITT 428451 Birgmgt

Bank Leumi
Trust Company
of New York*
579 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
Tel: (212)382-4000
Telex: ITT 420-968 Finut
WUI 62856 Finyork
RCA 232772 Finyur

27 branches in New York

Head Office:
24-32 Yehuda Halevi St.
Tel Aviv 65546
Tel: (03)632111
Telex: 33586 BLITA IL

New York* Los Angeles* Encino Miami Chicago* Philadelphia* Toronto
London Paris Marseille Strasbourg Lyon Nice Zurich
Geneva Frankfurt a/M Milan Brussels Antwerp Montevideo Punta del Este
Buenos Aires São Paulo Santiago Mexico City Panama City Caracas Cayman Islands
Curaçao Bahamas Johannesburg Hong Kong Melbourne

*Member FDIC

With over 450 branches and offices worldwide

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Statement of Aims

In sponsoring COMMENTARY, the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY's contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of COMMENTARY by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.

AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE

Howard I. Friedman, *President*

The Commentary Publication Committee

Frederick P. Rose, *Chairman*

Morris B. Abram
Norman E. Alexander
Donald M. Blinken
Theodore Ellenoff
Edward E. Elson
Richard C. Ernst
Lawrence Goldmuntz
Mark Goodson
Robert H. Haines
Lewis J. Laventhol
Bess Myerson
Robert L. Pelz
Ned Pines
Richard Schifter
Nanette Scofield
Henry Sherman
John Slawson
Alan M. Stroock*
Laurence A. Tisch

**Honorary Member*

Letters from Readers

Sarah Lawrence's Secret

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is hardly a "secret" that, during the first half of this century, American private higher education discriminated against virtually every minority group, including Jews. That fact does not excuse the involvement of any college, including Sarah Lawrence, in this practice. It does, however, raise questions about the purpose of Louise Blecher Rose's supposed exposé, "The Secret Life of Sarah Lawrence" [May]. It is regrettable that, in resorting to sensationalism, Mrs. Rose missed the opportunity to examine the larger issues surrounding this tragic policy and to address the more important question: why did this practice exist in the presumably most enlightened segment of society, our colleges and universities? In place of a serious discussion of what Mrs. Rose describes as "an important piece of social history," the article blends historical fact with inference and innuendo, concluding with the absolutely false suggestion that the college deliberately tried to suppress its past.

This inaccurate and shallow treatment of an important issue is appended to a series of distortions and caricatures attacking a college Mrs. Rose has repeatedly and publicly professed to love and admire. The denial of tenure to a faculty member is always a painful process, both for the college and the individual. Nevertheless, Mrs. Rose's pain does not justify this kind of attack and we cannot allow these distortions to stand uncorrected.

Sarah Lawrence is a thriving and vital educational community. The cornerstone of the college is a superb faculty, noted for its unqualified commitment to helping students discover and develop their potential. Sarah Lawrence students, 40 percent of whom are on financial aid, represent a rich diversity of economic, social, and religious backgrounds. Despite their differences, they are united in their intellectual zest, their creativity, and their unfailing decency and good humor.

Sarah Lawrence is well-known for having introduced the concept of individualized education to American education. Its seminar and tutorial system is made possible by a student-faculty ratio that is one of the lowest in the country. We continue to act on the belief that the cloth of education must be cut to fit the individual and that genuine learning engages both the intellect and the imagination in the service of truth, quality, and compassion.

We are sorry if this rich and unique education failed Mrs. Rose. Even more, we are sorry that, in both purpose and product, the article failed to meet the standard of scholarly excellence and integrity that Sarah Lawrence expects of its faculty, students, and alumni.

ALICE STONE ILCHMAN
President
Sarah Lawrence College
Bronxville, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

To paraphrase Groucho Marx, I suppose Louise Blecher Rose wouldn't want to join any tenured faculty that would have her as a member—and perhaps this is understandable.

Before inviting her to write a history of Sarah Lawrence, I had read some of her work and found it amusing. My hope was that she could produce a light-hearted send-up of the typically dull, self-congratulatory histories which surface when colleges find themselves at silver, gold, or other precious-metal anniversaries. Having read a goodly number of such I knew what I had in mind but, alas, obviously didn't communicate it to her.

The submitted draft was a disappointment—neither witty nor funny, with a bland juvenile reminiscence of college days and a journalistically dull exposé of early-day anti-Semitism.

With respect to the last, who would deny that until well after World War II American private higher education was anti-Semitic, anti-black, anti-Catholic—indeed almost anti-biotic, save for those special specimens extracted from North European life-stock? And who can deny that Sarah Lawrence, more than most, should have found these practices unacceptable to its educational principles?

But surely Mrs. Rose knew those principles grew from the ideas of Whitehead, Dewey, and Newman—ideas which were grafted by a few gifted teachers upon the gnarled

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rootstock of know-nothing primitive Americanism. The marvel is that the graft took so well, transforming a fledgling institution into a serious intellectual enterprise whose pioneering ventures are now replicated broadly throughout higher education. *This* is the story, and Mrs. Rose missed it.

Mrs. Rose's recitation of the college's inadequacies lies, like beauty, in the eye of the beholder. That she did not develop a useful course of study, that she did not overexert, that she did not see a status in the future equal to the one she had "already achieved as a nineteen-year-old Sarah Lawrence student" are sad recognitions, but nonetheless of her own making. Perhaps Mrs. Rose would have been better served by attending a college where SAT's are held in awe, and where exams can winnow the Gentile chaff from the Jewish wheat.

The life of a small college is perilous indeed, but from what I saw of it over a decade, I think Sarah Lawrence (even with a clay toe or two) has made a contribution to American education immeasurably larger than its size or foibles.

In sum, the cookie Mrs. Rose so righteously crumbles is stale and her grapes of wrath are sour.

CHARLES DECARLO
President Emeritus
Sarah Lawrence College
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As an Honorary Trustee of Sarah Lawrence College and a long-time reader of COMMENTARY, I was offended and angered by Louise Blecher Rose's article. What would possess a responsible magazine to publish an outrageously mean-spirited, vengeful article by a teacher who was only recently denied tenure? Surely the information that Sarah Lawrence, along with most other colleges in the 30's, 40's, and early 50's, had quotas for Jews is not news, and the patently subjective diatribe of an employee with an ax to grind is unworthy of publication.

There is a distinction between censorship and the editor's duty of self-restraint to forgo publishing material that can have as its only purpose not the enlightenment of the public but the defamation of an outstanding institution. You owe an apology.

SAUL Z. COHEN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Even though Louise Blecher Rose's quotation from my letter of some three decades ago, found in the college's records, portrays me in a favorable light, I am deeply concerned that a less than attentive reader might form the impression that I share in the many disparaging remarks made about the standards, the practices, the aims, and values of the college.

If Mrs. Rose's sweeping indictment had merit, I would hardly have encouraged three of my daughters to graduate from Sarah Lawrence. I would not, myself, have spent eighteen most fulfilling and rewarding years there.

CARLA PEKELIS SEITZ
Professor Emeritus
Sarah Lawrence College
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Jewish quotas in the past of prestigious colleges? Disgraceful, but scarcely a closely-held secret. Perhaps more worthy of scrutiny is the actual experience of Jewish students who attended these schools so many years ago.

I was a Jewish student at Sarah Lawrence from 1950 to 1954. Unlike my Jewish friends at other colleges, I found at Sarah Lawrence a very high proportion of Jews and, even more important, an atmosphere completely free of institutionally-fostered anti-Semitism. While my friends at other colleges told me nasty tales of exclusionary practices, I enjoyed a campus that on principle had no sororities, no exclusive clubs, no secret ceremonies. While my friends at many of these prestigious colleges felt they had to blend in by pretending to be Gentile in their speech, their manner, and their clothing, I was encouraged to be myself, valued for who and what I was and could become.

The commitment to civil liberties the college preached was practiced daily on its own campus. I was editor of the college newspaper. My closest friend, also Jewish, was president of the student government. Indeed, in the early 1950's, when Sarah Lawrence was one of the few institutions actively defending its teachers against McCarthyism, we were often labeled with opprobrium as "that Jewish school." Therefore, it seems particularly ironic to me that Sarah Lawrence should be singled out for censure on the quota issue and that we should have to defend ourselves today against charges of anti-Semitism for that same period of history.

Both Louise Blecher Rose and I are alumnae who returned to Sarah Lawrence—she eight years ago to join our distinguished writing faculty, I this past fall to join the administration. Given her scathing characterization of the college, I don't know why Mrs. Rose returned and stayed, but I know why *I* have. Once again, I have found an institution that practices what it preaches—respect for individual difference and demand for individual excellence—an institution quite unlike the one Mrs. Rose describes in COMMENTARY. But then, administrators are on yearly contracts; thus their view is unclouded by questions of tenure.

MARILYN KATZ
Dean of Studies and Student Life
Sarah Lawrence College
Bronxville, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

This year I have been teaching a former student of Louise Blecher Rose, a fine, hard-working, serious young woman who valued her year with Mrs. Rose and decided to stay on at the college because of that good experience and because Mrs. Rose herself urged her to stay. I had heard this from a number of students, and I regret that Mrs. Rose did not mention in her piece how very satisfying it is to teach in our tutorial-conference system, so special to Sarah Lawrence.

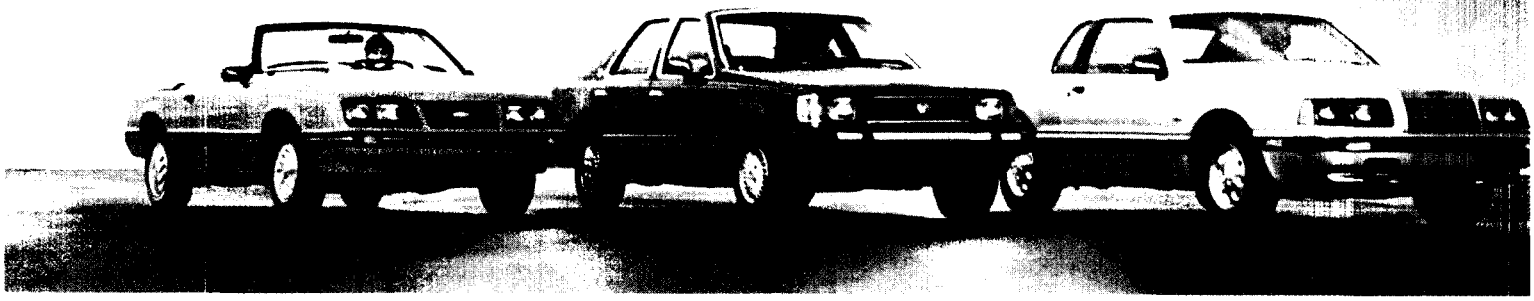
As I look back at my own thirty-five years at the college, I find that most of my students were serious about their studies. I can name many who have achieved outstanding careers in academic and other fields, and a very much longer list of people whose lives undeniably have been enriched by their four years here. Of course, there were some few like those who warranted Mrs. Rose's caricaturing pen. Such students may exist at any private college, but as I think about it, we have had surprisingly few at Sarah Lawrence.

I regret that Mrs. Rose did not do credit to those of her students who appreciated her teaching and, through her, came to appreciate the college's unique education.

MEYER RABBAN
Member, Psychology Faculty
Sarah Lawrence College
Bronxville, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll Love



The vehicles pictured above represent some of the newest offerings from Ford Motor Company, producer of the highest quality vehicles of any major manufacturer in America* Better than GM. Better than Chrysler.

It wasn't easy to accomplish, and it didn't happen overnight.

Here's how we did it.

Employee Involvement

At Ford Motor Company our greatest resource is our people. In plants and offices, on test tracks and in meeting rooms, Ford people are dedicating themselves to achieving quality. Employee Involvement groups meet regularly in almost all Ford plants and locations throughout the United States and are making significant contributions. As an example, over 500 employee suggestions were accepted for improving the assembly process and quality of the 1984 Ford Tempo and Mercury Topaz.

Engineered From The Driver On Out

At Ford Motor Company we're committed to building cars of functional integrity, character and unequalled quality that give you, the driver, real value for your money, and then some. Automobiles with proper steering wheel-to-pedal relationships, spaciousness, with precision-built instruments and controls that are functionally beautiful. With torque and horsepower characteristics that are well-matched to carefully selected transmission and axle ratios. Powertrain, suspension and steering that give a feeling of confidence and harmony, at city and highway speeds, even on rough roads. We call it the completely integrated vehicle. The driver's car.

Better Fit And Finish

The way things fit and the way things look are pretty good indications of how well a vehicle is made. At Ford Motor

*Based on a national survey measuring things gone wrong after three months of ownership, conducted among over 14,000 people owning Ford and competitive 1983 new vehicles, introduced prior to Feb., 1983.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Company accuracy and uniform fit are checked constantly by a hand-held computer called Datamyte.™ It makes sure the tolerances between doors and body, trunk and hood conform to exact design specifications. And the interior design and manufacture of the car are just as important, down to seemingly minor details such as making sure the carpets are secure.

In addition, by utilizing advanced technologies such as electrostatic painting, we are producing some of the most beautiful cars on the American road.

Quality Working Relationships Improve The Quality Of Our Work

An historic labor agreement, a commitment to quality, and a sense of pride have created a new industrial revolution. Ford Motor Company and The United Auto Workers are working together like never before. Together we are developing more efficient assembly methods, greater productivity, and better quality.

Take a close look at our quality and judge for yourself. After you do you'll understand that at Ford Motor Company, quality isn't just an abstract idea, it's very, very real.

We Weren't Always This Good

At Ford Motor Company things have changed. For the better. Right now, we're producing the highest quality cars and trucks of any major manufacturer in America. And that's only the beginning. A tremendous investment of time, money and hard work is producing the greatest outpouring of new products in automotive history. We've got a lot to be proud of at Ford Motor Company, and yet there is still much to be done.

We have dedicated ourselves to the task of making the quality of the American automobile, once again, the envy of the world.

Ford

Quality is Job 1

Ford · Mercury · Lincoln · Ford Trucks · Ford Tractors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the Editor of Commentary:

What a scoop! Anti-Semitism during the 1930's in American colleges!

Congratulations on upholding courageously the proud tradition of yellow journalism. In "The Secret Life of Sarah Lawrence" Louise Blecher Rose manages to meet all the criteria listed in the *American Heritage Dictionary* as characteristic of "yellow journalism": she "exploits, distorts," and "exaggerates" the facts "to create sensations and attract readers." In addition, she pulls things grossly out of context, makes a number of rather nasty, completely unfounded generalizations about the character of everyone associated with Sarah Lawrence, and, best of all, she chooses to invent much of her material herself. It's much more fun that way!

It is a shame that Mrs. Rose is so immature that she cannot distinguish between her own personal shortcomings and those of her school, so immature that when she fails to receive tenure she must throw an adult temper tantrum in the print media (despite Mrs. Rose's bitter feelings to the contrary, the last thing a school would do if it wanted to hide information would be to deny tenure to the holder of that information). Perhaps her "history of the college" was rejected for being too completely an account of her personal experience, just like her Commentary article.

Why, after eight years of teaching there, did Mrs. Rose suddenly decide to go public with the pathetic absurdity of Sarah Lawrence? Why did she wait so long to let the world know just how dirty Sarah Lawrence students are, just how Marxist the faculty is? Could it possibly have something to do with bad feelings she harbors as a result of being denied tenure?

As a student at Sarah Lawrence, I applaud Mrs. Rose's apparent goal of exposing hypocrisy in the school. I am sure some exists, and pointing out hypocrisy wherever it turns up, *is* very important in formulating philosophies and policies —whether in one's own life, in government, or whatever. However, Mrs. Rose has failed completely in her attempt at exposé, and instead has come up with a vicious intermingling of some terrible historical facts, some truths about the present, and a cauldron full of outright lies and unjustified innuendoes about Sarah Lawrence. I do hope she finds a new and personally satisfying job very soon. Perhaps as a staff writer for the *National Enquirer*. . . .

Leo Shapiro

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

I am a freshman at Sarah Lawrence and find it a complete disgrace that you would allow Louise Blecher Rose's article to be published.

Mrs. Rose lashes out at virtually everything imaginable and consequently leaves the reader wondering why the article was written in the first place. Is she attacking the admittedly discriminatory practice of admitting only a certain percentage of Jews to the college (a practice, by the way, embraced by the majority of academic institutions at the time and disbanded by Sarah Lawrence in 1958) or is she protesting the fact that one of her students happened to write about a homosexual experience in her fiction-writing class?

It's interesting to note that despite Mrs. Rose's "horrifying" research into "the secret life of Sarah Lawrence," she applied for tenure here this past year. Alas, she was denied her wish, and the hurt arising from such a denial appears to have resulted in this woman's frenzied bit of yellow journalism.

Jennifer L. Douglas

Bronxville, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

As a Sarah Lawrence student, I was angered and saddened by the view of the students and administration taken by Louise Blecher Rose. . . .

It is very hard to respond rationally to such allegations, especially when the impact is so personally felt. Yet I know that the majority of students on campus do not fit into the stereotype into which Mrs. Rose is trying to pigeonhole us. One of the reasons Sarah Lawrence students may at times appear disheveled in our personal and environmental appearances is that we have been up all night finishing what we feel is important work for our professors, and our first concern is to finish our work and attend class—as well it should be, for we are at Sarah Lawrence to get an education.

If we are neurotic, it is because we are learning more and more about ourselves and the world—and the assimilation of this knowledge is not an easy thing. The process of maturation is not a simple one, and Mrs. Rose, more than anyone else, should be able to understand that. Aside from learning about ourselves, it is very difficult to continue working and learning in a world like ours. We live with the ever-present horrors of countries like Chile, South Africa, and Kampuchea on our television screen. We are constantly confronted with both physical and emotional violence on the news and in our own lives. And we are nearly paralyzed by the fear that we will one day all be blown up by situations that we feel are beyond our control. If we are neurotic, it is because we care and are concerned about these issues. . . .

I am also surprised to hear Mrs. Rose say that she all but floated through her career here at Sarah Lawrence. If she did, then it was her loss. Speaking as both an academic student and a performing artist, I don't feel that there are *any* easy courses here—nor should there be. All the departments try to challenge the student to want to learn, to want to do more. I also strongly disagree with the idea that people who concentrate on the performing arts have an easier time of it. We spend more time in individual and ensemble rehearsals, are required to do technical work for shows, and have more components in our courses. This is all done in addition to our academic coursework, which is accorded a position of equal importance. . . .

As for the last section of the article, I, as a black woman, did not find it at all surprising that Sarah Lawrence once had admissions quotas for Jewish students. I was more surprised—and proud—to discover that Sarah Lawrence had been among the first to *drop* quotas as a means of discrimination. . . .

Claire Rodman

Bronxville, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

In her article, Louise Blecher Rose mentions a film shown at a gay film festival at Sarah Lawrence. She calls the film *Dyketectics*. The correct spelling is *Dyketactics*, and it is an aesthetic, upbeat, four-minute masterpiece by lesbian avant-garde film-maker Barbara Hammer . . . whose work has been critically compared to that of Maya Deren. If one were to look at this film—one in a body of work of some thirty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exquisite experimental films—with some sense of artistic appreciation rather than with a preconceived prejudice against lesbians, one might find oneself aesthetically enriched by it. I rather suspect that Mrs. Rose never even viewed the film.

Barbara Hammer is a serious film-maker of enormous talent and energy. It is a reflection on the integrity of Mrs. Rose that she did not research the film before so offhandedly mentioning it in a snide and pejorative way. *Dyketactics* is about as far from "sunburned penises and unhappy childhood memories . . ." as one could imagine. *Dyketactics,* as many of Barbara Hammer's other erotic women's films, is proof that there is a difference between pornography and eroticism, art and *vive la difference*! Barbara Hammer's films exemplify segments of women's culture which are freed from patriarchal and masculinist propaganda which suppress, negate, trivialize, and revile it. Her films are uplifting and life-affirming, and *Dyketactics* is a fine example of what one woman's and one lesbian's artistic sensibility can create when eschewing patriarchal influence.

BATYA BAUMAN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Over the years, although I have found COMMENTARY's editorial policy a great deal too conservative for my moderate philosophy, and I have disagreed more than agreed with it, at least the positions and the views expressed in the articles you chose to print had some intellectual basis. Such can certainly not be said for "The Secret Life of Sarah Lawrence."

Perhaps this diatribe by an ex-Sarah Lawrence professor, venting her dismay at being refused tenure by the college, gave you a certain amount of indignant satisfaction because it accused Sarah Lawrence, well-known for its liberal policies, of moral hypocrisy. In other words, because it gave you a chance to really "give it to those liberals."

This, however, . . . is no excuse to . . . print a dishonest piece which smacks of "yellow journalism"; and in doing so to strike a low blow at a fine academic institution which, like so many other small, private, liberal-arts colleges, is having a tough enough time these days struggling for its existence.

The facts are, of course (if you had bothered to check them), that during the 20's, the 30's, and the 40's (the period the author selected), there was hardly any private college in this country which did not have a "Jewish quota." In other words, why pick on Sarah Lawrence? What about Harvard, Princeton, Williams, Bennington, Swarthmore, etc., etc., etc.? Secondly, Sarah Lawrence was, in fact, one of the first private colleges to recognize that the policy of religious or ethnic discrimination was morally wrong and eliminated all discriminatory practices in admissions more than a generation ago. The very fact (quoted by the author) that between the 30's and the 50's the percentage of Jewish students admitted to the college increased from 1 percent to 10 percent to 50 percent attests to this.

I suggest that your indiscriminate acceptance of Louise Blecher Rose's emotional outburst has left you and your editorial staff in a highly compromising position, and that you owe Sarah Lawrence a public apology.

FRANK M. GOLDSMITH
White Plains, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a former newspaper reporter and editor, I am shocked at the editorial irresponsibility your publication exhibited in the article alleging anti-Jewish discrimination at Sarah Lawrence College. . . .

As one of the finest, if not *the* finest, private fine-arts college in the New York City area, the obvious truth is that Sarah Lawrence has drawn students of Jewish background since the 1930's and 40's. Many Jewish graduates of the college have distinguished themselves in the arts. . . .

Some years ago the New York *Times* ran a poisonous article by the novelist Anne Roiphe accusing Sarah Lawrence of being a hotbed of gay student activity. The article was a venomous and pathetic example of a writer of mediocre talent attempting to promote herself by making a splash at the expense of her alma mater. . . .

How dare you publish such a piece of obvious trash which impugns the integrity of this quiet, excellent little campus? . . .

GRETA LITCHENSTEIN
Greenwich, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

What great bunches of sour grapes Louise Blecher Rose tosses about. Indeed, what a hypocrite she must be if she went through the college doing nothing but sunbathing, talking to classmates and teachers, wandering around Bronxville staring at mansions, never staying up late to study or exert herself. If she believed Sarah Lawrence was on another planet, that academic life did not relate to the outside world, that her college years were an extended vacation, more is the pity that Sarah Lawrence chose her as a member of its faculty. The college is to be censured for this—rather than for its quota policy.

Why did she stay for eight years? Clearly the tone of her article is that of the injured Jew, and I grow weary and sick of this sort of attitude among Jews.

It is strange, but when I attended Sarah Lawrence from 1945 to 1948, I did not have time for sunbathing. Indeed, I didn't know that Bronxville had mansions. I knew that Sarah Lawrence was very much a part of the world and the community; its instructors (unlike those in other universities) were a part of the American scene. Rudolf Arnheim, Marc Slonim, Horace Gregory, Robert Fitzgerald, Helen Merrill Lynd had much to teach and impart. The divergent groups on campus were exciting to me, the most important part of a liberal education, and I found friends in all groups—friendships I maintain to this day.

Sarah Lawrence was anything but "implausible." It gave me the background, the impetus, the wherewithal to give back to the many communities where I have lived a small portion of what it gave me. Nor does it need to "redeem its own past." It should be grateful that Mrs. Rose has left; *that* can be its redemption, if one is needed.

MYRA COHN LIVINGSTON
Beverly Hills, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . Those who were at Sarah Lawrence in the 50's, when I was, experienced a generous Jewish population, a Jewish dean who later became president, and better opportunities than in many other colleges (perhaps any) for blacks. We lived through the McCarthy period, which was a nightmare for most educational institutions, and during which special prejudicial attention was given to Sarah Lawrence.

We, like most of our peers, chose to go to the college because of an intellectual atmosphere which gave

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us the opportunity to study with professors who wrote definitive social histories (Robert and Helen Lynd) and did definitive work on religion and mythology (Joseph Campbell). Other scholars have become giants in their fields, like William Rubin who, as director of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art, developed the Picasso exhibition of recent years. Our dean, Esther Rauschenbush, conceived of the programs which laid the base for Continuing Education as we know it today.

The issue of discrimination is part of the history and guilt of all American institutions, and Sarah Lawrence shared some of the burden in its early years. But taking it out of historical context is both poor reporting and poor judgment. . . .

NINA FREEDLANDER GIBANS
Shaker Heights, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It must have taken a great deal of courage for Louise Blecher Rose to write and for COMMENTARY to publish "The Secret Life of Sarah Lawrence." Congratulations on an extraordinary piece of work.

For those in my generation, the article inevitably revived unhappy memories of the ordeal of seeking admission to colleges and graduate schools in America in the 20's and 30's. The "quotas" and "geographical-distribution" techniques for discrimination were rampant—and it hurt deeply for Jewish and other minority youngsters to know they were rejected while applicants with lower grades and poorer scores were accepted.

After the war, when I was in a position to do something about it, as a young staff lawyer, I vented my feelings to Charles D. Breitel, who was then chief counsel to Governor Dewey of New York. Breitel listened quietly. He understood the situation thoroughly. The governor listened too, and in a special message to the legislature . . . courageously proposed legislation to establish a commission to study the need for a state university. The word "courageously" is used in its proper sense. The idea of a state university was anathema to the private colleges and other powerful groups, including the New York Board of Regents.

The legislation to create the commission was introduced and enacted. . . . Two years of discussion and "studies" followed. After a tremendous effort by the Association of Private Colleges to derail the recommendations of the commission, a bill was enacted to prohibit discrimination in the selection of applicants for admission to colleges and universities. It was this anti-discrimination legislation which turned the tide. The new law, the first of its kind, prohibited inquiry into race and religion. Suddenly it became unlawful to demand photographs and to press seemingly innocuous questions—i.e., "Where were your parents born?" Within a short period of time, Columbia and other universities were handling admissions on a computerized basis reflecting objective criteria—grades, SAT scores, etc. . . .

But the struggle was not yet over. In the years ahead, the battle would rage over the appropriation of monies to create new four-year liberal-arts colleges and to take over and enlarge medical-school facilities in Brooklyn, Buffalo, and Syracuse.

Mrs. Rose has written an article on one of the darker sides of American academic history. Sarah Lawrence was not alone. Many other colleges were equally guilty—but Sarah Lawrence held itself out as a citadel of liberalism. John Sloan Dickey of Dartmouth, if I recall correctly, spoke of the need to maintain the traditional character of Dartmouth's student body, and I believe that William Wallin, later chancellor of the New York State Board of Regents, spoke at the 1938 New York State Constitutional Conventon on the "right" to be selective. The evil lay in the fact that decent people remained silent in the face of the hypocrisy and cant of institutions which were regarded as centers of learning and truth.

GEORGE M. SHAPIRO
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

From the perspective of my research on the history of Swarthmore College, the issue of the existence of a Jewish quota at Sarah Lawrence seems hardly surprising, much less shocking. Effectively all good, small, private colleges during the 20's, 30's, 40's, and into the 50's used various forms of "restrictive principles" to limit the numbers of Jews in their student bodies. At Swarthmore, this became an open issue, under student pressure to abandon the quota system, between 1947 and 1951.

In 1949, the student newspaper reported the then dean of men as saying that "approximately one-third of the applicants to this college are Jewish; that the percentage at present of Jewish students in the college is approximately 14, and that this figure has risen from a one-time 6." The dean added that "these figures show the existence of a 'restriction principle,' but denied that there is any set quota governing the acceptance of Jewish applicants" (Swarthmore *Phoenix*, December 14, 1949).

Whether the intent of the differential application of admissions criteria to different cases was specifically to exclude Jews, or whether such exclusion was merely an artifact of an attempt to produce a heterogeneous campus community, was and is a matter of sharply divided opinion. However, the idea that the removal of religion as an admissions criterion would rapidly result in a predominantly Jewish student body was repeatedly put forth.

The controversy ended in 1951, when the administration announced to the Board of Managers its decision to discontinue asking the religious preference of applicants on the admissions-application form. (The question of membership in the Society of Friends was maintained.) At present, though it is impossible to say with certainty, it is commonly reported that about one-third of Swarthmore students come from Jewish families. Preference in admissions is still given to qualified Quakers and children of alumni.

Perhaps the acute embarrassment of the Sarah Lawrence administration over this issue stems from two facts: (1) that they continued the quota system up to at least 1956, several years after Swarthmore and other institutions had done away with its more blatant manifestations; and (2) that they never (apparently) took a formal policy stand against it.

By the way, my own alma mater, Antioch, had already ceased using religion as a criterion in admissions when it was still a hot issue at Swarthmore.

REGINA SMITH OBOLER
Swarthmore Oral History Project
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

"The Secret Life of Sarah Lawrence," sadly, is a shared secret. Wellesley has its own file of documents that testifies to a persistent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pattern of discriminatory admissions that still keeps the proportion of Jewish students shockingly low.

Precise statistics were kept between 1936 and 1967. Before World War II, 9-11 percent of Wellesley students were Jewish. The college president conceded: "I presume there is a sense in which it is true that we have a quota. . . . We try to keep the number [of Jewish students] within approximately 10 percent of the number of students admitted." In 1946, the college denied any "absolute quota of Jewish students," but noted "a conscious effort on the part of the Board of Admissions to keep the percentage of Jewish students small enough so that segregation and prejudice will be at a minimum within the college." Lest the logic of this position be elusive, amplification was provided: "Any group characterized by identifiable physical features" required reduction in size so that its members "become individual," rather than targets of prejudice.

The largest spurt in Jewish admissions was during the 1950's, when between 15 and 20 percent of Wellesley students were Jewish. By Massachusetts law—which the president of Wellesley opposed—it was no longer legal to request information about race or religion from applicants. After admission, however, "church preferences" were still tabulated. Asked for the figures, the college president claimed not to know "the exact percent of Jewish students," despite the careful records that were maintained.

From 1960 to 1967 the percentage of Jewish students declined from 17 to 13 percent; according to current "guesstimates" it is now 10-12 percent. The attitude of Wellesley presidents also declined. One of them, contemplating a Jewish chaplain on campus, wondered about Jewish weddings in the college chapel (denominationally Protestant). The "canopy problem," she observed, required "experience in merchandising so that we can get full value." Even more compelling was "the ritual smashing of glassware." "Will the floor of chapel have to be resurfaced," she asked, "in order to provide the resistant surface on which such breakage can be achieved?"

By now, neither quotas nor principles of geographical distribution are necessary. Jewish high-school girls go elsewhere. The current low percentage of Jewish students at Wellesley probably reflects the applicant pool, which surely reflects the college's history. Jewish freshmen, with their classmates, usually attend convocation, the first formal academic event of the year. It is always held in the college chapel. When I last inspected, the floor surface was very resistant.

JEROLD S. AUERBACH
Wellesley College
Wellesley, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is no secret that geographical quotas were adopted by prestigious colleges in the 1920's in order to keep down the number of Jews (see Stephen Steinberg, "How Jewish Quotas Began," COMMENTARY, September 1971). But it was quite surprising to learn that as recently as 1956 administrators at Sarah Lawrence College knew that their admissions quotas concerned Jews and not geography. If Sarah Lawrence knew what it was doing in 1956, did Harvard, Brown, Princeton, and Yale? Do they today?

I find it strange that geographical balance is considered to be inherently desirable. Why should it be? Is a school any worse if New Yorkers—or Jews, for that matter—are overrepresented? After all, nobody cares whether there are disproportionate numbers of Orientals or New Englanders.

Private universities are quasi-public institutions. They are partially funded with government money and fulfill a recognized public function. A school that maintains policies established for anti-Semitic reasons must be considered suspect, even if the justifications for such practices are entirely innocent today. Colleges with geographical admissions quotas are the only institutions in the United States that officially preserve measures once designed to discriminate. It is illegal for them to receive public support.

GEORGE JOCHNOWITZ
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Why did Sarah Lawrence attempt to suppress Louise Blecher Rose's discovery of its old admissions quotas for Jewish students? Did Sarah Lawrence naively imagine that Mrs. Rose's dismissal would assure the secrecy of its discriminatory policies?

In the past, the college's former faculty and alumni have indeed gone to the press rather than keep their criticisms "in the family." Sarah Lawrence's pretensions provide an easy target for those eager to aim barbs at its hypocrisies, and it seems that those pretensions made the college inflexible in coping with Mrs. Rose's discovery and unwilling to look frankly at its past.

Last year, an article in Harvard's alumni magazine written on the occasion of the reopening of the university's Semitic Museum included an account of the troubled decades in the relationship between the museum and Harvard (Janet Tassel, "The Semitic Museum Rises Again," *Harvard Magazine*, March-April 1982). The Semitic Museum, founded in 1903, was neglected and almost destroyed between 1926 and 1970. It had been founded with donations from Jacob Henry Schiff who expressed the hope that it would help fight "anti-Semitism in Europe, social prejudice and ostracism in free America." This unhappy chapter in the Semitic Museum's history was correctly placed in the past and given perspective by the policy changes that have made it possible for the museum to function again.

Sarah Lawrence might well envy Harvard's public-relations *savoir-faire* in dealing with a problem that is all too common.

CONSTANCE LOWENTHAL
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Louise Blecher Rose and I were classmates, so I can offer personal . . . testimony to her description of the Sarah Lawrence experience. As Mrs. Rose suggests, that experience relied heavily on the pleasure of deploring everything outside the campus boundaries—an activity which did indeed go on ceaselessly and without fear of real-world contradiction or collegial exasperation.

We deplored everything: from small things—like the petit-bourgeois values on TV sit-coms—to larger things—like haut-bourgeois posturing in the arts. And, of course, the 60's were particularly heady: we deplored racism in the United States and genocide in Southeast Asia. We never doubted that we occupied the highest moral ground. We never doubted that our mission sprang from the purest imperative and signified at the most profound level.

Thus Louise Rose's account of the deplorable-yet-undeplored Jew-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Optimum Shape

Researchers at the General Motors Research Laboratories have developed the first integrated system for computer design of mechanical parts with minimum mass. Optimal Shape Generation automatically optimizes the component shape in a single computer run.

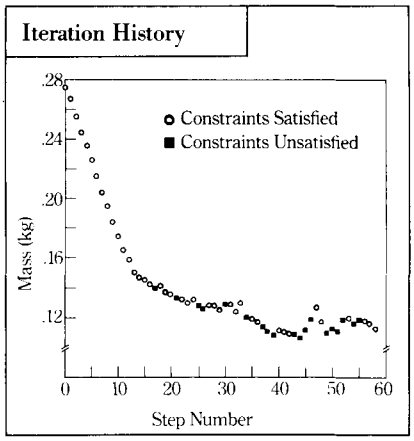
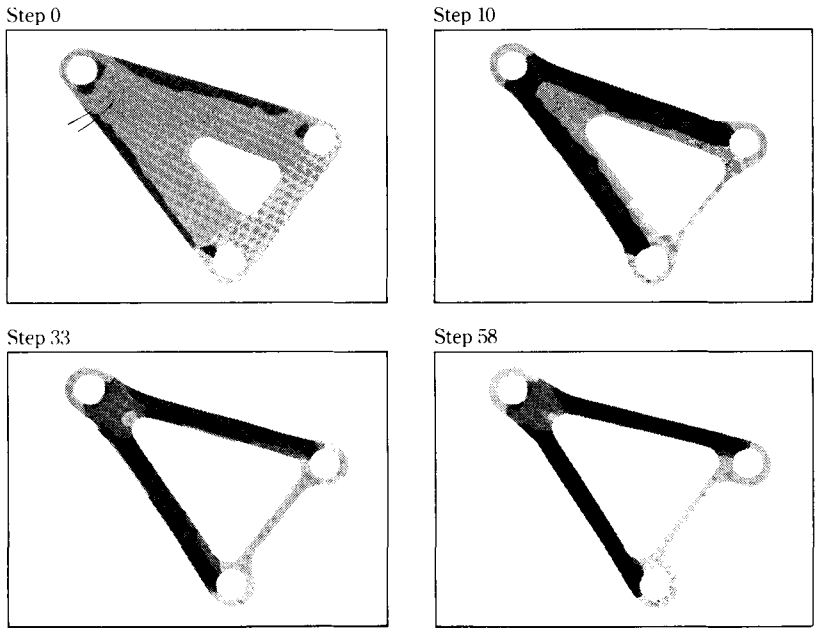


Figure 1: Decreasing mass plotted as a function of design iterations for the component shown in Figure 2.

Figure 2: Black-and-white photographs of shapes which appear in color on the CRT screen. Increasing darkness indicates increasing stress levels within the design limits.



COMPUTER-AIDED design systems automate the processes of generating geometric data and engineering drawings of parts, but they do not determine whether these parts meet structural performance requirements. In an ongoing research project at the General Motors Research Laboratories, a system has been developed that automatically ensures that the design meets structural performance constraints. More important, Optimal Shape Generation provides the component shape with the minimum mass capable of satisfying structural demands in a single computer run, without requiring human interaction with the machine.

In the last two decades, extensive research has been done in the area of computer design of structural components. Most of this work has focused on individual aspects of the process. Drs. Jim Bennett and Mark Botkin have succeeded in integrating the process from description of the model through convergence to the optimum solution.

Conventional systems continue distinctions characteristic of age-old "build and test" methods by separating the tasks of design generation and design analysis. Typically, a "designer" uses one computer system to produce engineering drawings of a given part. The task then shifts to an "evaluator" who creates a mathematical model with which to test the design on another computer system. The evaluator determines only whether or not the design meets the requirements. A lengthy interaction between the designer and the evaluator is required to optimize the design. Optimal Shape Generation integrates the process from design generation through design optimization. The system can generate the mathematical model from the design data as the shape changes without requiring additional input, thereby turning the process from a multiperson, multimachine operation into a one-person, one-machine operation.

Since there is no interaction beyond the initial input, a flexible description of the problem is crucial to effective use of the system. The researchers responded to this challenge by developing a geometric format based on a parametric description of the boundary. Defining the problem with geometric data is desirable because it describes the shape of the part in a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form directly suitable for conceptual visualization.

Because the boundary geometric description must be transformed into an analysis model not once but several times, some type of automatic finite element mesh generation is required. The researchers adapted a mesh generation technique which divides a closed region into triangular elements based on a discrete description of the boundary. The sizes of the elements of the mesh are determined by a characteristic length selected for each problem and are related to the need for accurately describing the geometry. Automatic triangulation is used to create a set of connectivities for the discrete points placed uniformly throughout the part's interior with approximately the same density as the boundary points. The combination of boundary data description and automatic mesh generation permits the system to accommodate major changes in shape from the initial design.

ADEQUACY of the triangular meshes to calculate accurate stress levels was next addressed by the development of an adaptive mesh refinement scheme. By evaluating the solution for the uniform mesh created by the choice of characteristic length and identifying areas where the strain energy density changes rapidly, the system selects the areas of the mesh that require mesh refinement. These refinements can take the form of either adding elements in the area to be refined or increasing the order of the finite element polynomial interpolation. The former approach has been taken, because it can be implemented automatically and does not require the formulation of new finite elements.

The culmination of the process introduces an optimization routine which directs the design toward a minimum mass configuration. A mathematical optimization technique is used to change the design to that shape giving minimum mass within the structural constraints. This optimization technique is based upon a sequential first-order Taylor series approximation of the constraints and a feasible directions solution of the problem. Periodic mesh refinements are performed throughout the optimization, since the design is continually changing, and the system must predict the stresses and the behavior of the constraints as the design changes.

"By taking an integrated approach," says Dr. Bennett, "we're able to combine the objectives of reducing the mass of the material and meeting structural performance requirements in a single automatic system."

"We expect," adds Dr. Botkin, "that in the future this technique will become the standard way of designing structural components."

General Motors

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

THE MEN BEHIND THE WORK

Drs. Jim Bennett and Mark Botkin are members of the Engineering Mechanics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Bennett holds the title of Assistant Department Head. He attended the University of Michigan as an undergraduate and received his graduate degrees from the same institution in the field of aerospace engineering. His Ph.D. thesis concerned non-linear vibrations. Before coming to General Motors in 1973, he taught aeronautical and astronautical engineering at the University of Illinois.

Dr. Botkin is a Staff Research Engineer. He received his undergraduate and graduate degrees from the University of Missouri at Rolla. His graduate work was in the field of civil engineering, and his doctoral thesis concerned structural optimization. Prior to joining General Motors in 1978, he worked for four years as a consultant to computer applications engineers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ish quota is a thunderbolt. But not, I'm afraid, the kind of thunderbolt an innocent reader might think. The horrifying truth is that we all knew Sarah Lawrence had restrictive quotas. More horrifying was our response. No concern was voiced, no protests were made. Instead, we joked about the students who had eluded the quotas and the exactness of the quotas themselves —how droll and harmless, we thought.

Simply put, the quotas were not considered a serious issue. If anybody had posed the question in a serious way, we would have seriously answered that the quotas were necessary to maintain the heterogeneity of the student body. The mix, after all, was important; it lent a certain richness and sophisticated diversity to our deploring.

The fatal hubris was thinking that our preoccupation with all manner of moral shadings gave us license to be different. It wasn't just one standard for the benighted world, another for the enlightened community of Sarah Lawrence. It was also the conceit that we could separate the deed from the thought: the act of restricting Jews to achieve a good purpose was—wasn't it?—different from thinking that restricting Jews was its own good purpose.

The real thunderbolt, then, finds its mark with people like me: there is, after all, nothing droll about anti-Semitism. There is no joke in reading that the admissions committee worried about nervous instability and a tendency to steal displayed by Jews. There is, plain and simple, no such thing as enlightened anti-Semitism. And there is no such thing as "knowing better" but acting worse. To know better must be to act better.

I think Louise Rose threw her thunderbolt too gently.

SUSAN LEE

New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Sarah Lawrence has always been a human institution, subject to the full array of errors to which every institution is prone—that anti-Semitism is among them is no surprise. But I am indeed sad to see that Sarah Lawrence has rejected the opportunity given it to come to terms with itself, to come to its own maturity. Sarah Lawrence gave its students a unique opportunity to take stock of themselves. It it with a sense of wonder that I learn that it cannot or will not now do as much for itself.

During the time I was at Sarah Lawrence, I was given all the free time I needed to stitch together the wounds of my youth. I rolled along with the myth of the college's academic rigor, but I never thought I had found the Harvard of the Hudson Valley. And I was not alone. There were always teachers and students at Sarah Lawrence who would, at least among themselves, distinguish between the college's reputation and its reality. It was one thing to benefit from the fruits of favorable public relations, it was quite another to be deceived oneself. My friend Louise Blecher Rose was among those who were not and would never permit themselves to be deceived.

I suppose it was inevitable that Sarah Lawrence would have to choose between appearance and reality, fact and fantasy. The choice it has made is disheartening, at best. A college which turns its back on self-knowledge and rejects an honest appraisal of itself has no place in the academic world.

PAMELA FOA

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a 1971 alumna of Sarah Lawrence College, I greatly admire Louise Blecher Rose's courage in writing "The Secret Life of Sarah Lawrence." The college certainly does try to discourage internal and external criticism, as I found when I sent a letter to the alumni magazine charging that the school was not intellectually demanding and failed to give its students direction. I was subsequently told by the alumni office to "write another letter" since my original had been "lost."

. . . I too believe the college is not as committed to liberal values as it claims to be. For example, the "change-the-world" attitude inculcated by the college fits in very nicely with the sort of philanthropic activities expected of upper-middle-class women without serious career commitments. Even its purported leftism is not a serious commitment to discussing issues like (in my experience) the political and strategic reasons for being in Vietnam, but rather a "life-style" leftism of drugs, sex, and "do-your-own-thing."

But the most telling proof of the college's lack of commitment to liberal values lies in its refusal now to make a clean and open denunciation of its past quota system.

SUSAN HENDRICKSON

Bronx, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As a 1982 graduate of Sarah Lawrence, I read with great interest the article by Louise Blecher Rose.

After much reading and rereading of this and other articles on the subject and consideration of my own experiences at the school, I am forced to conclude that the lady, though stern, is not unjust in her assessment.

While it is certainly true that Sarah Lawrence, as Mrs. Rose herself asserts, "still passes as being academically sound," and the teachers I had there could not have been better, it is also true that "moralizing" and "deploring" go on in lieu of social and athletic activities known elsewhere.

For a group that perceives itself as divinely appointed dissenters from, and moral commentators on, the codes and behavior of the inhabitants of "Everywhere Else, USA" (as Mrs. Rose puts it), the community displays an astonishingly low tolerance for dissenters within its own ranks. But this is true of all theocracies.

A very few, saddled with an awkward puzzlement on any of a number of issues ranging from human sexuality to nuclear war, fail, due no doubt to shortcomings of character and mind, to cash in their clunky, unwelcome question mark for a sleek designer slogan. These may find themselves shunted into the Sarah Lawrence closet along with, if Mrs. Rose's findings are a reliable sample, any number of skeletons so old that their stench reaches only the most sensitive nostrils. Or they may come out of that closet to face the ensuing salvo of threats and accusations, an alternative almost entirely unchosen, until now. Touché, Louise Rose.

JANE HARRISON MAYBANK

New York City

LOUISE BLECHER ROSE writes:

My critics say I wrote about the Jewish file as a way of "getting back" at Sarah Lawrence College for denying me tenure last year. The correct chronology is this: I wrote about the Jewish file years before my tenure decision, and my

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Salisbury Review

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE OF CONSERVATIVE THOUGHT

The Salisbury Review is concerned to give clear and forceful expression to conservative thought, in the true tradition of British Toryism. The writing is serious, high-brow and scrupulous. We are sceptical of fashion, and sceptical too of the simplifications and uncertainties of economic theory. In three series of articles we shall be examining contemporary thinkers of the Left, past and present conservative thinkers, and matters of concern which fall outside the normal range of contemporary discussion, such as nature, race, sexuality, death and religion. Each issue also contains major articles of political analysis, together with book reviews and comment. In all this we intend to challenge the pieties of liberalism, as well as the superstitions of socialism. We believe that our endeavour is of the utmost importance in the modern climate of opinion, and that informed readers on both sides of the Atlantic will take an interest in this attempt to display the variety, fertility and catholicity of conservative thinking.

RECENT ARTICLES INCLUDE:–

Important studies of **Eric Voegelin** (by *Ian Crowther*), **George Santayana** (by *Mark Le Fanu*), **Michael Oakeshott** (by *R. A. D. Grant*), and critical analyses of **E. P. Thompson**, **Ronald Dworkin** and **Michel Foucault**; *T. E. Utley* on **Almost the Whole Truth about Ulster**; *Alun Chalfont* on **International Terrorism**; *Roger Scruton* on **Turkey and the West**; *Clive Ashworth* on **Sociology and the Nation**; *John Casey* on **The Politics of Race**; *John Gray* on **The Peace Movement and Moral Inversion**; *Alexander Tomsky* on **The Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia**; *David Martin* on **The Prayer Book Controversy**; *David J. Levy* on **The Real and the Royal**; *Václáv Racek* on **Totalitarianism in 1983**; *C. H. Sisson* on **The Media and the Constitution**; *Harold James* and *Otto von Habsburg* on **The German Elections**; *Ian Crowther* on **Mrs Thatcher's Idea of the Good Society**.

Annual subscription: $19 surface mail, $24 dollars air mail, for four issues, including back numbers if requested. (Three issues have so far been published.)

Please send cheque to *The Salisbury Review*, 7 Lord North Street, London SW1, Great Britain.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

original version was a lot angrier than the one I eventually submitted to COMMENTARY. I have not suddenly concocted opinions I never before held—as everyone at the college knows. The temptation is strong to argue back in kind—that most of my critics are so bound to Sarah Lawrence either economically or socially that they are hardly unbiased—but I will resist. Focusing on motives, and calling me a variety of names, as so many of these letters do, is simply a way of evading or camouflaging a very embarrassing subject: not only the existence of a quota at Sarah Lawrence but a cover-up of that quota which continued for at least thirty years, a silence unbroken until I first broke it in the original manuscript. Whatever my motives, they are irrelevant to the substantive issue of a restrictive quota which was neither publicly denounced nor publicly renounced at a college that has set itself up as a moral guide to the universe.

A second point made by my critics is that Sarah Lawrence, unlike other academic institutions, is "open, tolerant, and trusting." In reality Sarah Lawrence proceeds now and—if the Jewish file is any indication—has always proceeded via secrecy and the suppression of criticism. It cannot bear even to look into the mirror.

My manuscript was not alone in suffering the fate it did. A movie about the college that was also commissioned for the fiftieth anniversary opened and closed in a single evening, although it had been intended for coast-to-coast promotional showings. The college now says the film was not what it wanted —virtually the same formula that was applied in rejecting my manuscript. In fact the movie horrified faculty and administration. It was a fair, funny picture of the college: theater students cavorting on the main lawn, teachers solemnly discussing the special art and craft of teaching at Sarah Lawrence, the usual bouncy enthusiasm (one of my students shouted into the camera, "I LOVE my don!"). The movie was the real live college, a place which faculty and administration would prefer not to see, and certainly not to show to the world.

This perennial reluctance to take a good look at itself was nowhere more evident than in the brouhaha over Anne Roiphe's 1977 New York *Times Magazine* article, "The Trouble at Sarah Lawrence College," which reported, among other things, a high incidence of lesbianism on campus. The commotion generated by my article is mild compared to the half-million-dollar lawsuit the college initiated against the *Times* to stop publication, the strategy sessions, the campus meetings, the attempt to change the article once the college discovered it could not have it suppressed. Greta Litchenstein's fulminations are gentle compared with the storm that broke over Anne Roiphe's head for daring to come to Sarah Lawrence and describing what she actually found there.

One wonders, indeed, upon what basis Sarah Lawrence lays claim to openness—upon the way it dishes out criticism (i.e., smears) of others? At the 1983 graduation ceremonies, the novelist E.L. Doctorow termed Ronald Reagan "the most foolish and insufficient President in our history," and then said of neoconservative intellectuals, "There is a strong presumption among them that if writers can't say anything good about the country, they shouldn't say anything at all. Worse, that our social critiques are not acts of love but acts of treason." While this is the usual misrepresentation of what neoconservatives think, it is evidently an accurate description of how Sarah Lawrence feels about *its* critics.

In this connection, perhaps the most disturbing feature of these letters is their unanimity, that plague of conformist boosterism which is so characteristic of Sarah Lawrence. Several letters express outrage at the thought that I could actually have continued to teach at a place which I no longer believed to be the greatest educational institution on earth. How many intelligent adults feel entirely at one with *any* institution with which they are connected? Such a fervent demand for unquestioning identification strikes me as intellectually crippling, even if the institution in question were truly the mecca of the spirit my critics allege it to be.

Alas, it is not. At about the time I was commissioned to write the book, President DeCarlo was warning faculty against openly discussing the declining quality of students, lest word get around and hasten still further the downward trend. Faculty were encouraged to espouse a myth of self-selection—apparently the same wizards were applying as before, only fewer, which meant that undesirable scholars were saving the college the task of weeding them out by doing so themselves, in advance.

What Sarah Lawrence has to conceal, and why it has to surround itself with hype, can be gleaned from Fiske's *Selective Guide to Colleges, 1982-83*. According to this guide, the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) scores of applicants accepted by Sarah Lawrence are on average about 100 points below those accepted at comparable schools like Barnard, Reed, Wesleyan, Wellesley, Middlebury, and Bryn Mawr. What is more, whereas these other institutions accept only about one-third to one-half of applicants, Sarah Lawrence takes about 80 percent. Fiske's sums up most of the colleges it lists with a brief descriptive quotation, often from a member of the student body. Sarah Lawrence is described as "not for anyone dismayed by bohemia, gayness, sarcasm, foreigners, brilliance, fringe lunacy, or any form of mental illness."

My critics make two further points about the quota system: first, that it is unfair to single out Sarah Lawrence, since most other private colleges also had quotas in this period, and secondly, that Sarah Lawrence was a leader in getting rid of its quotas. As to the first, I find it startling, to say the least, that spokesmen for a college that has always prided itself on being "different" should suddenly take refuge in conformity. This aside, however, I certainly agree that Sarah Lawrence was not alone, either in having a quota or in keeping silent about it. There are obviously many institutions that could be written about in this connection. I wrote about a case I knew, using documents I believed, and still believe, to be immensely illuminating.

I never found any evidence that the quota at Sarah Lawrence had been eliminated by any conscious decision (such as by vote or in open discussion). My own guess is that it withered away through inanition —and much later than Sarah Lawrence now claims. (On this point, the letter by Regina Smith Oboler, reporting on Swarthmore, offers an enlightening contrast.) That there are now lots of Jews at Sarah Lawrence means nothing more than what it always meant—

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are occupying places nobody else is clamoring for.

As for Sarah Lawrence's claims to leadership, these cannot be proved by the usual grandiose assertions. The college never openly acknowledged it had a quota, never acknowledged removing it, and never spoke out in principle against restrictive quotas in general. Some leadership.

Finally, I would like to thank all those who have written to corroborate the gist of my argument, even if only inadvertently (see Batya Bauman).

The Sephardim

To the Editor of Commentary:

Daniel J. Elazar's article, "Israel's New Majority" [March], represents a significant contribution to the scholarly efforts aimed at dispelling the misconceptions which have hampered the proper analysis of Sephardi-Ashkenazi relations in Israel. Unfortunately, Mr. Elazar's characterization of the situation suffers from the same flaws one finds in the writings of . . . Ashkenazi theorists like S.N. Eisenstadt, Rivka Bar-Yosef, and especially Shlomo Avineri and Amos Oz. These flaws include overgeneralization, overemphasis on ethnic as opposed to political and religious differences, and failure to examine the historical roots of the problem.

Ever since the first waves of Sephardi immigrants arrived in Israel in 1949, most commentators have treated them as a single group, affixing such labels to them as "culturally deprived," "undemocratic," and "uneducated." Many Ashkenazim have used even less humane epithets to refer to Sephardim in their everyday speech. As Mr. Elazar correctly points out, any attempt to examine the Sephardim as a single ethnic group should be dismissed as naive for failing to appreciate the vast differences in culture, politics, and religion that characterize this "group." To label the Sephardim "right-wing fanatics," "militaristic," or "ultra-religious" reflects an utter lack of understanding. Jews from Morocco have no more (and no less) in common with Jews from Yemen than do Jews from Pinsk or from Beverly Hills. It is both unfair and inaccurate to overgeneralize in a negative fashion about the social, cultural, and political traits of the Sephardim.

However, it is equally unfair and

This publication is available in microform.

University Microfilms International

Please send additional information for _____
(name of publication)
Name _____
Institution _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

300 North Zeeb Road
Dept. P.R.
Ann Arbor, Mi. 48106
U.S.A.

30-32 Mortimer Street
Dept. P.R.
London W1N 7RA
England

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inaccurate to overgeneralize about the Sephardim in a positive way, which is what Mr. Elazar has done. To portray the Sephardim as inherently more peaceful and polite than the Ashkenazim, or as more tolerant in their religious practice, again reflects an overgeneralized approach. While it is indeed laudable to dispel the half-truths about the Sephardim, it is discouraging to find those half-truths replaced with others. Writers like Mr. Elazar could more effectively prove their case by emphasizing that Israel is an extremely diverse, pluralistic society. Any analysis of its ethnic divisions should consider the various conflicts as well as the various counterbalancing affiliations among all the competing groups in Israeli society. In each of the groups collectively labeled Sephardi, and in each of the groups collectively labeled Ashkenazi, one can find rich and poor, religious and secular, Likudnik and Laborite, and so forth. . . .

The second flaw that Mr. Elazar has in common with those he criticizes involves his overemphasis on ethnic, as contrasted to religious or political, differences. Although Mr. Elazar effectively rebuts the allegations of Shlomo Avineri and Amos Oz regarding Sephardi militarism and support for the Lebanon invasion, and although he concludes that the Sephardi-Ashkenazi "gap" represents a "normal struggle for power among 'ins' and 'outs'," he unfortunately becomes drawn into a debate about whether the Ashkenazim or the Sephardim are more to blame for Israel's present malaise. . . .

It is easy to cast the current divisions in Israeli society along ethnic lines, and to describe acts of violence at political demonstrations —whether they occur in the aftermath of the Kahan report on Israeli responsibility for the massacre in the Sabra and Shatila camps or at a Likud election rally—as evidence of a Sephardi-Ashkenazi "rift." However, this analysis ignores the presence of other sources of division in Israeli society, which usually operate independently of (or at least concurrently with) any ethnic strife. For example, the existence of widely divergent political interests has contributed to the current disunity in Israeli society. The Likud, which counts among its number many powerful Sephardi voices, most notably David Levy, has made many political decisions that have deeply divided the populace. . . . For example, the violence at Yamit (the settlement which was dismantled when Israel returned the Sinai to Egypt) cannot be cited as evidence of Sephardi-Ashkenazi conflict. Moreover, because the Likud's policies have never represented the collective political expression of the Sephardim, it would be unfair to link the Sephardim to certain controversial Likud policies. Begin's old feuds with Ben-Gurion were as far removed from Sephardi-Ashkenazi relations as are Begin's current feuds with Shimon Peres.

The political divisions in Israel thus exist unto themselves, and although they may contain certain undertones of ethnic polarity (such as the statistics revealing that 75 percent of the Sephardim voted for Likud in 1981, while an equal proportion of Ashkenazim voted for Labor), they should not be minimized . . . as a factor contributing to divisiveness in Israeli society.

Religion has also played a divisive role in Israel. Many religious Israelis, both Sephardi and Ashkenazi, have found themselves on the opposite side of the fence from many nonreligious Sephardi and Ashkenazi Israelis, on a variety of potentially volatile issues, ranging from soccer on the Sabbath to settlements on the West Bank. These disagreements should not be cited as evidence of Sephardi-Ashkenazi tension; rather, they should be seen as religious divisions *per se*, which contain ethnic as well as political undertones. . . .

This brings us to the final flaw common to the approaches of both Mr. Elazar and the Ashkenazim he criticizes. The historical background of the Sephardi-Ashkenazi "gap" must be analyzed and understood before anything meaningful can be said of the present relationship between the two groups. While Mr. Elazar refutes the "historical myth" propagated by Amos Oz, he himself offers only a "bit" of historical background—a few short paragraphs on the political experience of the Sephardim in Mapai and Herut. The antecedents of today's Jewish ethnic relationships in Israel, however, date back to the destruction of the Second Temple and the dispersal of the Jews to the four corners of the globe. The survival of Judaism during its nearly 2,000-year-long Diaspora depended to a great extent upon the ability of Jews to assimilate and adapt to local cultures. After so many centuries of living so far apart from each other, the Jews were anything but a unified ethnic group.

When Zionism emerged in the late 19th century, it represented a European Jewish solution to the problem of European Jewry. Zionists . . . ignored the presence of large Jewish communities in the Mediterranean and Near Eastern countries. Mr. Elazar correctly observes that after the demise of Ottoman rule, control of the Jewish community in Palestine passed from the Sephardi old-timers to the Ashkenazi immigrants. However, this fact alone does not allow one to appreciate fully the manner in which Sephardi-Ashkenazi relations deteriorated during these years, due in part to the lack of Zionist recruitment efforts in Arab countries, as well as to the exclusion of Sephardim from important positions.

Moreover, with the arrival of several hundred thousand Sephardi immigrants after the War of Independence, the Sephardi-Ashkenazi "gap" became an institutionalized product of the transit camps, the development towns, and so forth. This "first Aliyah" of Sephardim arrived three generation after the first Aliyah of Ashkenazim. From the start of their arrival in Israel, the Sephardim were treated as a group of outsiders who had to be "absorbed" and "modernized." This attitude of benevolent paternalism unfortunately exacerbated, rather than ameliorated, Sephardi-Ashkenazi relations during the 1950's and 1960's.

While space limitations prevent a fuller exposition of the relevant historical background here, the important point is that this background is essential to a proper understanding of the current situation. . . .

STEVEN E. ZIPPERSTEIN
Davis, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I found Daniel J. Elazar's article tremendously interesting. . . . In the course of the article, Mr. Elazar mentions the fact that 20 percent of the Israeli population are secular Jews who have, for all intents and purposes, rejected Jewish religious tradition. This figure astounds me, since it had been my understanding that the majority of the Israeli population belongs in the secular group, which represents 60-70 percent of the population. . . .

HAROLD HEIFETZ
North Hollywood, California

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Daniel J. Elazar begins his article by properly attacking those Israelis who blame their society's ills on the so-called Sephardim. But then he goes on to advance an analysis of Israeli society and politics that is highly ideological and frequently distorted.

Mr. Elazar's intentions become apparent when he chooses to label the non-European majority "Sephardim." As he knows, this is not the term commonly used among Israelis to designate those Jews who originated in Yemen, Iraq, Kurdistan, Morocco, and Libya. The term most often used in Israel is *edot hamizrach*, Eastern communities. The point is not academic but political: the term Sephardi evokes images of cool, refined patricians, hence Mr. Elazar can claim that their "cuisine is light and sophisticated," their music "is much closer to the Western music of Bach, Haydn, and Mozart," and, most astonishing of all, that Israeli society will become "more polite and less abrasive . . . as the Sephardim become more influential." Not only are these claims dubious or just plain wrong (Yemeni or Moroccan music close to Haydn and Mozart?), they distort Israeli realities. Anyone who has attended an Israeli league soccer match or who takes the bus at the Tel Aviv central bus station would laugh at the idea that Israeli society will become "more polite and less abrasive" as those Mr. Elazar mistakenly calls Sephardim become "more influential."

But this is a small matter—although it presages the more serious distortions that follow. The major point in Mr. Elazar's article is that the distinctions between Israeli Ashkenazim and Middle Easterners (a term I prefer to Sephardim) are also expressed in the differential support each gives to the Labor and Likud political parties. Labor, which once drew heavy support from the Middle Easterners, has permanently (according to Mr. Elazar) lost the support of the "new majority" by alienating it over the years. As "evidence" of this resentment, he relates the tale of "social workers sent by Mapai or the government who pressed them to leave school after seventh grade so that they could work in the fields and orchards." Now this is serious stuff: Mr. Elazar accuses the Ashkenazim in Labor of having ("out of the best of motives") doomed the Middle Easterners to second-class status. The accusation is, however, entirely without substantiation. . . . I know of no evidence for this accusation. It is, in fact, only one in a series of new political myths concocted in recent years which blame social inequalities upon the past activities of the Ashkenazi political "Left." It is, in other words, a particularly vicious feature of Likud propaganda. It may gain votes for Likud candidates, but it also feeds racism and division.

But why should Mr. Elazar pick up these myths? If one reads his article carefully, it becomes clear that Labor, with its Ashkenazi minority support, stands for the "bad guys," while the Likud and its "new majority" are the "good guys." This is Mr. Elazar's real message. How else is one to understand such comments as the Sephardim do not have "unrealistic expectations" regarding "Arab intentions," or his playing down the crowds chanting "Begin-Begin"? . . . It is not a big jump from there to seeing Labor's policy of a territorial compromise on the West Bank as "naive and unrealistic," or opposition to the war in Lebanon as "support for Israel's enemies." In the end, then, Mr. Elazar has written a clever article in support of one Israeli political camp and in opposition to the other. . . .

ALEX WEINGROD
Department of Behavioral Sciences
Ben Gurion University of the Negev
Beersheba, Israel

DANIEL J. ELAZAR writes:

Steven E. Zipperstein, to whom I am grateful for his friendly tone, offers his own set of generalizations. Unfortunately, he falls into precisely the trap which I tried to warn against. He suggests that the first waves of Sephardi immigrants arrived in Israel in 1949. If he means the mass migration, yes, but the first wave of Sephardi immigrants arrived in Israel in the 15th century; there were continuous, if small, waves in every century thereafter, and the first Sephardim to arrive in modern Israel arrived early in the 19th century. On the other hand, to go back to the destruction of the Second Temple as he does is a bit much, especially since (as I mentioned in the article) the division between Sephardim and Ashkenazim did not emerge until the 11th century when there was a sufficient concentration of Jews north of the Alps to develop a separate halakhic tradition. That, however, requires an article in itself. If he is interested in pursuing that line of inquiry, I would refer him to my article, "Sephardim and Ashkenazim: The Classic and Romantic Dimensions in Jewish Tradition," which is forthcoming in *Judaism*, and to Zvi Ankori's excellent article on the rise of Ashkenazi Jewry, "Origins and History of Ashkenazi Jewry," which appeared in *Forum* Nos. 46-47 (Fall-Winter 1982). As far as the rest of the historical background, Mr. Zipperstein paints an essentially correct picture. It is too bad that he did not notice that within the limits of space available, I did the same in my article.

Are there exceptions among the Sephardim with regard to religious tolerance? I suspect so, but in my wide encounters with Sephardim from every part of the Sephardi world, whether Yemenites, Moroccans, Bulgarians, or whatever, I have found tolerance to be a constant trait of theirs. This is not the place to go into chapter and verse, but the evidence that supports this generalization is overwhelming. Mr. Zipperstein is simply wrong in assuming that various Sephardi groups have nothing in common. For example, the entire Sephardi world was and still is within a single halakhic tradition, just as the entire Ashkenazi world was and is.

Moreover, Mr. Zipperstein persists in using the term "ethnic," which, as I suggested, is precisely what fosters inaccurate perceptions outside Israel. If I may reiterate, ethnic refers to different peoples; all Jews are of one people. Perhaps a more apt comparison, if it is necessary to draw an analogy with the United States, would be that between the Eastern establishment and Middle America. There are limits to that analogy as well, but it is certainly more accurate than the use of the term "ethnic," which immediately skews the entire discussion. The problem with ethnic analysis is that it seizes on differences in custom and style to suggest disunity. While Jews have had differences in those spheres for 2,500 years, what is more important is their basic national and religious unity, which far outweighs their differences.

Unfortunately, Mr. Zipperstein throws no light on the subject by repeating the clichés that Israel is highly pluralistic and that each

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

group contains a wide variety of types. That is true, but it does not advance either our knowledge or our understanding to stop at that point. Given all that, it is curious that Mr. Zipperstein suggests that I overemphasized the ethnic as distinct from the religious or political differences. Quite the contrary, I deliberately rejected the common emphasis on ethnic differences and suggested that the real ones lay in other spheres, including the religious and the political. He himself cites my reference to the political struggle in Israel as being between "ins" and "outs," which is hardly an ethnic characterization.

Mr. Zipperstein also suggests that I was blaming all conflict in Israel on the Ashkenazi-Sephardi division. I rather think that I deliberately moved away from that in the article and would only suggest that, in this as in other matters, he read more closely. He is particularly in error when he suggests that I cited the volatile issues of religious difference as stemming from Ashkenazi-Sephardi conflict. He does not seem to know that very few Sephardim are bothered by soccer on the Sabbath. Again, their notions of tolerance are such that they do not consider this to be the kind of issue which the ultra-Orthodox, and even some of the Ashkenazi mainstream Orthodox, do. And settlements on the West Bank are simply not a Sephardi-Ashkenazi issue in Israel. Incidentally, his statistics on the elections are wrong. It was not 75 percent of the Sephardim who voted for the Likud in 1981, but 75 percent who voted for all the parties in the Likud coalition.

HAROLD HEIFETZ reflects a not uncommon confusion with regard to Israeli religious belief and practice. If one looks at the data available, it seems that 25 percent of Israelis define themselves as *dati* (religious), which in the Israeli context means Orthodox or ultra-Orthodox. Another 20 percent define themselves as *hiloni* (secular), which may mean that they observe nothing or maintain common religious practices (lighting candles and making the appropriate blessings on Friday night) but do not consider themselves believers, i.e., are not "really" secular. In between there are about 55 percent who define themselves as *masoreti* (traditional), some of whom would be considered quite Orthodox by American standards, but who may drive their cars on the Sabbath, others of whom are believers who maintain a minimal amount of religious practice but deliberately define themselves as traditional. Hence my figure of 20 percent secular, which in some respects is too high.

AS FOR Alex Weingrod, one can only assume that it is his own strong ideological bent (he has been associated with the Labor party since his years in Habonim, the Labor Zionist youth movement) which leads him to impute ideological leanings to me. Unlike Mr. Weingrod, I do not come out of or belong to any Israeli party. His letter in fact stands as a demonstration of the accuracy of everything I said in the article and for that reason is worth examining point by point.

In my article I explicitly attacked the term *edot hamizrach* to describe Sephardim (who, I reiterate, are not simply non-Europeans, but all those who come from the Sephardi world south of the Alps). Perhaps the term Sephardi does evoke images of "cool, refined patricians" in his eyes (how nice!), but then I do not see Ashkenazim calling themselves *mizrach Europe'im* (Eastern Europeans), which would be the functional equivalent of *edot hamizrach*, but rather Ashkenazim, which evokes images of Jewish scholars in the Rhineland and Maskilim (followers of the Enlightenment) in Central Europe. On the other hand, it is very likely that the continued insistence on juxtaposing Ashkenazim and *edot hamizrach* does have an ideological base for Ashkenazim. Indeed, that has been my experience in Israel. My argument is that Ashkenazi is a proper term for those Jews who come from Europe north of the Alps and its extensions to the east and west, and that Sephardi is the proper term for those who come from south of those regions, even though in both cases there are pockets which represent exceptions to the general rule. The terms, as I suggested above, have to do with halakhic and cultural spheres which have existed for a thousand years.

Ashkenazim, including Mr. Weingrod, are fond of pointing to Yemen and Kurdistan as if they reflected the Sephardi world. Yemen, indeed, is culturally the exception among Sephardi communities, although halakhically it is not, since it was in communication with the rest of the Sephardi world almost continuously. (Ashkenazim always comment on the discovery of Yemenite Jews; had they lived in the region, they would have known that the Yemenites were never lost.) Hence, he is correct with regard to the relationship between Yemenite and Western music. As for Moroccan music, it is as various as Western music and, in its major forms, just as I described. By coincidence, as I write this letter, I am listening to an American gospel choir singing hymns in the "sacred harp" style of 16th- and 17th-century English Puritan music which was used for singing psalms and which bears an extraordinarily close resemblance to the way in which Moroccan and other Sephardi Jews in my synagogue chant the Psalms. Granted, intonations have developed differently in each environment over the centuries, but the similarity is striking.

Mr. Weingrod demonstrates all the prejudices of the Ashkenazi establishment, of which he is a member, taking, for examples of Sephardi misbehavior, conduct at soccer matches and bus stations (do only Sephardim ride buses?), where the issue is more a matter of class than of country-of-origin, as any fair observer would note. Of course, he prefers the term Middle Easterners to Sephardim for all the ideological reasons which he wrongly imputes to me. Unfortunately, the nature of public pushing is all too often characteristic of the East—whether the Middle East or Eastern Europe. Mr. Weingrod suggests that the point I made about the relations between Ashkenazi social workers and Sephardi residents of *ma'abarot* (immigrant camps) is part of a new political myth. Unfortunately that is another self-serving statement. Since Mr. Weingrod and I are old friends, he should know better than to assume that I am likely to succumb to Likud propaganda. The people who related these stories to me, always on a personal basis, include devoted followers of the same Labor party which he supports. Most of these stories have been told to me, often without rancor, by people who are simply recounting their personal histories. As I tried to point out in the article, I did not want to suggest that there was deliberate discrimination. If those who were victimized by what happened are prepared to respond without rancor, it is simply too bad when members of the es-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tablishment which was the unwitting victimizer refuse even to recognize the truth.

Mr. Weingrod's punch line, of course, is the important point. It shows how thoroughly he has assimilated Israeli culture, transforming every issue, no matter what, into a matter of party politics. When Menachem Begin does that by always looking for the hidden political motives of the opposition, he is rightly accused of missing the real point for the political one. But one can better understand Mr. Begin's tendency when one sees Mr. Weingrod, born, raised, and educated in America, succumbing to the same tendency. The fact of the matter is that there is no relationship whatsoever between the Ashkenazi-Sephardi issue, or my discussion of it, and the future of Judea, Samaria, and Gaza. I grant that I have a different view of that future than does Mr. Weingrod, but certainly not as a Sephardi. In fact, Sephardim are as divided over that issue as are Ashkenazim. Some of my closest friends among the Sephardi intellectual and political communities share the same views as Mr. Weingrod for precisely the same reasons, political and sociological, just as many of my Ashkenazi friends inside and outside the intellectual world share my views. The two issues are not connected, in spite of the way in which excessively partisan Israelis try to make the connection. In that sense, then, as in every other, Mr. Weingrod's letter is a perfect example of the attitude of the Ashkenazi establishment to which I and other Sephardim of all political stripes strongly take exception.

Anti-Americanism

To the Editor of Commentary:

I write with some trepidation, for I am no literary critic, but merely a lawyer who likes to read some things other than judicial opinions and law-review articles. In "Anti-Americanism & Other Clichés" [April], however, Joseph Epstein challenged my lawyer's instinct to argue when he wrote: ". . . ask yourself what novel by a contemporary American writer you are much looking forward to." I agree with the main theme of his article, especially his criticism of minor writers who satisfy their egos by making fatuous remarks equating Disneyland with Auschwitz or who use their "art" to promote their politics. . . . I only find myself in disagreement with Mr. Epstein's apparent pessimism about the state of the literary arts in America. In the hope that I can successfully contradict his statement that "he never hears people argue strongly about the quality of novels," let me say a few words in praise of Tennessee Williams, William Styron, Walker Percy, and Judith Guest.

Williams does not fit precisely within Mr. Epstein's challenge because he is now dead and he was not a novelist. I justify his inclusion because he died so recently and because Mr. Epstein includes both John Cheever and Robert Lowell in his comments. (I looked forward to their works, too.) Williams was not as good at the end as he was at the begining, but even his worst plays contained characters of interest and complexity and his short stories were almost invariably delights. . . .

There is a world of difference between the creator of Blanche DuBois and Big Daddy . . . and William Styron, . . . but both Williams and Styron share the ability to personalize the universal and make it more accessible, even if not more understandable. Styron is not afraid of large subjects; give him credit for that. Nor does he shy away from tackling something which he has not experienced. . . . *Sophie's Choice* may, at times, be tendentious or melodramatic or itself a repository of clichés, but what a powerful moment when Sophie has to make her dreadful choice. That one incident symbolizes and personalizes the Holocaust in a way that makes the horror of Nazi cruelty at least partially understandable to an innocent like Stingo who has never known and likely never will know a comparable evil.

Walker Percy shares the "Southernness" of Williams and Styron and is able to capture that sense of timeless connectedness which seems characteristic of most 20th-century Southern authors. But he also takes us sanely into madness in ways that can be both surprising and frightening because the manifestations of insanity in his characters are so often banal or merely quirky.

Judith Guest I include because her first two books have intrigued me and I am curious to see how her talent develops. Mrs. Guest is far from being a novelist of the first rank, but she is a writer who is reasonably competent in her craft,

TO OBTAIN THE BOOKS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE CALL NOW!

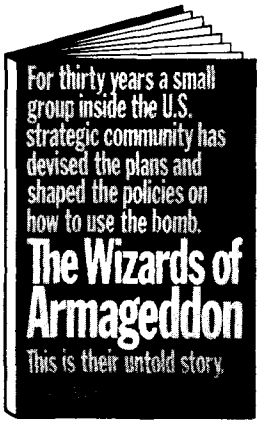
CREDIT CARD ORDERS

PHONE TOLL FREE: 24 HRS.A DAY

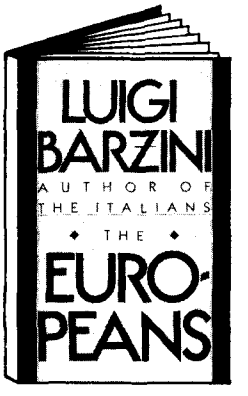
800-645-4747

IN NEW YORK STATE CALL COLLECT

516-283-4840


For thirty years a small group inside the U.S. strategic community has devised the plans and shaped the policies on how to use the bomb.
The Wizards of Armageddon
This is their untold story.

WIZARDS OF ARMAGEDDON
by Fred Kaplan
$18.25
Plus Shipping and Handling **$2.95**



THE EUROPEANS
by Luigi Barzini
$14.95
Plus Shipping and Handling **$2.75**

TO ORDER BY MAIL USE COUPON

Glade Corporation
127 Windmill Lane,
Southampton,
New York 11968

SEND TO _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ENCLOSED IS A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR $ _____

PAYABLE TO GLADE CORP

☐ MASTERCARD ☐ VISA

ACCOUNT # _____ EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

BOOK TITLE	PRICE	* TAX	SHIPG.	TOTAL

TOTAL AMOUNT _____

*N.Y. RES. ADD APPROP. SALES TAX

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who tells a good story, and who has been able to bring some real life to a few of the characters in each book. . . . Mrs. Guest does treat with compassion and not contempt those . . . upper-middle-class Middle Americans who often are the objects of derision in other books.

I do not mean to ascribe to any one of these writers those virtues which assure literary immortality. None is as good, in my opinion, as Faulkner, to mention only one not-so-long-deceased American. They are writers, however, whose talents have brought me pleasure, who manage to say something about the complexities of existence, who can describe the basest aspects of man's character but who leave us with at least a glimmer of the potential for good. . . .

In sum, I agree with virtually everything Mr Epstein has to say, but I am not as pessimistic as he is about the current state of American literature. . . .

HOWARD O. HUNTER
University of Virginia
School of Law
Charlottesville, Virginia

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

My statistics, too, are correct. I find that journalists, even scholars and critics, distort facts in their rush to make a point. On every occasion when I myself have known the event, or place, or person described, I have always found the report to be in error. I now never, never believe what I read in magazines or newspapers or hear and see on television. This was brought home once again when I turned up "Anti-Americanism & Other Clichés" by Joseph Epstein.

I was stopped cold in the fifth paragraph, when Mr. Epstein said so casually:

> Not long ago Saul Bellow, in an interview, said that he thought American writers no longer had the great subject. The great subject of our day, he said, belonged to those writers who had survived totalitarian regimes and lived to write about it: Pasternak, Solzhenitsyn, Sinyavsky, Kundera. . . . What Bellow seemed to be saying was that these writers, often wretched in the conditions of their lives, were nonetheless privileged as writers in their experience, for their experience had brought them face to face with terror and evil, goodness and heroism—in short, with the largest human feelings and with destiny played out on the grand scale.

I have recently completed work (as editor) on a gathering of all the prose writings of Saul Bellow, including essays, speeches, reviews, and interviews, beginning with "The Jewish Writer," that appeared in COMMENTARY in October 1949, coming all the way down to Al Ellenberg's interview in *Rolling Stone*, March 4, 1982. Only a few weeks ago I finished my introduction to this volume and so have read and reread some 85 pieces now accumulated and organized, ready for the next stage of production. Thus all that Bellow said, outside the novels, is fresh in my mind and available, in folders, on my shelf. Nowhere can I find anything such as Mr. Epstein ascribes to Bellow.

Preparatory to my own work on a literary study of Bellow's fiction, I have made a complete index of all Bellow's allusions, and a phenomenally long list it is, for Bellow is a voracious reader, and neither in the prose or the fiction is there any reference to Kundera. There are two references to Pasternak, one in 1963, one in 1975; there are three references to Solzhenitsyn in 1963, 1973, 1974; there are two references to Sinyavsky, in 1970 and 1978. None of them appears in any interview.

But how can Joseph Epstein, chief editor of the *American Scholar*, be challenged with careless distortion, with, Lord save us!, sloppy scholarship? We depend on his words, and on his supervision of words, for guidance. And these were the same remarks Mr. Epstein presented to the conference, "Our Country and Our Culture," sponsored by the Committee for the Free World, in February at the Plaza Hotel in New York. . . . Well, I do not presume to wonder why none of the arbiters of American taste and culture raised no question, but I can show from the documents how wrong Mr. Epstein is when he drags Saul Bellow onto the little Milanese flower cart, the neoconservative bandwagon.

Bellow refers to Pasternak first in his essay "On Jewish Storytelling," used as the introduction to *Great Jewish Short Stories*, 1963. Reflecting on the tendency among modern Jewish writers to idealize, to sentimentalize and sweeten, ghetto life, Bellow acknowledges that some people may think it wrong of him to object to such lack of realism; he in turn objects to the idea that good public relations require that realistic representations be played down. And he says, "[T]he question is a very ticklish one. It could be shown, I think, that the argument based on need is also the one used by Khrushchev. The Russian oligarchy approves only of what it quaintly calls socialist realism. It would prefer to have us read Simonov rather than Pasternak. Paradoxically, therefore, the American Jewish public buys Uris and Pasternak for entirely different reasons—*Exodus* because it is good for *us* and *Doctor Zhivago* because it is bad for *them*." After recounting an anecdote of S.Y. Agnon concerning the need for Bellow to have his works translated immediately into Hebrew, because only then would they survive, Bellow says, "We make what we can of our conditions with the means available. We must accept the mixture as we find it—the impurity of it, the tragedy of it, the hope of it."

The second reference to Pasternak appears in "An Interview with Myself," written in 1975, printed in the *New Review*. Here Bellow is talking about Mayor Daley from whom he received a $500 check on behalf of the Midland Authors' Society. There is some banter concerning Daley's not having read *Herzog*, and Bellow writes: "Art is not the Mayor's dish. But then why should it be? I much prefer his neglect to the sort of interest Stalin took in poetry, phoning Pasternak to chat with him about Mandelstam and shortly afterward, sending Mandelstam to die." Bellow goes on in his self-interview to say: "I have however visited writers' clubs in Communist countries and can't say that I'm sorry we have no such institutions here. . . . Bad as things are here they are not so bad as in . . . writers' centers, behind the Iron Curtain." The context of Bellow's remarks are pertinent, for we can then see how far he is from anything Mr. Epstein reports. Bellow says precisely this at the conclusion of this essay:

> At this moment in human evolution, so miraculous, atrocious, glorious, and hellish, the firmly established literary cultures of France and England, Italy and Germany can originate nothing. They look to us, to the "disadvantaged" Americans, and to the Russians. From America there have come a number of great irrepressible solitaries like Poe or Melville or Whitman, alcoholics, obscure government employees. In busy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> America there was no Weimar, there were no cultivated princes. There were only obstinate geniuses writing —why? For whom? There is the real *acte gratuit* for you. Unthanked, these writers augmented life marvelously. They did not emerge from a literary culture nor did they create any such thing. Irrepressible individuals of a similar type have lately begun to show themselves in Russia. There Stalinism utterly destroyed a thriving literary culture and replaced it with a horrible bureaucracy. But in spite of this and in spite of forced labor and murder, the feeling for what is true and just has not been put out. I don't see, in short, why we should continue to dream of what we have never had. To have would not help us. Perhaps if we were to purge ourselves of nostalgia and stopped longing for a literary world we would see a fresh opportunity to extend the imagination and resume imaginative contact with nature and society.

Is this where Mr. Epstein got confused? And did his confusion last from 1975 to April 1983? In fact Bellow does go on to cite Huizinga (Kundera?) who cites Ortega (Kundera?), both of whom are relevant to Bellow's conviction that "Philistine intellectuals don't make you stop writing. Writing is your *acte gratuit*. Besides, those you address are there. If you exist, then they exist. You can be more certain of their existence than of your own." All—Huizinga, Ortega, Bellow—agree that writers make their best efforts for poetic or anti-poetic people. For the comman man, the mass man.

Bellow refers three times to Solzhenitsyn. First in 1963 in a long essay, "Literature," written for *The Great Ideas Today*, where Bellow is arguing that 20th-century literature is wrongly chasing after style, performance, aestheticism, rather than subject matter; always for Bellow, character is the true provenance of the novel—character and feeling—and the pursuit of style for its own sake leads to a dismissal of moral suffering, always the result when the focus is on the anonymity of man. It is in this context that Bellow compares Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and James Jones's *The Thin Red Line* to show what the submergence of the individual can be like. . . .

The second reference to Solzhenitsyn appears in "Literature in the Age of Technology," a Doubleday lecture presented in 1973. It is slight: "In totalitarian countries, where facts are suppressed, writers of exceptional courage still tell the truth in the old way. (Why was it not a Soviet expert who told the world about the Gulag Archipelago?) But in the Free World, the novelists are peculiarly inhibited.... The era of the writer as public sage and as dependable informant has ended."

Third, in 1974, Bellow wrote a letter to the editor of the New York *Times Book Review*, joining the appeal of Sakharov and four other Soviet intellectuals to protect Solzhenitsyn from persecution. That is all.

Nowhere yet has Bellow said American writers have lost the great subject, that the great subject of our day belongs to those writers who survived totalitarian regimes and lived to write about it.

Finally Sinyavsky. In "Why Not?," an address accepting the Emerson-Thoreau Award at the ceremony of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, January 1978, Bellow described the difficulties faced by young Americans who are determined to write. What gives them the right or the courage or the aspiration? Eventually Bellow justifies the commitment by citing Matthew Arnold, Tocqueville, Proust, and . . . Sinyavsky. . . . The other reference to Sinyavsky appears in an unpublished manuscript lecture on Joyce.

A word about comic style: Mr. Epstein tells us that Bellow thought contemporary American writers "had to come at things less directly, more obliquely, with comedy and irony being perhaps their chief literary weapons." What, in fact, did Bellow say about his comic style? In an interview conducted at Skidmore College in 1973 (printed in *Salmagundi*, Summer 1975) Bellow is asked, what is the place of comedy in your work? His reply: "There's mercy and forgiveness in laughter." And reflecting on our "poor President Nixon on television," he adds, "What can I do but laugh? It comes natural to me." What follows is a long conversation about the whole issue of the banality of evil with Bellow reiterating his refusal to accept Hannah Arendt's position: "[Evil] happens in fact, and those who commit the evil in fact are in fact evil." Nothing at all about any chief literary weapons.

In the New York *Times Book Review*, December 5, 1976, Joseph Epstein interviewed Saul Bellow. This may or may not be the "recent interview" referred to. I doubt it, for even Mr. Epstein would remember that he focused on Bellow's reaction to the Nobel Prize, and was concerned more with the notions of large public and small public, Rudolf Steiner, and the kind of reader Bellow would like for his novels. Nothing here about proper subject matter, decline of American writing, comic style, and what have you.

Now having reproduced exactly what Bellow said, in its proper context, I invite the reader to go on with the rest of Mr. Epstein's article, and wonder how many more distortions are embedded there.... What credence shall I give to his declaration that the self-dramatizing American literary imagination is indeed given to thinking the worst of this country? Why should I believe him when he says, "The contemporary literary scene is rife with writers whose chief stock in the trade of ideas is a crude anti-Americanism"? Shall I trust what Mr. Epstein tells us is the nubbin of Henry James and Tolstoy and Joyce when I know that William Dean Howells never wrote an essay on Dostoevsky, as Mr. Epstein says, but that he did write an essay on an Englishman, E. Hughes, who had published a study of the differences between the English and American novels? When he comes to Hughes's point that American novels have a good deal of optimistic faith in them, Howells agrees and explains why:

> It used to be one of the disadvantages of the practice of romance in America, which Hawthorne more or less whimsically lamented, that there were so few shadows and inequalities in our broad level of prosperity; and it is one of the reflections suggested by Dostoevsky's novel, *The Crime and the Punishment*, that whoever struck a note so profoundly tragic in American fiction would do a false and mistaken thing—as false and as mistaken in its way as dealing in American fiction with certain nudities which the Latin peoples seem to find edifying. Whatever their deserts, very few American novelists have been led out to be shot, or finally exiled to the rigors of a winter at Duluth; and in a land where journeymen carpenters and plumbers strike for four dollars a day, the sum of hunger and cold is comparatively

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small, and the wrong from class to class has been almost inappreciable, though all this is changing for the worse. Our novelists, therefore, concern themselves with the more smiling aspects of life, which are the more American and seek the universal in the individual rather than the social interests.

If the editor of the *American Scholar*, the organ of the Phi Beta Kappa associations, cannot get his Howells straight, how shall I believe that literary studies in university literature departments are anything near as he describes them? And why should I believe that the only interesting minds of twenty-five years ago were the ones he cites—Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, F.R. Leavis—and that his second liners, so-called—Yvor Winters, Allen Tate, Philip Rahv, Newton Arvin, F.O. Matthiessen, Richard Chase, R.P. Blackmur—were indeed second-line?

For those who care about literature, a great deal is indeed at stake.

RUTH MILLER
Department of English
State University of New York
Stony Brook, New York

JOSEPH EPSTEIN writes:

Counselor Hunter is less, I am more, pessimistic about the current literary scene. We have no reason to enter into literary litigation—at lease none that I can make out. Meanwhile, I enjoyed his observations and the civil tone of his letter.

Ruth Miller's letter is pedantic, windy, and ill-tempered. One doesn't come across this combination every day. As for the chief point in her letter, whether or not Saul Bellow said that writers who have lived in totalitarian countries have the great subject—and Bellow did not specify the names, I did—well, Saul Bellow said it to me, in his apartment one afternoon over lunch. He also, as it happens, said it again in an interview printed in the Chicago *Tribune* magazine in its issue of September 16, 1979. In the *Tribune* interview Bellow said: "We American writers can hardly expect to compete with those who have known the worst of war in their own cities, or who have been condemned to slave-labor camps.... But perhaps we can do in the realm of comedy what we are unable to do in the realm of terror."

Miss Miller is one of that new breed of scholars whose subject is a writer who is still breathing, talking, walking around. Such scholars have a problem keeping up with everything their author says. But I fear there is nothing for it, except possibly to get their authors to agree to have themselves, in the name of this fine new scholarship, wired for sound.

Wagner

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I commend Samuel Lipman for his ambitious article, "Greatness and Decline of Richard Wagner" [April]. Sorting through the mountain of scholarship on Wagner to produce a work as balanced and coherent as Mr. Lipman's essay is a task no less awesome than guarding the Ring of the Niebelungen itself. A few points Mr. Lipman makes about Wagner's reception in France, however, need to be clarified.

While it is true that Wagner enjoyed a measured degree of success with *Tannhäuser* in Paris in 1861, events of the Franco-Prussian war created such a hatred for the composer in France that only a handful of artists—few of whom were musicians—were willing to acknowledge any influence of Wagner on French culture after the war. From that time on, Wagner's role in French culture fell far short of the "commanding position" Mr. Lipman describes.

The French artistic community's break with Wagner stemmed from a widely-published parody Wagner wrote during the war mocking the French and their army. In the piece, which Wagner tauntingly entitled "A Capitulation," Victor Hugo speaks from his home in the Paris sewers, the bumbling French troops chant "*République, République, Blic, Blic, Pubel, Pubel,*" and the French military hero Léon Gambetta and the photographer Nadar become entangled in the spire of Notre Dame as they ascend in their hot-air balloon to watch the battle below.

The humiliating defeat in 1870 and Wagner's biting essay combined to keep Wagner and his Germanic music out of favor in the French cultural world well into the 20th century. When the directors of the Paris Opera scheduled the premiere performance of *Lohengrin* . . . , the public outcry was so great—including anonymous threats to blow up the Paris Opera and pledges from wealthy nationalists to buy up all the seats and recruit rowdy Latin Quarter students to jeer and heckle the musicians—that the performances had to be canceled.

The majority of French composers shared the public's sentiments. By the mid 1880's the Gallic objectivity of Saint-Saëns that Mr. Lipman cites had given way to a stronger national pride, and Saint-Saëns began criticizing Wagner and his doctrines openly and vigorously. "After the massacre of women and children," Saint-Saëns wrote, "after the bombing of hospitals, after the destruction of cathedrals, after the profanities, after the cynical acknowledgment of hate for France, how can it be possible to find Frenchmen advertising the music of the one whom Germany has long considered her national genius, the author of 'A Capitulation?'" César Franck scribbled "poison" on his copy of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, Debussy wrote that France was choking from the "false depth of the detestable German syle," and Fauré parodied Wagner in a comical rearrangement of his principal leitmotifs in *Souvenirs de Bayreuth*.

Among the few composers who remained devoted to Wagner throughout the decades of growing nationalism in France was the anti-Semitic Vincent d'Indy. A year before his death, d'Indy wrote a book praising Wagner . . . and claiming that Wagner was victimized by German Jews throughout his life, and that the greedy management of Paris theaters by French Jewry continued to keep Wagner's music from the French public. D'Indy's endless accolades for Wagner, in fact, were matched in enthusiasm only by his virulent anti-Semitic diatribes. "The Hebrew race," d'Indy wrote, "has never and in no time been a creator of art."

The same question that polarized Wagner's reception in France—whether Wagner the ideologist *can* be distinguished from Wagner the composer—propels the debate on his music today. Given the history of these questions, it is likely that reminders of Wagner's controversial beliefs will accompany the praise granted his music for a long time to come.

JAMES H. JOHNSON
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Samuel Lipman's essay is the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

finest piece on Wagner written in this half-century that I have read. Superb! . . .

There is only one point on which I disagree: Mr. Lipman's comment on Israel. To be for, against, or neutral about Wagner one must include his music in the judgment, and include it prominently. But those in Israel who oppose him do not know his music. To them, the mere knowledge . . . defiles the knower. In any case, it is easy to oppose an anti-Semite. If the opposer is a Jew, his opposition says nothing about himself. The critical point in the aesthetics and meta-aesthetics of musical compositions is where the music and . . . *Weltanschauung* go together, as, for instance, in the passage from the concluding chorus of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*: "*Wir setzen uns mit Tränen nieder Und rufen Dir im Grabe zu*" [We sit down in tears and call to Thee in the tomb]. . . . One might be tempted to reply: that case is different because a long time, two-and-a-half centuries, has passed since the work was penned and sung first; long intervals bar and protect. But such a reply would be wrong. In these things, there are no barriers or protection, and of all possible barriers one might cite, time is the weakest. Witness the Bible.

MATITIAHU TSEVAT
Cincinnati, Ohio

SAMUEL LIPMAN writes:

James H. Johnson is correct in pointing out the rising tide of anti-German and related anti-Wagner feeling in France after the defeat of 1870. But despite French humiliation and the resulting desire for revenge, Wagner's artistic and intellectual sway remained immensely powerful for many years after the rise of post-Sedan nationalism. For example, Wagner's place in Paris musical life during the 1880's is clearly documented in Adolphe Jullien's idolatrous *Richard Wagner, His Life and Works*, which originally appeared in French in 1886. Here, after describing the increasing frequency of orchestral performances of the composer's music in Paris in the 1870's and the 1880's, the author goes on:

> The Parisian theaters are now anxious to play the works of Richard Wagner. The Opera-Comique repents of not having produced *Lohengrin*, known and admired by the whole world, and if it is so regretful, be assured it is because it was certain of finding in the opera heavy receipts and large profits; with theater managers there is no other objective point. . . . There is nothing to be done but to bow before a colossal genius, and the longer one delays in doing it, the more he will be held up to ridicule by posterity.

Matitiahu Tsevat quite properly raises the question—so inevitable in the case of Wagner—of the relationship between the artist's art and his wider thought. Clearly Jews find both the words of the *St. Matthew Passion* and Bach's theological inspiration for writing the work deeply unacceptable. Yet, as Mr. Tsevat implies, the work belongs to our common cultural patrimony. This is so for Jewish music lovers not because they accept Jesus as the messiah, but rather because in our pluralistic society we have agreed, by consent, to separate religious belief from a more inclusive cultural identification. Bach's art, as informed by his religious belief, is therefore acceptable, even when those beliefs in themselves are in part not.

But there is no such social consensus in Israel on Wagner. For many Israelis (including, I might add, some immigrants from pre-World War II Europe who can be presumed to know something of Wagner's music as music), Wagner's racial and national beliefs, no less integral to his art than Bach's religion to his, do not form part of that metaphysical corpus on which men of good will have agreed to disagree. For these Israelis the problem is not one of civilized disagreement but one of physical survival; Wagner's 20th-century German ideological heirs did not wish to convert the Jews, they wished to kill them. Israelis even today are, after all, on the firing line, and they do not have the luxury of distinguishing so nicely between art and life. Because they don't make this distinction, they pay Wagner the compliment, as I wrote at the end of my article, of taking him seriously. Here, indeed, is the measure of his remaining power.

Correction

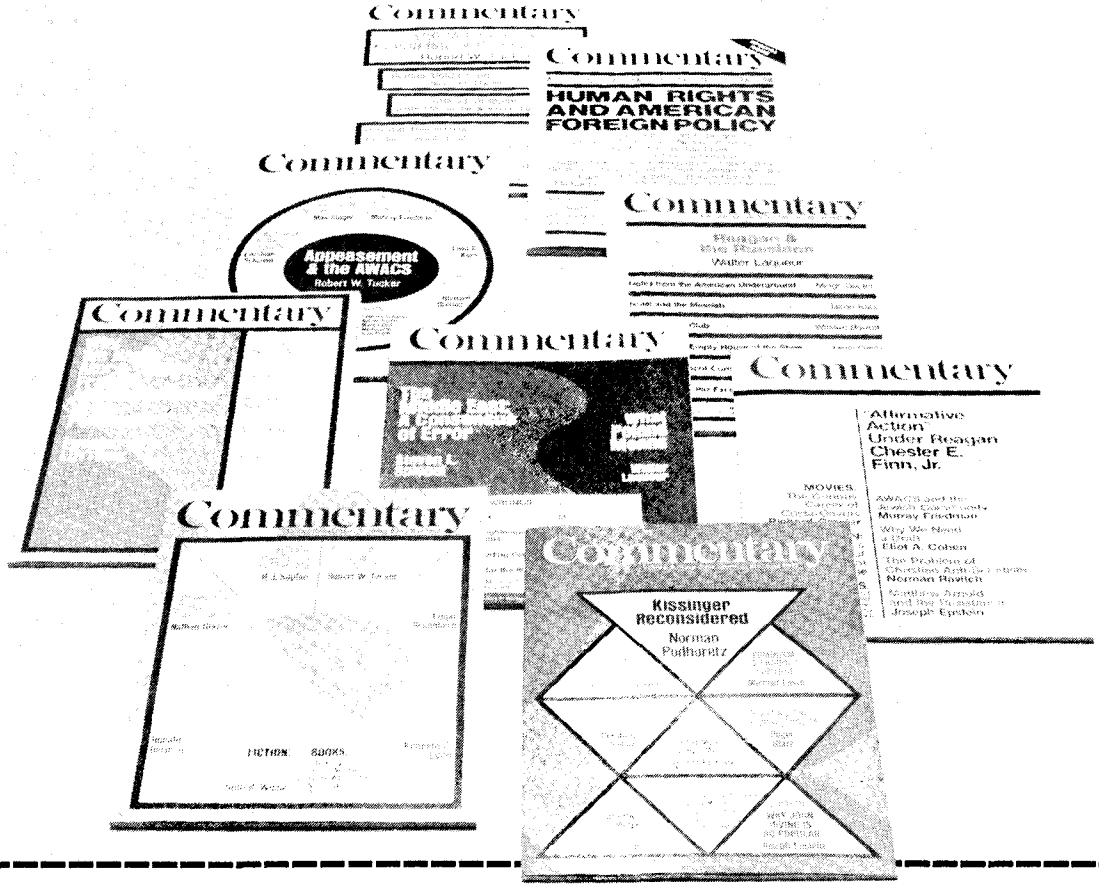
IN Albert Wohlstetter's article, "Bishops, Statesmen, and Other Strategists on the Bombing of Innocents" [June], two errors occurred. On page 18, column 1, the first two lines should read: "directed 80 one-megaton nuclear warheads. . . ." On page 19, column 2, under the title "Mass Destruction and Initial Doubts about Stability," the first two lines should read: "Manhattan Project scientists assumed immediately after Hiroshima that the least destructive . . ."—ED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE WORLD OF IDEAS, NO OTHER MAGAZINE COMES CLOSE.

Clarity. Insight. Perspective. Focus. The profound excitement of issues succinctly defined, brilliantly analyzed, and placed firmly in a framework of ideas that *make sense* of the world we live in. All this —and much more of an intellectually stimulating and culturally enriching nature—is what awaits you every month in **Commentary**, *the magazine that has earned the reputation of being first in its class and way ahead of its time.*

Commentary: the journal of opinion that the opinion-makers quote. "America's most consequential journal of ideas," says the *Washington Post.* "The best monthly review in the world," observes the *London Spectator.* "The best of American intellectual monthlies," states the *London Times.*



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER.

Use the coupon to start your subscription to one of the most influential and widely quoted magazines in the world. Your introductory six-month subscription will bring you two additional issues FREE.

COMMENTARY 165 East 56 Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

I want to discover Commentary's world of ideas. Please enter a six-month subscription for the regular price of $16.50 and send me two additional issues FREE.

☐ My check for $16.50 is enclosed. ☐ Bill me

Name_____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Rich, the Poor & the Reagan Administration

Michael Novak

According to a recent Gallup poll, 82 percent of the American people hold that President Reagan's domestic programs "help the rich" and 75 percent hold that they "hurt the poor."

In one respect, this Gallup finding may seem understated. For so insistently have the major news media harped upon the alleged hard-heartedness of the Reagan administration, from the night of the first inauguration ball to the present day, and so emphatically has every Democrat, from "Tip" O'Neill to Tom Hayden, made this the central item in his political bill of indictment against the present administration and against the Republican party in general, that one is surprised to learn that 18 to 25 percent of Americans do not immediately agree.

Still, the fact that the "fairness" issue has been made the single determining focus in assessing the domestic record of the administration does not mean that it has itself been considered fairly, on its merits.

Indeed, when one tries to establish what is "fair," problems arise immediately. In 1976, Jimmy Carter campaigned on the claim that the tax system of the U.S. was so unfair as to constitute "a disgrace to the human race." By 1980, no one thought that Carter, as President, had made it less so. As he departed office, Carter also left behind an annual rate of inflation of 13 percent, 7.5 percent unemployment, interest rates at 22 percent. No one then claimed that Carter was helping the poor. By his own description, the country was suffering a broad "malaise." It is by no means obvious, then, that Reagan's programs are any more unfair than Carter's.

What is obvious, however, is that the Reagan administration's critics have more exalted standards in mind. Some judge fairness by the degree of "redistribution" effected in society. In their eyes, an administration would be fair if it took from the rich and gave to the poor. Yet as Bertrand de Jouvenal long ago pointed out, this dreamy ideal can never be fulfilled literally, for the simple mathematical reason that there are too few rich and that, even in the aggregate, they have too little income. The most recent Internal Revenue Service tables (for 1980) could hardly be clearer on this point: only 117,000 Americans had a gross adjusted income of $200,000 or more. Their total income came to $46 billion, on which they paid $20 billion (or 43 percent) in income taxes. To confiscate the entire remaining after-tax income of every U.S. citizen earning over $200,000 and give it all to the poor, whatever one might say about the "fairness" of such a measure, would result in under $850 for each individual officially counted as poor.

Do those who advocate redistribution believe, then, in taking from the *middle class* and giving to the poor? This the Democrats do not say. And one cannot, in any case, really credit most of President Reagan's critics with an honest belief in equality of income, if only because so many of them are themselves very well paid and have shown no discernible movement toward taking less, in the name of fairness, or in any other name for that matter.

It is especially peculiar that partisans of fairness also attack tax indexing. Every time the lower 50 percent of earners have advanced a little in income, higher tax brackets have knocked them back. Beginning in 1985, tax indexing will cure this; yet far from being a measure welcomed by those ostensibly concerned with fairness, it is a measure repudiated by them.

So if fairness does not mean doing as Democrats did from 1976 to 1980, and does not mean redistribution from the middle class to the poor, and does not entail indexing, what does it mean? Perhaps it signifies, as some have put it, that there should be no cuts in tax rates for the rich and no welfare cuts for the poor. But even this turns out, theoretically and practically, to be problematical.

MICHAEL NOVAK is resident scholar in philosophy, religion, and public policy at the American Enterprise Institute. He is the author of *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics, The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*, and, most recently, *Confession of a Catholic* (Harper & Row).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

THE record of tax payments to the IRS is not well-known. Here are the tables for 1980:

PERSONAL INCOME TAXES PAID, 1980
(money amounts in billions)

IRS Income Groups	*Number of Returns*	*Gross Adjusted Income*	*Total Taxes*	*% of All Taxes Paid*
TOTAL:	93,902,469	$1,613.7	$250.3	100
$0-5,000	20,055,529	49.7	0.7	0.3
5-10,000	18,370,997	136.6	7.8	3.1
10-15,000	14,303,041	177.1	17.1	6.8
15-50,000	38,043,711	992.7	146.2	58.4
50,000-100,000	2,568,427	165.9	39.8	15.9
100,000-200,000	443,514	58.6	19.4	7.6
200,000-	117,250	45.8	19.5	7.8

As the figures suggest, those Americans who earned more than $50,000 in 1980—the top 3 percent—remitted 31 percent of all income taxes paid, or $79 billion of the total $250 billion collected by the IRS from individual income taxes. In 1980, the bottom 50 percent, or those who made $12,000 or less, paid $14 billion in income tax (or only 6 percent of all taxes paid). Thus, the top 3 percent paid five times more in taxes than the bottom 50 percent combined.

For the top 3 percent to carry the bottom 50 percent seems highly admirable. What one cannot say is that those in the top layer "benefit" unduly from a cut in tax rates that is of the exact proportion granted to every other taxpayer. For by saying this one would simply be calling attention to the far greater proportion of taxes such persons are now paying. The Reagan tax cuts of 1981 were, by design, one and the same for all, at every income level. In fact, as the independent Congressional Budget Office has noted, under the Reagan program "the largest tax cut in dollar terms" has gone not to the very rich but to the "$10,000 to $40,000 middle-income group, which as a group also has the most households and the most income." The CBO adds: "The highest category [of income earners] receives a slightly lower cut relative to previous tax liability." This is because for such persons the topmost 50 percent marginal rate on earned income remains in effect.

Not only have high-income persons not benefited disproportionately from the cut in tax rates, but the gross amounts they are paying are, if anything, greater than before the cuts went into effect. If that were not true—if, instead of paying $79 billion in taxes, as in 1980, the 3 percent at the highest income in 1982 were paying, say, $71 billion (a 10-percent cut) or 67 billion (a 15-percent cut)—then the IRS would be receiving less in 1982 than it had received in 1980, and this might be considered "unfair" in its consequences for federal expenditures. But such a supposition is false. Although the final figures are not in, it is almost certain that the top 3 percent of income earners in 1982 had by April 15 of this year paid *more* than $79 billion in taxes. The rate at which they were taxed went down, but the amount of taxes they paid appears from early signs to have gone up.

How this works in practice may be seen in concrete examples. When President Reagan released his own tax return for 1982, many reporters observed that the reduction in the maximum tax from 70 percent to 50 percent had saved him some $48,000. Only a few went on to note that in fact the President paid more taxes in 1982 ($292,616) than in 1981 ($165,641). In his case, this was because of the sale of his home in California. In the case of many others who also paid more, it was because they took advantage of more favorable tax laws to sell other assets—stocks, bonds, and the like. In the case of still others, the lower tax rate made a difference in their willingness to take on additional enterprises, on which they earned more money than in the preceding year while simultaneously paying more taxes.

No doubt there were persons who received large "unearned" income from investments and who benefited handsomely from the reduced tax rates. Consider a man (the type is rare) who in 1980 kept $300,000 after taxes from a million-dollar income in dividends and interest. In 1982, with the cut in tax rates from 70 percent to 50 percent, the same man now kept, through no extra effort of his own, $500,000. This was his good fortune. But what was such a man going to do with the extra $200,000? He was likely to invest a substantial portion of it. In the new tax environment, moreover, he was likely to begin moving many of his other investments. Most such transactions would create taxable gains. Since he was already paying $200,000 less in taxes than in preceding years, he might reasonably believe that he could "afford" some of these gains, in the hope of even larger future ones (also potentially taxable). Thus, such an individual could actually improve his personal liquidity and his annual income while also paying higher taxes (although in a different manner) than before. He gained, and the government also gained. So did the economy, whose growth was stimulated by new funds made available for private investment.

Is this unjust, unbeneficial, or unfair? It seems, on the contrary, wise policy.

House Speaker O'Neill has proposed to "cap" the new income-tax cuts so that no one will be able to reap a "benefit" of more than $700. Although by his own admission this will affect only those who earn over $46,500 (by his reckoning, about 8 percent of all taxpayers), O'Neill says the proposal will "save" the Treasury $6 billion. Yet the amendment might well lose the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treasury more than $6 billion. If the Speaker's real goal is to increase the amount of taxes collected from higher-income earners, he should contemplate some other method—perhaps even the President's. For in practice, the most likely way to increase such amounts is to encourage productive investments on which mutually attractive tax rates apply.

III

If the "rich" side of the so-called "fairness" issue seems to have less in it than meets the eye, what about the "poor" side? Is President Reagan's program hurting the poor?

In one area—employment—the obvious answer is yes. Although one cannot blame Reagan for an unemployment rate already going up well before his tax and welfare programs went into effect, the fact that unemployment rose by a full 3 percent during Reagan's first two years in office means that some 3 million families experienced real hardship. Savings were wiped out; lifetime projects were grievously interrupted or destroyed; fears spread; some factory doors clanged shut forever.

Yet when people say that Reagan's programs are hurting the poor they have in mind not so much the number of the unemployed as the condition of the welfare programs sustaining the poor. Quite apart from the increase in the numbers of the poor because of unemployment, the poor are said to be getting poorer.

President Reagan is alleged to be cutting benefits to the poor. But what does "cutting" mean? One can cut a benefit in three ways: (a) by inflation; (b) by providing less funding; (c) by curbing a projected growth in funding. For Democrats, the classic way of cutting benefits has been to give with one hand (in appropriations) while taking away with the other (through inflation). This was President Carter's way. During his four years in office, inflation raged almost at double-digit levels for three years, devastating individuals and families with low income or fixed income. Inflation is the cruelest tax, although the easiest one for the "party of compassion" to levy. (To adapt an old Tammany Hall saying: "The fella who said, 'Patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels' overlooked the possibilities of compassion.") President Carter levied the tax of inflation with a vengeance.

In this respect, Reagan has done more to *help* the poor than Carter. Inflation has come down more quickly, more steeply, and (so far) more steadily than anyone dared to hope on inauguration day. Whatever dollars the poor receive under Reagan, they are more honest dollars than they were under Carter, when even the practice of indexing welfare benefits to the rate of inflation could not prevent all other costs from leaping beyond reach.

As for gross expenditures on welfare programs, even adjusting for inflation, there are a few—but only a few—welfare programs on which the government is spending less in 1983 under Reagan than was spent in 1980 under Carter. In the aggregate, certainly, far *more* is being spent. Even in 1980, critics said welfare spending was "out of control." It still is. Mercilessly, and most often without commensurate benefit, it just keeps going up, automatically. President Reagan deserves little "credit" for this; on the contrary, he has tried desperately to control it. Yet his efforts to make deep cuts have by and large failed.

To be sure, if we were to ask poor and unemployed Americans, one by one, whether their present condition under Reagan is worse than, better than, or the same as under Carter, I would expect Reagan to score lower than Carter. Such persons are the best judges of their own circumstances. But on the level of federal social policy—which has to do with appropriations, expenditures, programs, line budgets, and year-end reports—it is impossible to sustain the accusation that Reagan is spending less on welfare programs than Carter did.

Take the three biggest items, the so-called "middle-class" social programs which actually benefit the poor even more significantly than they benefit others: Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid. (Poverty was not long ago a problem predominantly of the elderly; these three programs have virtually ended that.) On these three programs Reagan is indisputably spending more than Carter did:

Outlays for Three Basic Social Programs
(millions of dollars)

	1980	*1983*
Social Security	117,117	168,267
Medicare	35,033	57,262
Medicaid	13,956	19,326
Total:	116,106	244,875

Source: Office of Management and Budget

Thus, the sharpest accusations about "hurting the poor" cannot plausibly be aimed at these three fundamental welfare programs. But what about the relatively minor programs designed especially for the poor: Aid for Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), food stamps, housing assistance, rent supplements, Small Business Administration minority loan programs, Head Start, and the long list of other agencies, programs, and benefits? These amount, in aggregate, to about 10 percent of all federal spending, or some $70 billion. And it is on these that the case against Reagan rests.

This case is built principally on the contention that the administration has not merely cut the rate of increase of the programs in question, but has also made actual inroads into their funding. The particulars, which tend to bear out the President's frequent assertion that virtually every program has been budgeted for more in 1983 than in 1980, speak for themselves:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUTLAYS FOR SOCIAL PROGRAMS
(millions of dollars)

	1980	*Estimated 1983*
Unemployment Benefits	18,029.2	36,855.0
Housing Programs	5,353.6	9,325.0
Food Stamps	9,117.1	12,045.1
Child Nutrition	3,377.1	3,196.5
Women, Infants, Children	716.7	1,117.7
AFDC	7,308.4	7,766.8
Supplemental Security Income	6,411.5	8,845.3
Earned Income Tax Credit	1,275.2	1,205.0

Source: Office of Management and Budget

These figures are not adjusted for inflation (which has been reduced but not eliminated). In a time of recession, moreover, one would expect to see a gross increase in social spending to ease the burden of the poor and near-poor. Just such an increase is patent in these figures. Still, some categories show only a slight rise or, in two cases, a fall. The fact that the Reagan administration has tightened eligibility requirements for these programs just at this precise moment is the most plausible reason for saying that Reagan's program is unfair.

On whom did these cuts fall most heavily? Not on the poorest of the poor. By all evidence, the poorest, who have benefited the most from the reduction in inflation, have also been the least affected by the Reagan cuts. In every category, those cut have been at the *top* of the relevant criteria for eligibility. So much is this the case that some conservatives and liberals have jointly rebelled, calling it a scandal that the Reagan "ax" has fallen most harshly on the "working poor," those on the upper boundaries of poverty and dependence. Are these not the very persons—so to speak, the "most deserving" poor—who ought to be encouraged? Why cut off *their* benefits? Except that just above their ranks there are others who also could use a little extra help, and also above those. (Moreover, under previous practices, 80 percent of the "working poor" were *not* receiving the benefits received by a lucky 20 percent; *this* unfairness more than any other has brought welfare into disrepute.)

It is thus a portion of the borderline poor who have felt the pain. Within those programs which have been cut, or whose growth has been cut, the Reagan policies have consistently aimed at removing from the rolls those with higher incomes. Ironically, these are the very ones among the poor likely to have voted for Reagan in 1980, and presumably likely to do so again in 1984, in numbers much greater than the poorest of the poor, whose eligibility has been entirely protected. As Roosevelt is sometimes referred to as the liberal who saved capitalism, Reagan may some day be known as the conservative who saved the welfare state intact for the very poor.

IV

IF, HOWEVER, the Reagan administration has neither helped the rich nor hurt the poor in the blatant way that has been charged by its critics, it *has* failed to address meaningfully the larger question posed by the continuing existence of a welfare population whose ranks are not diminishing but appear rather to be swelling.

Federal expenditures for human services no longer seem to be correlated with decreases in the level of poverty. More money is being spent; poverty seems not to have been reduced. In constant, uninflated dollars, and adjusted for population increases, government spent seven times as much on direct cash-income transfers in 1970 as in 1950. It then spent twice as much in 1980 as in 1970. In addition, many in-kind transfers (food stamps, housing assistance, Medicaid) increased dramatically.

It is true that, thanks mainly to the rapid economic growth of the 60's, and perhaps also to Lyndon Johnson's "War on Poverty," the percentage of the population in poverty dropped from about 30 percent in 1950 to under 12 percent in the early 1970's; but then it began to grow again, and in a manner utterly unresponsive to federal ministrations.

In the latest year for which numbers are available (1981), there were 31 million poor persons, defined as all those in non-farm families of four having an income lower than $9,287. Of these, significantly more than half, almost 17 million, were under age sixteen, mostly the children of single mothers. Only a small proportion—about 3 million—were over sixty-five. Thus, only about 11 million of the poor fall between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five and are therefore capable of being active in the market system on their own behalf. A significant portion of these adults, moreover, are single mothers; others are handicapped, ill, or otherwise afflicted. This leaves only a small number, about 2 million, of able-bodied persons who can work.

Obviously, a decent society wants to put a solid financial floor under all its citizens who cannot help themselves or who are temporarily down on their luck (For the vast majority of the poor, a poverty income occurs only in one or two years out of ten; it is rarely a permanent condition.*) Given the figures above, how much would it cost to do this?

For the sake of simplicity, let us stipulate that there are 8 million poor households (dividing 31 million individuals into households of four), and that, on average, each of these households has

* See Martha S. Hill, "Some Dynamic Aspects of Poverty," in M.S. Hill, D.H. Hill, and J.N. Morgan, eds., *Five Thousand American Families—Patterns of Economic Progress*, Vol. 9 (Institute for Social Research, University of Michigan, 1981), pp. 116-120.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about $4,500 of income.* Then, in order to gauge the magnitude of the "problem" of poverty, we might multiply the number of poor households by $5,000 (the difference, roughly, between the stipulated average income and the official cut-off figure of $9,287). It does not seem from this perspective that financing every non-farm family of four at a minimum floor would cost more than $40 billion. Even if the 8 million poor households had no income of their own (except guaranteed medical care), the cost would not be more than $75 billion. Seen in this light, and defined solely in monetary terms (as the poverty "industry" does define it), poverty is not an especially expensive problem.

In 1983, however, the federal government will spend not $40 billion but an estimated $400 billion in entitlements to individuals. As we have noted, most of this ($244.8 billion) is granted through Social Security, Medicare, and Medicaid. But a rather substantial portion is also granted through the multiple programs mentioned above: food stamps; AFDC; low-income housing or rent supplements; the supplemental food program for women, infants, and children; school-lunch programs; and the like. Would it not be cheaper, more efficient, and ultimately more successful to eliminate these minor programs and give sufficient funds directly to the poor, in order to lift them above the federally defined poverty level?

This leads to another question: does not the current design of programs afford "mischievous" incentives, increasing rather than decreasing the numbers of the poor from year to year? There is strong evidence that this is what is occurring. The widely noticed "feminization of poverty" is a case in point. As distinct from twenty years ago, a large majority of the poor today consists of single mothers and their children. From year to year, these numbers have recently begun to accelerate.

THE American people have been exceedingly generous in the amounts of money they have assigned for the elimination of poverty; yet, despite this expenditure, poverty seems not on the way to being eliminated but rather to be growing. Surely, therefore, it is incumbent on all of us—but especially on those who accuse President Reagan of "hurting the poor"—to think of alternatives. Do the President's critics recommend uncontrolled expenditures without cuts, and with raging inflation, as under Carter?

The critics are not likely to endorse this position openly. Rather they are likely to recommend either a raise in taxes (at the very least, *à la* Speaker O'Neill, by "capping" tax cuts somewhat near the top 3 percent of income earners) or a cut in defense spending. Since we are already in a presidential election year, it is improbable that the Democrats will succeed in raising tax rates. According to a recent Sindlinger poll, moreover, not only does a clear majority of the public support tax indexing and the third installment of President Reagan's tax cut, but those in lower brackets support both these features far more strongly (for commonsense reasons) than those in higher brackets. This leaves cuts in defense.

No one can argue that President Reagan's announced aim of bringing defense spending up to 7.9 percent of GNP by 1988 exceeds historical precedent; under Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, defense took 9 percent of GNP. Before the Reagan Presidency, opinion polls strongly supported spending "more" on defense. Today only a minority still demands "more." But much has changed: the earlier desire for "more" is being fulfilled. Nevertheless, whoever succeeds Reagan, whether Republican or Democrat, will be faced with the bill which comes due every fifteen years or so for a new generation of weapons. Thus a decrease in defense spending, even if effectuated, is unlikely to be more than a temporary device for funneling money into welfare programs that already expend more funds by far than the task of eliminating poverty would seem to require.

The fairness of the Reagan policies will be addressed next year during the television debates between the candidates of the two major parties, when the inevitable words will be spoken: "Do you believe that you are better off now in 1984 than you were in 1980?" Even many citizens who personally are *not* better off at that time may judge that their prospects at least are better. This is what America has always promised—and delivered.

As a Democrat, I hope that my own party will devise a new approach to the problem of eliminating poverty. A promising direction would seem to be the suppression of the present multitude of minor programs in favor of a package of direct cash payments and in-kind benefits designed to place every family above the official poverty line *tout court*. The cost of such a radical redesign would appear to be no more, and perhaps considerably less, than the present burden. Such a design—which has, in one form or another, been endorsed by Milton Friedman and Senator Daniel P. Moynihan—would eliminate at one stroke both the perverse incentives of current programs and a huge amount of regulatory apparatus. Should the Democrats propose it, a Republican administration would be hard-pressed to oppose it; and a Democratic administration might achieve it. As a strictly monetary matter, poverty would cease to exist.

In the meantime, intellectual fairness is not being served by allowing partisan passion to inflate and to obfuscate the "fairness" issue.

* All of the elderly poor are already receiving Social Security and are covered by Medicare and Medicaid, and all of the poor without exception are covered by the latter. In addition, those who work at the minimum wage ($3.35 an hour, or approximately $6,700 a year) are counted as poor, even though they earn some income every year. It thus seems not implausible to argue that the poor already receive, in aggregate, at least half the income necessary to lift them above the poverty line. Finally, the multiple "in-kind" benefits the poor currently receive would, if counted, drastically reduce the number of the poor given above.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are Things Getting Better in Eastern Europe?

Arch Puddington

One of the effects of the Polish crisis has been to puncture the notion of Eastern Europe as an island of political stability in an otherwise disorderly world, a view once widely held by academics, foreign-policy specialists, and especially bankers. The belief that the people of Eastern Europe had reached a grudging acceptance both of Communism and of Soviet imperial domination was integral to the intellectual case for the détente policies of the 1970's. This illusion has been shattered. One might therefore expect a rethinking of our relations with what were once unapologetically referred to as the "captive nations." Yet no such reassessment of U.S. goals and strategies has taken place, within or outside the Reagan administration. Nor is there a significant probability that one will be initiated in the near future.

True enough, journalists, scholars, and political figures have been overwhelmingly sympathetic to the aspirations of Solidarity, critical of martial law, and dubious of the regime's claim to have restored political and economic order. The Western media, moreover, largely in response to the Polish crisis, have discovered that the people of Eastern Europe, if not prepared to emulate the Polish example, nevertheless retain a strong contempt for Communism and an intense dislike of the Soviet Union. At the same time, evidence has been accumulating that the promise inherent in "goulash Communism" of an ever-expanding standard of living can no longer be fulfilled. Mounting external debt, increasing energy costs, a reduction in subsidies from the Soviet Union, and the economic problems of Western trading partners have combined with the inherent inefficiency of the Communist system to thwart what has been the Soviet bloc's major strategy for maintaining political quiescence.

But while today's image of Eastern Europe differs substantially from that which predominated just a few years ago, the prescriptions for American action remain notably similar to those derived from much more optimistic evaluations of the region's future prospects. The U.S., it is said, should take no steps which threaten the postwar division of Europe, should remain sensitive to the Soviet Union's "legitimate" security concerns, should avoid initiatives which East European regimes deem "provocative," should eschew economic warfare, should keep in mind that our credibility in passing judgment on Soviet behavior is limited by our own transgressions, and should subordinate human-rights concerns to the overriding objectives of peace and disarmament. All of which leads to the inevitable conclusion, whether asserted or implied, that the only remaining viable option is the reinstitution of détente, albeit a more tough-minded détente than that practiced by the Carter administration.

Those proposing the revival of détente habitually pose the issue as between our employing the people of Eastern Europe as cannon fodder in the advancement of an anti-Soviet agenda and a policy of noninterference which, we are told, will indirectly contribute to important liberalizing changes in the Soviet Union's relations with its satellites. But while admonitions of restraint in our dealings with Eastern Europe may have been appropriate in the immediate aftermath of the 1956 Hungarian revolt, when irresponsible statements by American politicians and broadcasts by Radio Free Europe played a minor role in the tragic events there, they seem hardly relevant today in the Polish context. No one, and certainly not the Reagan administration, can be seriously accused of acting or speaking imprudently about the Polish crisis.

The real issue is not whether American policies will provoke a bloodbath, but whether the emergence of opposition movements or other manifestations of discontent in Eastern Europe should be welcomed and, where possible, assisted; or whether, as was in some part the case with Poland, such developments should be regarded as unfortunate impediments to normal relations with the Soviet Union, roadblocks to East-West trade, and a threat to peace; and, finally, whether a revival of détente would advance the freedom or national sovereignty of the satellites.

Although there are those who will come right out and argue that instability within the Soviet

ARCH PUDDINGTON is executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy and the editor of *Workers Under Communism*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

empire contradicts the interests of the West, such straightforwardness is not the general rule. The emphasis, rather, is on the positive benefits of détente to the satellites and, conversely, the damaging effects of a renewed cold war. Seldom, however, do the advocates of détente spell out precisely how their favored policies would lead to domestic liberalization, enhanced independence from the Soviet Union, or both. Even more noteworthy is the failure of those who once confidently predicted that increased trade and cultural relations would contribute to a moderation of Communist repression to evaluate exactly what was achieved during the period when these assumptions played the dominant role in shaping Western policies toward the satellites.

Whether measured by the degree of political rights, by the level of repression against the individual, by freedom of cultural expression, or by the ability of the satellites to implement foreign policies independent of Soviet control, the inescapable reality is that détente failed to meet the expectations of its advocates, and this is true even when taking into consideration the oft-repeated caveat that détente was oversold and its potential exaggerated. In fact, a careful examination of developments within the East European member states of Comecon, the Communist instrument for economic cooperation, reveals that not only was there no reduction in the level of repression and control during the last decade, but that in at least three of these countries (Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Rumania) the degree of individual freedom has markedly declined.

II

THE case of Czechoslovakia is particularly instructive. It was during the flowering of détente—1972-76—that the process of re-Stalinization, inaugurated by the Husák regime immediately after the suppression of the Prague Spring experiment in 1968, was accelerated and became an organic part of Czech domestic politics. The magnitude of the purge is but dimly known in the United States, largely because media accounts focused almost exclusively on reprisals against well-known, dissident intellectuals and officials from the reform-oriented regime of Alexander Dubček. In fact, with the single exception of the Chinese Cultural Revolution, Czech Communists have carried out the most systematic and thorough "cleansing" of political undesirables in the Communist world since Stalin's death. In all, an estimated one million Czechs (out of a population of 15 million) have been victimized through imprisonment, expulsion, loss of job, denial of promotion, withdrawal of the "right" to publish or exhibit works of art, and discrimination against children by the educational authorities—the last being a practice especially favored by the Prague hardliners.

Because the reforms of the Prague Spring were largely the result of pressure from liberal-minded members of the Communist party, the subsequent counterrevolution concentrated on errant party members. Over 20 percent of the party membership was expelled, with most suffering economic reprisals as well. The persecution of party members in the educational system was especially notable for its thoroughness; over one-third of those teachers who had been members of the party were expelled, and almost all of those purged were fired. Tenure was abolished in the universities in order to facilitate a housecleaning. Many books were removed from circulation; in some cases, schoolchildren, under the supervision of their teachers, were given the assignment of tearing pages containing politically offensive themes out of books. At the same time as the regime was reimposing strict censorship, it also ordered the modification of certain lines in classical plays out of a fear that audiences might detect messages of contemporary political significance.

As a supplement to policies which, within a few years, would destroy all vestiges of creative vitality in Czechoslovak culture, the regime launched a campaign to indoctrinate schoolchildren in the precepts of Marxism-Leninism and introduced a heavy dose of military training into the school curriculum. Those in the U.S. who deplore the existence of ROTC programs in the high schools on a purely voluntary basis and cite them as evidence of a predominantly "militaristic" ethos might be interested to learn that in Czechoslovakia (not to mention the Soviet Union and East Germany) children are subject to compulsory military training from the day they enter kindergarten. They are, in addition, forced to endure from the earliest school years a form of ideological "education" that resembles nothing so much as a parody of the worst features of Stalin-era practice.

Another tactic dredged up from the Stalinist past was to encourage children to keep the relevant authorities apprised of political opinions expressed by their teachers, a policy the Nazis also put to good use. In some instances, parents with "healthy cadre records" placed cassette recorders into the briefcases of their children with instructions to record everything the teacher said.

It hardly needs to be added that along with the crude injections of political indoctrination, inculcation of militaristic attitudes, and the use of students as snoopers and spies, the regime initiated a policy of outright discrimination against the children of parents thought to be sympathetic to the goals of the Dubček reformers and rank favoritism toward children whose parents were judged to have maintained politically sound views.

Another indication of the determination of the Husák regime to destroy, at whatever cost, all vestiges of the reform era was its dismantling of the reform in economic decision-making instituted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Ota Sik and other liberal economists during the Dubček regime. Insofar as recentralization has transformed a once-promising economy into one notable for stagnation and decline, the regime's policies have been widely interpreted in the West as representing the triumph of doctrine over pragmatism. Yet from the point of view of those who hold sway in Prague, just the reverse is true. To these battle-hardened veterans of the class struggle, policies which in any way reduce the party's grip over society are immediately suspect as either a departure from Marxist orthodoxy or, more commonly, a threat to the power, status, and even personal safety of the ruling elite. Many have seen Czech developments as an unfortunate deviation from a trend throughout Eastern Europe which had encouraged the rise of a politically moderate, technocratically oriented stratum over the benighted party loyalists. In fact, however, the example of Hungary, often cited as a model of moderate reformism, is no more indicative of current developments, and given the shock waves from Poland, is probably less indicative of future trends, than that of Czechoslovakia.

The Czech developments are also important for what they tell us about the Soviet Union's attitude toward détente. Especially in Europe, the Husák regime has been the target of considerable opprobrium, much of it emanating from the Left, including the Communist parties of Italy, Spain, and even France. The blatant way in which supporters of reform have been deprived of their livelihoods—a practice the Czechs themselves have admitted—has earned the disapproval of the International Labor Organization, and the whole range of human-rights violations committed by the regime has been regularly criticized at the conferences established to assess compliance with the Helsinki accords. Yet Moscow has done nothing to moderate the policies of the Czech hardliners. Indeed, the Czechs have received only praise from the Kremlin, which seems altogether pleased, world opinion notwithstanding, that its puppets have been so completely successful in excising the reformist infection from Czechoslovak society. And while the disaffection among European leftists is regarded as regrettable, from the Soviet standpoint this loss is more than compensated for by the opportunity to remind other satellite nations of the risks of overstepping the permitted bounds of deviation from the Soviet model, and to warn the West of the consequences of encouraging opposition forces within the "socialist camp."

III

IF THE Czechoslovak experience contains ominous portents for the future of Poland, what can be said of the example of Hungary? General Jaruzelski has already let it be known that he hopes to become Poland's Janos Kadar—that is, to follow the example of the man installed by the Soviets as party chief in Hungary after the 1956 revolution had been forcibly put down. Kadar has emerged in recent years as the West's favorite Communist; he is widely (and inaccurately) credited with being the leading figure in the creation of a Hungarian economic "miracle," and with having instituted internal policies singularly less oppressive than those of other Communist regimes. In the prevailing view, Kadarism consists of an informal social contract whereby the regime eschews overt repression and the people, in return, refrain from challenging the party's absolute control over political and economic initiatives. In fact, however, the phenomenon of what is known as Hungarian exceptionalism is much exaggerated.

Hungary has fewer political prisoners than other Communist countries (Yugoslavia included); it permits its citizens limited rights to travel abroad; it allows writers, artists, and film-makers more latitude than its neighbors; it has reduced many of the obvious trappings of the police state; and it has sanctioned a moderate level of private initiative in the economy and in agriculture. These changes are not irrelevant, but their significance has been magnified out of perspective by Western observers determined to find something, anything, positive about current conditions in the Communist world.

To begin with, one cannot accurately refer to an economic miracle in Hungary since the Hungarian economy faces a number of serious problems, including a sizable external debt. The extent of the private economic sector has been overstated; larger private sectors exist in such bastions of orthodoxy as Poland, East Germany, and Czechoslovakia. Political liberalization exists only insofar as dissenting voices are not punished for expressing unorthodox opinions outside Hungary's borders; within Hungary, the regime has effectively smothered independent political initiatives. Indeed, an essential aspect of Kadarism is the systematic depoliticization of Hungarian society. If the Hungarian experience contains a lesson for the rest of the Communist world, it may be that Communism is tolerable only when administered along unobtrusive, traditional police-state lines, and when the proletariat and peasantry are encouraged to concentrate on food, alcohol, consumer goods, holidays, opportunities for enrichment—anything but politics.

A further point, and one which also has important implications for Poland's future prospects, is that Hungary's present-day moderation was preceded by one of the longest and most ruthless purges in the history of Communist Eastern Europe. Those who participated in or lived through the Hungarian revolution recall the years immediately following 1956 as the time of "Kadar's terror," when the man who is today hailed as a paragon of enlightened Communism was reviled

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a Quisling and butcher. The full dimensions of the purge will probably never be known, but it is clear that the victims ran into the hundreds of thousands. Official figures place the number of executed freedom fighters at 2,000; unofficial sources believe that a figure many times greater would be accurate. Many thousands were imprisoned, exiled, or turned into non-persons; and at least 50,000 were transported to the Soviet Union, never to return to their native land. The political opposition, which had attained a degree of influence within the Hungarian Communist party unlike anything ever achieved by Solidarity in Poland, was wiped out; and the party itself was decimated, with all but Kadar loyalists eventually purged.

In addition to eliminating from public life all those who might conceivably have provided a measure of political opposition, Kadar (acting, no doubt, on the advice of Yuri Andropov, Soviet ambassador to Hungary and later chief of all satellite relations during the period of the purge), proceeded to break the remaining vestiges of resistance to total Sovietization. For example, the collectivization of agriculture, strongly resisted during the far-from-benign rule of Mátyás Rákosi, was quickly completed under intense pressure from Kadar's security apparatus.

Kadar was thus able to attain a dominance over Hungary which had eluded his Stalinist predecessors, and he accomplished this in a relatively short time. When, in 1961, Kadar inaugurated a policy of national reconciliation with the formulation "All those who are not against us are with us," he did so confident that he alone would control the dimensions and pace of change. By eliminating not simply manifestations of opposition, but all *potential* sources of resistance, the Kadar terror paved the way for the Kadar reforms.

IV

THERE are hazards in drawing neat parallels between developments in one Eastern European country and past or present trends in another. It would appear, however, from the options available to General Jaruzelski that a Czechoslovak solution is far more likely than a Hungarian one. One year after the 1956 revolt, Hungary was a defeated society; although the Poles may have lost their appetite for strikes and demonstrations, they are clearly not willing to capitulate before the new "realities" created by the military government. Underground Solidarity cells exist in practically every major factory; hundreds of uncensored bulletins, newspapers, and leaflets are published in the major cities; despite the all-pervasive security forces, a network of organizations functions to assist the victims of martial law and coordinate resistance activity. A further indication of popular attitudes is the almost total boycott of the new, government-controlled trade unions established after the banning of Solidarity.

The trade unions, it should be noted, play a crucial role in the regime's strategy of pacifying the working class. A decision to join the new unions is perceived, by both the leadership and the workers themselves, as signifying at least tacit acceptance of the post-Solidarity order. Refusal to join, on the other hand, can be costly. The unions are empowered to help determine work and vacation schedules, dispense various social-welfare monies, and control factory stores where scarce goods are sold outside the rationing system. In some instances, workers dismissed because of their pro-Solidarity views have been offered back their jobs if they join the new unions and have also been threatened with dismissal for not joining.

The ability of the Solidarity forces to maintain a semi-organized underground structure for over one year after the declaration of martial law (an achievement without precedent in the Communist world) demonstrates that the total eradication of the opposition is beyond the regime's capacity. A housecleaning of the thoroughness achieved in Hungary by Kadar would require a Soviet invasion and a huge and long-term Soviet military presence, a response which, while certainly possible, seems unlikely, given the high priority of the USSR's "peace offensive."

An alternative for the Polish regime would be a decision to reach a genuine compromise with the working class. This too seems highly unlikely, since it would entail a renunciation of the regime's most cherished long-range objective: a finishing-off, once and for all, of the system of dual power whereby the working class enjoyed a de-facto veto over critical aspects of economic policy. This system of dual power existed even before the emergence of Solidarity, and from the Communist perspective, failure to bring the workers to heel would signify a failure of martial law itself. For the foreseeable future, then, we can anticipate the institutionalization of the repressive policies ushered in with martial law, a development which would amount to a permanent purge similar to Czechoslovakia's permanent purge of the past fifteen years.

Already the regime has enacted a law calling for the punishment of "habitual work shirkers"—the notorious anti-parasite law which Poland, in contrast to other Communist states, had in the past expressly rejected. By making the refusal to work a crime, anti-parasite laws in other countries have proved an effective weapon for disciplining both workers and dissident intellectuals. Under anti-parasite laws, a worker can be dismissed for his political views, blacklisted by other enterprises, and forced to accept whatever menial job is assigned by the regime or be jailed as a parasite.

Another tactic which has survived the formal ending of martial law is the militarization of factories. Those who work for militarized industries are subject to military law; absenteeism, for exam-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ple, can be treated as desertion, and punished by imprisonment. Yet another practice favored by the regime is the drafting of dissident and potentially dissident students or workers into the military, and then assigning them to special installations that are little more than concentration camps.

While the techniques devised by the Jaruzelski regime to deal with its rebellious working class have not succeeded in breaking the will to resist, they have enabled the party-state apparatus to reassert its hegemony over Polish society. Herein lies an important lesson which bears on the debate over the continued viability of the totalitarian model: even where the government is corrupt, the party isolated and despised, and the ideology exhausted, an established totalitarian system remains remarkably impervious to challenges from within the society. Indeed, in Poland today Communism means little more than maintaining power through repression. In nearly four decades of rule, Poland's Communists have never carried out any policy with the efficiency, detailed planning, strategic foresight, and even prudence that were so notable during the imposition of martial law. Had the regime invested one-quarter of the energy and tactical shrewdness in its economic decision-making that it did in the repression of its own people, the rise of Solidarity might have been averted.

This will not be lost on the rest of the Communist world. A principal assumption of détente was that it would promote economic decentralization and efficiency by demonstrating, through increased contacts, the superiority of the market approach. This implied, or at least we were told it implied, a necessary relaxation of state control over the individual. After Poland, however, Communist regimes will be more convinced than ever that total control of the working class is essential to maintaining the political status quo. Confronted with a choice between relaxation of control and improvement in economic performance on the one hand and total control and continued stagnation on the other, the Communists will almost certainly choose the more conservative, and safer, course.

Moreover a careful analysis of the policies adopted in response to the expansion of economic relations would probably show that the Communist strategy of using Western credits to stimulate industrial expansion actually harmed economic efficiency. For one thing, the absurdities of the Communist system prevented the productive absorption of the massive infusion of foreign loans. To the contrary, the credits strategy detracted from the economic discipline—however minimal—which Communist regimes were forced to adopt in order to placate potentially restive consumers.

V

If Poland demonstrates that the mechanism of totalitarian repression can be quickly and efficiently mobilized by even the most ineffectual Communist regime, the experience of Rumania suggests that a rather brutal form of neo-Stalinism is entirely compatible with a foreign policy relatively independent of the Soviet Union. Under President Nicolae Ceausescu, Rumania has become the only East European country to copy the Soviet practice of imprisoning political dissidents in psychiatric hospitals. Other dissidents have met with fatal "accidents" under suspicious circumstances, while still others have unaccountably vanished. Nor are the Rumanians above killing off troublesome émigrés; in 1972 a plan to assassinate two prominent dissidents living in Paris aborted when the man selected to carry out the murders confessed his mission to the French authorities.

Some argue that Rumania's harsh domestic policies are the unfortunate but necessary price for Soviet tolerance of its relative independence in foreign affairs. In this view, the Soviets will countenance Rumania's "nonaligned" stance only as long as Ceausescu abstains from experiments in domestic liberalization. This assumes that Ceausescu genuinely desires liberal reforms, an assumption for which there is no justification whatsoever. Even a cursory examination of the Ceausescu era shows a clear trend toward more repression, more party control over culture, a tighter grip on the working class, and a tougher line with dissidents.

Practically alone among East European leaders, Ceausescu was favorably impressed with the Chinese Cultural Revolution—so much so that in 1971 he launched his own mini-cultural revolution, which is still being carried out today. Like its Chinese model, the Rumanian enterprise has left the nation's cultural life a desolate wasteland. To give an example: Rumania's cultural commissars have launched a campaign of denunciation aimed at musicians and composers on the grounds that their music is "elitist" and not suitable for the masses. Some musicians were dispatched, Maoist style, to work in the fields; others had to endure primitively formulated criticisms in the official organs of propaganda. Simultaneously there emerged another campaign to promote a style of music officially described as the "school of lofty sentiment"—amateur music amounting to little more than paeans to the leader and his family.*

* In yet another reversion to the Stalinist past, the regime has recently imposed drastic restrictions on the ownership of typewriters. Article 15 of the new decree states: "Persons who have a criminal record *or whose behavior represents a danger to public order or to the security of the state* cannot be authorized to possess typewriters" (emphasis added). The vague wording of this measure is designed to empower the authorities to prohibit the ownership of typewriters to anyone deemed a "security risk." The decree further calls for the nationwide registration with the local militia of all privately-owned typewriters; the militia is then empowered to determine whether the person can continue to own the typewriter. It is now also illegal to rent or borrow typewriters or to have them repaired in shops other than those authorized by the militia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As for the working class, Rumania provides further proof that those who claim to rule in the interests of the proletariat inevitably become the vanguard in devising new ways to control and coerce workers. Under a law adopted last year, workers are subject to *prison terms* for committing such offenses as leaving a machine unattended, leaving work without permission, or failure to leave a machine in safe working condition. The regime has also accelerated the practice of compelling workers in "unproductive" enterprises to accept jobs in what are presumably Rumania's growth industries. And when, in 1977, 35,000 coal miners from the Tiu Valley struck, over a variety of complaints, the regime responded by simply "transferring" some 4,000 miners to other regions. Two strike leaders subsequently died under mysterious circumstances.

Despite Rumania's dismal human-rights record and its mounting economic crisis, Ceausescu has been reasonably successful in sustaining its special relationship with the West, a relationship which has provided tangible benefits in the form of trade terms and credits. Ceausescu himself was until recently regularly extolled as a world statesman by presumably intelligent, if ill-informed, Western political leaders. Richard Nixon in his memoirs described the Rumanian as a "strong independent leader," while Jimmy Carter claimed during his Presidency that Rumania and the U.S. "believe in enhancing human rights" and the "freedom of our people." Whether these comments were delivered in the hope of encouraging Ceausescu to live up to the image of a statesman or simply out of ignorance, the reality is that Rumania is more unstable and less free today than it was fifteen years ago.

Well before the inauguration of détente, then-Senator J. William Fulbright predicted confidently that "ideological barriers could be expected to erode" through increased East-West trade and "human contacts." In this view, and it is a view widely subscribed to by advocates of détente, the very *process* of détente can be expected to set in motion an irreversible evolution within the Communist world. Presumably this would be especially true in a country like Rumania, where our relations are relatively uncomplicated by U.S.-Soviet superpower rivalry. Yet despite the fact that we have treated Rumania's human-rights record much more leniently than we have a number of right-wing regimes that generally support our foreign-policy objectives, the "ideological barriers" have not been lowered.

To interpret Rumania's internal policies as the unfortunate consequence of the regime's foreign-policy stance is to ignore the reality of Rumania today. That reality is a system which, after nearly forty years, has failed to win the loyalty of the Rumanian population. The rulers today mistrust the people; the people, in turn, detest both the rulers and the system. Repression continues undiminished quite simply because it is perceived as in the interests of the party and the leadership. Again, as in Czechoslovakia, policies which to Western observers seem irrational because of their inherent inefficiency represent to the Communists the only option by which to maintain total control. Anything less than total control, as the Polish example suggests, poses a danger to the system itself.

VI

A similar lesson can be drawn from the experience of East Germany. Here it is important to keep in mind that the GDR was not always a showplace of Marxist diligence. At one point in the 1950's the Soviets were said to be giving serious consideration to withdrawing their troops from Germany and abandoning the Communist regime there. At the time, the idea carried a certain logic. East Germany's economy was near collapse, its working class had already launched one nationwide uprising, and its talented citizens of all classes were doing what those trapped by Communism always do when given the opportunity—fleeing to the West and freedom. East Germany presented the Soviets with the prospect of a permanent drain on their own scarce resources.

All this changed with the Berlin Wall. At the time of its construction in 1961, the Soviets and East Germans regarded the wall as something of an embarrassment, an "ugly thing" and a "defect." This apologetic tone has subsequently been jettisoned, as well it might be, since today the wall clearly represents an important step in the consolidation of the Soviet empire. Instead of regarding the wall as a grotesque symbol of Communist failure to achieve popular support and legitimacy, East Germany's leader, Erich Honecker, refers to it as a "victory for Communism" which strengthened East German society, made possible the GDR's economic "miracle," and paved the way for détente. (Appropriately enough, Honecker delivered these observations during a speech at ceremonies to mark the wall's twentieth anniversary, an occasion otherwise noteworthy for a brazen display of military personnel and hardware.)

From the point of view of the East German Communist regime, every one of Honecker's claims is valid. Without the wall, Communism might have collapsed; with it, the East German people have had no choice but to accept that the repressive East German system was to be their destiny. The wall further provided the Soviets with the means of demonstrating the "historic irreversibility" of Communism, while offering more evidence to the people of Eastern Europe that, in the crunch, the West will always back down when presented with a determined show of Soviet resolve. In a perverse way, Honecker was also accurate in drawing a connection between the wall and détente. The essence of détente, after all, was not a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strategy designed to exploit the weaknesses in the Soviet empire, but rather a coming to terms with the stability of the Communist bloc, a stability to which the wall and the subsequent obliteration of the Prague Spring substantially contributed. Détente, in other words, reflected a Western conviction that future liberation movements were unlikely to emerge in the satellites.

VII

It is of course true that an increase in East-West relations should in theory be more destabilizing to the Communist world than to the democracies. Here the best illustration, ironically enough, is Poland, where the level of political control was relaxed while the regime launched a pell-mell scramble for Western credits and technology. Some have gone so far as to claim that Solidarity and, to an even greater degree, the various opposition groups which predated Solidarity, can be counted as fruits of détente.

There are several problems with this analysis. To begin with, it was the inherent instability of the Communist system which impelled Edward Gierek to adopt the strategy of borrowing huge sums of money from the West in a desperate effort to create a consumer society; this instability also led to a series of riots in 1970 which resulted in more deaths than during the entire period of martial law. Gierek did not make a conscious decision to encourage social liberalization; the liberalization process evolved because of the regime's weakness. Overt repression was replaced by tactics described as "repressive tolerance." In any event, the deterioration of the Communist system was not exactly what the advocates of détente had anticipated or hoped for; predictably, influential members of the Western foreign-policy establishment heaped the blame for martial law on Solidarity's "intemperance."

Indeed, the reservations over Solidarity, detectable almost from the union's inception, reveal the fundamental contradiction between the intellectual justifications for détente and détente in practice. On the one hand, détente was to have expanded opportunities for change by providing more "breathing space" for forces committed to liberalization. On the other hand, those who boasted of détente as an agent of change pointedly declined to take advantage of whatever opportunities did present themselves; the "dialogue" they envisioned was limited to an exchange between elites—our businessmen and their trade officials, our elected officials and their "parliamentarians." Nor were they content with a "guided" détente; they demanded a form of self-censorship by the West, made explicit by Senator Fulbright's efforts (loudly applauded in the Communist world) to eliminate Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty.

At the same time, a combination of détente psychology and revisionist historiography has clearly affected the Western perception of Eastern Europe. A good example of the process of ideological disarmament is *our* changed perception of the Berlin Wall. No longer is the wall regarded by us as a quite specific symbol of Soviet imperialism, Communist failure, and the tragic fate of millions enslaved by tyranny. Instead, the wall has become a generalized symbol of the cold war. And by cold war is meant not a state of East-West tension provoked primarily by the Soviet subjugation of Eastern Europe, but a senseless and highly dangerous conflict of obscure (and not really relevant) origins for which responsibility is apportioned equally between "the two superpowers." We no longer emphasize the hideousness of the wall, but the fact that the Communists let a few people out, and this we count a triumph for *Ostpolitik*. Nor do we have the bad manners to make an issue of the fact that most of those permitted to emigrate by the East Germans are pensioners, people who, to the "materialistic" East Germans, have outlived their usefulness to "socialist" society; nor do we call attention to the practice of West Germany's "buying" the freedom of those convicted of political offenses (there were 575 such cases during the first half of 1982 alone).

In addition to the widespread misinterpretation of the origins of the cold war, there is a great deal of confusion over developments within the satellites during the cold-war era. The general assumption that periods of East-West hostility invariably foreclose the possibility of change in Soviet-satellite relationships is in fact not borne out by actual experience. To the contrary, it can be argued that more far-reaching changes were introduced in Eastern Europe during the cold war than at any time since the Sovietization of the region. True, the most important contribution to a more civilized atmosphere was the demise of Stalin and the ensuing struggle over his succession. But the dictator's death was not the only reason for the relaxation of Soviet imperial policy.

There was, for example, the success of Marshal Tito in maintaining power despite the unremitting fury of Stalin. Here it was not so much Tito's "independent road to socialism" which captured the imagination of other East Europeans as his nationalistic defiance of the imperial giant. But far more significant were the uprisings against Soviet domination in East Germany, Hungary, and Poland. Although the Soviet Union did demonstrate an ability to maintain control throughout the empire, the price was a rather substantial renegotiation of the terms of imperial control, to the benefit of the satellite regimes. Finally, it is worth noting that it was during the cold-war period (assuming the cold war to have ended with the 1963 test-ban treaty) that Albania successfully withdrew from the Soviet bloc and Rumania embarked on its semi-independent course in foreign affairs.

These changes have not, however, altered the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

basic nature of Communism. Nor have they led to the emergence of a new generation of East European Communist leaders capable of serving as advocates of more nationalistic and liberal policies. In this regard, yet another assumption of détente has been refuted, since it was the expectation of many in the West that a stable political and economic order in Eastern Europe would reinforce the popularity of the leaders of the satellites, thus enabling them effectively to pressure the Soviets for more liberalized relationships within the bloc. The hope was for a generation of Dubceks, only shrewder and more cautious. At different times different Communist leaders have been promoted as the ideal representative of this new type. During the 1960's Ceausescu was seen as the prototype; later, Edward Gierek was much admired for his reasonableness, pragmatism, and flexibility, even as the Polish economy was collapsing around him.

The most serious flaw in this view is the equation of "nationalistic" with "liberal." The history of Eastern Europe since World War II suggests that those leaders with the most "nationalistic" orientations are often the most thoroughly opposed to deviations from Communist orthodoxy. It was Wladyslaw Gomulka, widely perceived as an anti-Stalinist reformer, who in Poland put an end to the brief experiment in liberalization in 1956, and it has been Ceausescu who has presided over the re-Stalinization of Rumanian society. There is, in fact, a fundamental problem with the very concept of nationalism when applied to East European Communists. It is certainly true that these men are more sensitive than the Soviets to the customs, internal conditions, and popular sentiments of their respective countries. But it is precisely this awareness which enables them to devise strategies to make Communism more palatable to people who are opposed to the system and to make Soviet domination more acceptable to people who, for good reasons, harbor powerful anti-Russian feelings. They are, in other words, better able to determine what is in the Russians' best interests than the Russians themselves.

Indeed, it has been the willingness of Stalin's successors, Khrushchev in particular, to reach accommodations with the Gomulkas and Kadars that has made it possible for the Soviets to solidify their control over their empire, and in less hamfisted ways than under Stalin. Permitting the Poles to leave agriculture in private hands or the Hungarians to adjust their economic policies costs the Soviets nothing while it secures a measure of social peace in potentially explosive countries. At the same time, the East European leaders themselves have a vested interest in the maintenance of Soviet control over their countries, since it is the presence of the Red Army and the knowledge of Soviet willingness to intervene militarily that provide the ultimate guarantee of their political survival. No one, not even Soviet officials who privately concede that Stalin deserves some of the blame for the cold war, believes that Communism could survive in Eastern Europe under democratic conditions. Indeed, many East European Communists perceive a threat to any part of the Soviet empire as a threat to their own power; thus both Walter Ulbricht, then leader of East Germany, and Gomulka were prominent among those who advocated forcible suppression of the Prague Spring, while Gomulka begged the Kremlin to intervene militarily to put down the 1970 riots.

VIII

If the strategies implicit in détente failed either to promote internal liberalization in Eastern Europe or to loosen the Soviet grip over its satellites, what of alternatives? One suggestion is for a major Western initiative to persuade the Soviets to permit a "Finlandization" of Eastern Europe, with offers of trade and mutual force reduction in Europe as inducements. While a free but neutral Eastern Europe would mark a vast improvement for the people of the satellite nations, it is inconceivable that such a formula would be acceptable to the Soviets for the foreseeable future. From the Kremlin's point of view, the satellites represent much more than a security buffer; they are a validation of the Communist system. It is a principle of Soviet policy, and this principle was made almost explicit in the Brezhnev Doctrine, that the satellites are not merely weaker neighbors over whom the Kremlin exerts hegemony, but de-facto parts of the Soviet Union itself. And as already noted, it is highly unlikely that Communism would survive in these countries if the Soviets were to forswear the use of troops as a means of imposing political control.

A less sweeping proposal is to predicate the reinstitution of détente on Soviet gestures toward a relaxation of control over the satellites. There are two problems here. First, there are many influential forces in the West—our European allies, bankers and businessmen, segments of the foreign-policy establishment—adamantly opposed to any linking of relations with the Soviets to their behavior within their "sphere of influence." Second, the Soviets themselves have already demonstrated an unwillingness to make even the most symbolic, minimal gesture toward a relaxation of control, even though to have done so might well have strengthened popular support for détente in the West. Given the choice between normal relations with the United States and total control over the satellites, the Soviets will always choose the latter.

But the Kremlin's present determination to keep the satellites under complete domination does not mean that possibilities for change must be forever written off. One could foresee a combination of events which might convince the Soviets that the cost of empire was too great to bear. The survival of the opposition in Poland more than one year after the imposition of martial law

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

constitutes an unprecedented long-term challenge to the absolute control without which Communism cannot effectively rule. No significant concessions can be expected, however, unless events compel the Soviets to compromise.

Where Eastern Europe is concerned, the issue of freedom is a powerful, destabilizing weapon. Those entrapped by Communism may have grown somewhat cynical at the disparity between the democratic world's rhetoric of liberty and the reality of our inaction in times of crisis. Yet the free world remains a strong attraction, particularly for the younger generation, and it is a source of much concern to Communist dogmatists that their young people openly flaunt their preference for the democratic West over their own "socialist" system. A Czech propaganda official was no doubt accurate when he recently complained that the "uncritical admiration" for the United States exhibited by young people "cannot be seen as merely political blindness" but rather constitutes "an expression of a certain attitude to life."

In this regard, it is a serious mistake for the democratic world to forgo the use of sanctions and other forms of non-military reprisal. By themselves, sanctions will not produce dramatic changes in the East European political landscape. But past experience proves that a willingness to invoke punitive measures can serve as a moderating influence on the domestic policies of some Communist countries, as demonstrated most recently by Rumania's decision to withdraw a punitive tax on prospective emigrants in response to the United States' having denied Rumania renewal of most-favored-nation trade status. It can, moreover, have an important psychological effect on the people of Eastern Europe. Thus Poles overwhelmingly supported the sanctions imposed by President Reagan in response to martial law, even though they understood that these measures were contributing (however minimally) to the decrepit state of the Polish economy.

There is also the issue of peace. The "unnatural division" of Europe along ideological lines which occurred after World War II is in fact a real threat to peace. Although the West European peace movement condemns this division, it places blame for the "bloc system" equally on the United States and the Soviet Union. In truth, the division of Europe was created solely by the Kremlin's imposing on the people of Eastern Europe a system which they find intolerable; the result has been a series of regime-shaking and sometimes bloody uprisings. The reality is that Soviet imperialism has led to the only armed conflicts in Europe since the war, and in Poland could yet trigger a tragedy of incalculable consequences.

Those who counsel against changes in the political configuration of Europe make a habit of wrapping themselves in the mantle of realism and peace. But it is precisely the perpetuation of the status quo which insures that real peace will never be achieved. As Milovan Djilas has eloquently observed:

> The true political realists in the West and East are only those who refuse to accept tyranny, violence and exploitation, military expansion and political hegemony. Only those who try their best with whatever means they have to help the Polish struggle for independence and freedom are working for the future of Europe and mankind.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Lose the War of Ideas

Chester E. Finn, Jr.

At the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO), the United States subsidizes the erosion of intellectual freedom, the degradation of democratic values, the redefinition of human rights, and the manipulation of education into an instrument of political indoctrination by those who wish us ill.

Since returning from Paris a few months ago with these sobering insights, I find that they surprise even worldly people who are accustomed to hearing unpleasant things about the United Nations itself. Surely, they respond, UNESCO has not been wholly politicized. Isn't that the organization that rescued those Egyptian temples from drowning? Doesn't it promote scientific exchange programs? And international education?

In truth, UNESCO was once a fundamentally beneficent undertaking, even a noble one. "Since wars begin in the minds of men," intones the preamble to the UNESCO Constitution of 1945, "it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed." Declaring that "the great and terrible war which has now ended was a war made possible by the denial of the democratic principles of the dignity, equality, and mutual respect of men, and by the propagation, in their place, through ignorance and prejudice, of the doctrine of the inequality of men and races," UNESCO's founders averred that "the peace must therefore be founded, if it is not to fail, upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind."

It was no coincidence that the principles of UNESCO were hammered out in London, that the organization's founders included the likes of Reinhold Niebuhr and Jacques Maritain, that the final editor of its constitution was Archibald MacLeish, that its headquarters were placed in Paris, and that its first Director General was Julian Huxley. Nor is it to be wondered at that the constitution pledged UNESCO and its member states to a belief "in full and equal opportunities for education for all, in the unrestricted pursuit of objective truth, and in the free exchange of ideas and knowledge." For at the outset, UNESCO was a classic expression of Western political, intellectual, and moral values: democratic, rational, optimistic, humane, tolerant, and free. No doubt it was a touch utopian; the founders chose not to deal with the possibility that enhanced knowledge of another nation or culture might cause one to like it less or to fear it more. But nothing about it was incompatible with education, culture, science, and governance as practiced in the liberal democracies.

Thirty-eight years later, however, UNESCO has become, in the main, an instrument of destruction that is wielded to chip away at the idea of freedom and the practice of democracy. Apart from the General Assembly itself, it is perhaps the premier example of Senator Daniel P. Moynihan's 1979 generalization that "The United Nations has become a place where the democracies find themselves under a constant, unremitting, ideological and political attack designed to advance the interests of the totalitarians." Although a handful of worthwhile activities may endure in isolated crannies of the vast UNESCO Secretariat and in scattered paragraphs of the 300-page "medium-term plan" that summarizes UNESCO's current endeavors, they are greatly outnumbered by programs that embody the interests of those who despise or fear the principles enshrined in UNESCO's constitution and in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. While the Western democracies have deplored this transformation of UNESCO, they lack the votes to prevail against the combined forces of the Soviet bloc and the Third World nations (the latter known as the "G-77," though there are now many more than seventy-seven of them). And those forces are generally combined, because Moscow takes UNESCO very seriously indeed, recognizing it as an important theater in the war of ideas and in the competition for Third World favor. Accordingly, the Soviets assign to UNESCO duty senior people with great skill at ideological combat. They do their homework with awesome meticulousness. They accumulate gains from one event to the next, turning a phrase adopted at one conference into a full policy statement at the next and into a new

Chester E. Finn, Jr. is professor of education and public policy at Vanderbilt University and the author of several studies of educational and social policy. He was an official adviser on the U.S. delegation to the UNESCO conference on education that was held in Paris last April.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNESCO program (and budget item) at the session after that. UNESCO, for them, is serious enough to warrant inclusion in long-term foreign-policy planning. They have a UNESCO strategy, and in recent years it has been notably successful.

The Western democracies have no such strategy. Their resistance to Soviet gains is fitful and ambivalent. They treat UNESCO conferences as isolated events. Though some of their representatives in Paris are able statesmen, others are weary careerists with no appetite for any kind of combat, and still others are idealistic academics who regard UNESCO as an extended sherry hour in the international common room. Gnawed by doubt about the virtue of their own political, cultural, and economic systems, confident that greater knowledge of other systems will ease world tensions and foster mutual understanding, and predisposed to sympathize with the G-77 delegates who insist that every dollar spent on defense is a dollar subtracted from economic-development programs, they cannot bring themselves to believe that any consensus reached by the well-meaning delegates to a UNESCO conference would be other than beneficial for mankind.

Alas, they are almost entirely wrong. Yet many of their countrymen do not realize this. Save for the one large issue of press freedom, the Western media pay almost no attention to UNESCO, and because our own senior foreign-policy makers nearly always have other matters on their minds it is not apt to turn up on the evening news, at presidential press conferences, or in constituent mail to Congressmen. Within the intellectual communities, UNESCO is, for obvious reasons, rarely criticized from the Left. Although it is frequently attacked from the Right, the attackers usually take for granted that the United States should withdraw entirely from all UN activities; as a result, they are not obliged to pay serious attention to what actually happens in Paris and tend therefore to depict UNESCO as if it were a primitive society or alien planet with little relevance or consequence for the United States. There is, however, a further explanation for obliviousness among Western elites to the doings of UNESCO, and it is more insidious: the countries that do take UNESCO seriously have figured out how to manipulate the language of liberalism, to exploit the cultural neuroses of the Western democracies, and to take advantage of the West's moral commitment to evenhandedness.

Accordingly, UNESCO has become a place where words we value take on strange meanings and where concepts we esteem are turned inside-out. But these days hostile ideas are no longer displayed in the rhetorical garb of Stalinist diatribes or the harangues of the cultural revolution. Besides the now-familiar international euphemisms—terrorist bands that are called liberation movements, and an array of brutal despotisms that style themselves "democratic republics"—UNESCO has a linguistic code of its own. Though written nowhere, it is regularly employed by participants in UNESCO gatherings, often with a wink or grin to signal that the user knows exactly what he is doing. In this code, "peace" is understood to refer to a condition that the Soviet Union favors and that the United States opposes. The "arms race" is actually not a race at all, for only the Western democracies are running in it, and it is well known that their purpose is not to safeguard their own security but to squander resources that would otherwise be transferred to the Third World as part of the "new international economic order." "Interference in the internal affairs of states" is what the United States engages in when it calls attention to human-rights violations in the Soviet Union, not what Moscow is doing in Afghanistan or Cuba in Central America. "Nazism and neo-Nazism" are widespread contemporary Western ideologies that pose imminent threats to peace, human rights, and international understanding. The one concept with some moral force that for a long time could reasonably be said to belong to the West, "human rights and fundamental freedoms," has now been diluted and vitiated by the inclusion of the "rights of peoples," a bit of code that skillfully transforms individual rights into group interests and makes the state their source and arbiter rather than itself the creature of citizens whose rights are antecedent and inalienable. Included among the rights of peoples is the "right to development," which confers on nations and groups that have not succeeded at economic development the moral authority to claim the resources of those that have. This sometimes includes the right to a paid vacation, a notion that has attained rough parity with individual liberty in recent UN covenants and pronouncements.

MY OWN first-hand acquaintance with UNESCO comes from a conference held in Paris in mid-April, ostensibly on the subject of education. Experienced UN watchers assure me, however, that it was not an unrepresentative event.

The stated purpose of the gathering was to assess progress made by member states over the preceding nine years in carrying out a "recommendation" adopted by UNESCO in 1974 concerning "education for international understanding, cooperation, and peace and education relating to human rights and fundamental freedoms."

This sounded inoffensive enough, and the guiding principle of the 1974 recommendation itself—that "Education should be infused with the aims and purposes set forth in the Charter of the United Nations, the Constitution of UNESCO, and the Universal Declaration of Human Rights . . ." —was unimpeachable.

But five early clues indicated that all might not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be as blandly innocuous as the headings implied.

A number of specific provisions of the 1974 recommendation were troubling, and so were some omissions. Much was said, for example, about the purposeful reorientation of teacher training and textbook content to foster particular values and attitudes. But nothing was said about academic freedom, about protecting education from politicization, or about the dangers of indoctrination masquerading as schooling.

Second, pursuant to the 1974 recommendation, UNESCO had already convened a series of meetings and conferences, and some of their conclusions were alarming. An "international congress on the teaching of human rights" held in Vienna in 1978, for example, insisted that "equal emphasis should be placed on economic, social, cultural, civil, and political rights as well as individual and collective rights." An "experts meeting" on human-rights education held last summer in Strasbourg "stressed the negative character, for the realization of human rights, of ideologies which tend to legitimate false concepts of 'national security' " and insisted that it is "necessary that human rights does not become an ideology in the service of Western elites with little bearing on the real aspirations of the people."

Third, the link UNESCO was attempting to forge between education for international understanding and human rights, on the one hand, and peace and disarmament on the other, was powerfully reinforced in 1980 when the governing body of UNESCO, in resolving to hold the major intergovernmental conference we were to attend in 1983, also expanded the stated theme of the 1974 recommendation by adding these words to the title of the forthcoming conference: "With a view to developing a climate of opinion favorable to the strengthening of security and disarmament." This meant that a specific policy objective would dominate what had initially been conceived as a rather technical review of actions taken by member countries to infuse their own educational systems with broad principles of international understanding and human rights.

Fourth, the written progress reports solicited by UNESCO and submitted in anticipation of the conference by a number of member states ranged from the earnest to the dishonest, with lies astoundingly common—I estimate that fewer than half the governments submitting reports told the truth more than half the time—and most often found in the assertions of countries that are themselves least peaceable and most contemptuous of human rights. We were never allowed to see the complete reports—a truly bizarre constraint on delegates to a conference originally called to review them—but the excerpts provided by the UNESCO Secretariat included such illuminations as Afghanistan's claim to have adopted measures to develop "nationwide, progressive education"; Czechoslovakia's boast that "the basic provisions of the recommendation are carried out to the full" in Prague; the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic's insistence that "Soviet schools . . . educate the young in a spirit of international understanding, cooperation, and peace, and instill in them respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms"; and Poland's certainty that "The implementation of peace education is considered the paramount aim of our education." Perhaps more truthful, but no less vexing, was Guinea's proud admission that it "does not tolerate the free expression of ideas which tend to extol colonization, racism, fascism, Nazism, Zionism, or apartheid...." But to honor the memory of Orwell and Koestler, one must cite without comment the following assertion by the government of Cuba: "Our country's conception of education . . . is in accordance with the principles of the recommendation and has contributed to the development of the personality of the younger generation. This is apparent in the positive attitude of young people to life and work, their spirit of self-sacrifice, their ability to understand themselves and others, and, above all, their spirit of cooperation and willingness to help each other. The most outstanding illustration of this is the internationalist service rendered by our people in various countries. . . ."

Fifth, the U.S. was clearly of two minds about all of this, and that ambivalence showed in the briefing documents. Though our representatives had voted against the 1974 UNESCO recommendation, due to the last minute insertion of an amendment denouncing exploitation by "monopolistic groups," the U.S. government had subsequently made clear that it subscribed to the general principles and concepts of the document, and was doing its best to implement them back home. This began with the preparation by two members of our 1974 delegation of a remarkable book, published by the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO and distributed by the Government Printing Office, that lauded the United Nations system as a whole, severely criticized the American government for not having ratified all the many "covenants" and treaties written under UN auspices, summarized research findings on the best stages in a child's development to impart "international attitudes and global perspective," favorably reviewed a number of textbooks and curricular materials designed to foster peace and international understanding (such as a volume that helps students "gain respect for other cultures" by describing "the way in which the Chinese combine productive work and learning at the elementary school level"), and reproduced the National Education Association's "Bicentennial Peace Studies Exposition Listing of Materials."

The U.S. progress report submitted to UNESCO in 1981 in anticipation of the 1983 conference,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

after describing the "decentralization and diversity of education in this country" as a "problem," noted with approval an array of small and large efforts by states, associations, curriculum developers, and nonprofit organizations to foster global education, international understanding, and the elimination of bias from books and curricula. One group so cited was the Council on Interracial Books for Children, which "publishes annotated lists and promotes anti-racist and anti-sexist children's literature and teaching materials." No mention was made of the fact that the council also regards heterosexuality as a bias that should be purged from children's readers, that it derides books that suggest the United States ought not support Central American revolutions based on the doctrines of Cuban Communism, and that a recent council publication on "militarism and education" contends that Reagan's defense budget "will do more to undermine our democratic values and standard of living than anything the Russians can do. . . ."

Having made clear in advance that the United States was basically in accord with UNESCO's efforts to fulfill the 1974 recommendation, American objectives at the Paris conference consisted primarily of trying to resist its conversion into a forum for the legitimization by UNESCO of the current Soviet "peace offensive." Our prospects for success were enormously reduced by the myriad actions UNESCO had already taken since 1974 to twist the initial subject of the conference into an examination of obstacles to peace and disarmament; by the meticulous plans that other nations had made to realize their own political and propaganda objectives; and by the fact that we arrived in Paris with no clear instructions to say what we were *for*.

This lack was not peculiar to the event, nor was it the result of specific neglect by the Reagan administration. Indeed, the White House and State Department assembled a generally stalwart delegation, and responded quickly to mid-conference requests for specific positions to be approved and instructions issued. The basic problem was the absence of a long-term strategy, which can be traced to the fact that for many years the general American approach to UNESCO has been one of damage limitation. It has long been taken for granted in Washington that any major UNESCO event will find the United States thrown onto the defensive, will consist in large measure of well-planned attacks on our interests and values, and can be expected to lead to resolutions, programs, and policies that we find troublesome if not obnoxious. This, on the whole, is an accurate analysis of the situation. But rather than developing a purposeful strategy of vigorously asserting our views, proposing policies and programs that are faithful to the spirit of the UNESCO constitution, and taking UNESCO as a serious arena for the international competition between freedom and totalitarianism, we have generally set ourselves the objective of escaping with as few body blows as possible.

In the past decade, only two episodes have moved us to more vigorous action. The first was a direct assault in 1974 on Israel's participation, to which we responded by (temporarily) withholding our financial contribution. The second was UNESCO's attempt to make international rules governing the news media. But in neither case did we end up doing more than slowing the erosion. Israel is still regularly condemned and censured in various UNESCO resolutions and policy statements, and a major UNESCO effort now under way, entitled "The International Program for the Development of Communication," envisions the creation of a "new world information and communication order" that does not, it is fair to say, rank freedom of the press as high as the "better balanced dissemination of information."

As a member of the U.S. delegation, I found, it was necessary to join four different battles, only the last of which did I fully expect.

Conflict within the delegation, though generally civil (thanks largely to the personal skills of Ambassador Jean B. Gerard, our permanent representative to UNESCO), evoked the basic tension between the "damage-control" and "forceful-advocacy" strategies, with the career officers generally reconciled to the former and the temporary advisers mostly bent on the latter.

The careerists' stance—which seemed generally reflective of attitudes toward UNESCO held in the middle echelons of the State Department—is not grounded in any lack of fervor for freedom and democracy. If there is about it a tinge of intellectual confusion, that is due partly to long immersion in the conviction that UNESCO is basically beneficial to mankind and partly to having been surrounded at many previous UNESCO conferences by academic experts and advisers whose enthusiasm for such things as multi-cultural education exceeded their geopolitical awareness. But organizational imperatives probably exert greater influence in such situations. The United States having made clear for years that it basically supports the goals and purposes of the 1974 recommendation, to suggest in 1983 that those purposes had been so distorted as to have become offensive to us would smack of erratic behavior and inconsistent policy. This the State Department cannot abide.

Even more powerful, I think, is that UNESCO conferences, like most of the United Nations apparatus, are ruled by the quest for consensus. Only rarely are issues put to a vote in plenary sessions—and when they are, the United States is nearly always on the losing side. Hence enormous

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emphasis is put on the compromising of differences, the alteration of a word here, the deletion of a phrase there, the redefinition of a concept or the reformulation of a paragraph, so as to make them acceptable to all delegations.

Since the professional diplomats must live with the specific consequences of decisions actually made at UNESCO conferences, they instinctively seek to blunt the sharpest edges, to favor the fuzziest words, to recommend the haziest (hence least damaging) formulations. They would rather enable the United States to be part of a consensus that is only mildly inimical to liberal values than to go to the mat—and likely lose—over a clearly-delineated issue of principle. And since they must also coexist in Paris, month after month, with the permanent delegations of other member states, major controversies with lasting consequences are most prudently sidestepped.

Whether the foregoing analysis is accurate or not, the situation within the American delegation in early April was clear. Although our people had conscientiously engaged in the usual pre-conference diplomacy, trying to moderate the worst excesses in drafts that other nations were planning to submit, seeking to insert favorable references to such concepts as the free flow of ideas into the resolutions of friendly countries, and in a couple of instances taking the initiative in drafting whole paragraphs and sections of resolutions, no attempt had been made to develop a clear and comprehensive statement of American principles and values. It had no doubt been assumed, on the basis of long experience, that this would be fruitless. The upshot, however, was that this conference was not being viewed as a chance forcefully to advocate academic freedom, individual human rights, the primacy of open inquiry, and the unimpeded flow of knowledge. Despite early hints that the Soviet Union was going to press for the further politicization of education and the greater use of the classroom for indoctrination, all in the name of "peace and disarmament," we had developed no real counterproposal. We were not, for example, prepared with resolutions depicting the suppression of intellectual dissidents, the practice of terrorism, the control of one nation's government by that of another, or open acts of international aggression and intimidation as impediments to peace, human rights, and mutual understanding.

And so, predictably, last-minute attempts by newly-arrived delegation members to cobble together a forceful statement of principles and values encountered resistance from some of the career officers already on the scene. Ambassador Gerard successfully mediated this dispute, however, and—seconds before the deadline—the United States offered a creditable draft resolution on the free flow of information and ideas. (The ambassador also gave a solid speech in the opening plenary session, one of the few honest addresses presented to that bored and cynical gathering, pointing out that, in respect of human rights, the ways in which a society actually conducts itself have a stronger educational impact on its children than do the disingenuous pronouncements of its leaders.)

THE SECOND battle, to me least expected, was within the Western bloc. UNESCO is organized into six regional groupings, and most of the Western democracies gather regularly in one of these groupings to exchange views and share information, and sometimes for more formal purposes, such as the selection of representatives to the conference's executive committee and to the drafting and negotiating group that is supposed to forge a consensus for the entire conference.

It was surprising to discover that the Western bloc had no shared agenda, no common strategy, no previously-agreed on set of proposals and objectives. It spent most of its time on internal procedures, seeking to figure out what was happening at a generally chaotic conference, and trying to insure that none of its members was offended by the choice of leaders and spokesmen for the group. (The United States was deemed terribly greedy for wanting to participate in both the executive committee and the drafting group.) Much more disconcerting, however, was the discovery that many members of the Western group were disposed to appease and accommodate the Soviet Union rather than to oppose it forcefully.

By the time the deadline for conference submissions was reached, 39 separate draft resolutions had been turned in. Ten of these were originated by the Soviet Union, its constituents (e.g., Byelorussia), or its satellites. China submitted two others. Yugoslavia was the prime sponsor of what became known as the major G-77 resolution. Tunisia and Libya joined a Soviet-blessed effort to get UNESCO to provide more aid to various "liberation movements," including the PLO. And Togo, Gabon, Nigeria, and Angola offered one specifically seeking help, both from member states and from UNESCO, for the "National Liberation Movements of Southern Africa." Though other resolutions were troublesome for individual countries, the fifteen just noted were destined to pose the major problems and dilemmas to the industrial democracies.

Several of them were truly memorable. Mongolia proposed that member states "further the use of the mass media for education for international understanding, cooperation, and peace" and "take, if necessary, appropriate steps to prevent the spread of the ideas of hatred, violence, racialism, and war." (Several irreverent Westerners speculated privately on the scope and quality of the mass media in Ulan Bator.) Poland was interested in the "improvement of the contents of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school textbooks," and Rumania urged UNESCO to encourage within such books "the correct reflection . . . of the history, culture, and civilization of the peoples of the world." Even more baldly, the Soviet Union proclaimed that "textbooks must become instruments of peace" and asked the Director General of UNESCO to do his utmost to foster the evolution of textbooks into a "powerful influence in the molding of men and women passionately committed to and actively instrumental in the creation of peace without wars and armaments, of peace which takes the path of social progress."

Another Soviet resolution envisioned new UNESCO programs "designed to encourage the participation of young people in the struggle for peace, détente, and disarmament" and active review of member nations' school curricula "with a view to ascertaining the extent to which they reflect problems concerned with the preservation of peace, disarmament, the insuring of human rights, and the rights of peoples and the fight against neo-fascist ideologies." The German Democratic Republic (*sic*), joined by 23 other nations (including such bulwarks of tolerance and human rights as Ethiopia, Libya, Cuba, and the Socialist Republic of Vietnam), offered a blanket condemnation of "all Nazi, Fascist, and neo-Fascist ideologies" that managed never once to use the word "totalitarian." And Mongolia reappeared with a clarion call for member states to "do everything possible to enhance the role and scope of the activities of families . . . to promote education for international understanding" by "improving cooperation and coordination of the activities of government institutions, social organizations, and families. . . ."

That these and similar proposals were abhorrent to the United States perhaps goes without saying. That they should as well have been intolerable in the eyes of the other democratic nations might also be assumed. But that turned out not to be the case. Rather, the instinctive reaction of many Western delegates was to murmur appreciatively about how much more restrained and moderate the Soviet Union was being than might have been expected, how surely we should respond in a spirit of accommodation and good will, and that with the deletion of a paragraph here and a phrase there, undoubtedly we could find it possible to become part of a consensus that included these doctrines.

When the United States suggested that several of the draft resolutions—particularly those dealing with the politicization of textbooks, the control of the media, and government intrusion into the family—were not even a fit basis for negotiation, the conference room began to buzz with surprise. Australia and Canada—represented by outstanding ambassadors with a clear sense of the power of ideas and the importance of principles—promptly echoed us. But other members of our "bloc" (including valued NATO allies) either kept silent or reiterated their view that the Soviets had been restrained and that we therefore should be, too. Though a few Western delegates commented that several resolutions were basically antithetical to their own and their nations' values, the notion that this might be reason enough to "break consensus" appeared to be generally viewed as an unwelcome example of ideological extremism on the part of the American delegation.

Here, then, as in the lower levels of the State Department, a somewhat obnoxious consensus document was to be preferred over open conflict on the battlefield of ideas. Some Western delegates, incredibly, were not sure what was truly obnoxious. One West German delegate indicated that the American endorsement of academic freedom gave him far more difficulty than the Polish text on the "improvement" of school textbooks.

THE THIRD conflict was with the UNESCO Secretariat, which controlled the procedures by which the conference conducted its business. In principle, each conference establishes its own rules, but in practice the Secretariat takes enormous pains to achieve its desired results: the production of policies and programs that carry UNESCO in directions that the Director General favors, and the disappearance of any proposals that he would find vexing. The surest way to do this is to control the wording of final resolutions, the processes by which complementary ideas are melded, and the procedures by which conflicts are mediated.

Hence, instead of face-to-face negotiations among delegates, substantive debate in plenary sessions, and the sharpening of differences so that clear choices can be made, the Secretariat prefers to function as the consensus-seeking intermediary, to limit plenary sessions to the delivery of prepared speeches, and to compress the final resolution of any consensus-blocking differences into the closing hours of the conference when participants are weary, frustrated, and eager to be done. Thus, for example, the decision to create a drafting and negotiating group was delayed until the eighth day of a nine-day conference, by which time the Secretariat had "melded" most of the draft resolutions into a half-dozen composite documents, and not until the wee hours of the conference's final morning did that group even turn to the major disputes between East and West.

The Director General of UNESCO for the past eight years, Amadou Mahtar M'Bow, is from Senegal, and as might be expected his own predilections are generally compatible with the interests of the G-77 nations. He is not well-known as a friend of democracy or as a foe of Soviet Communism—restraint that has been rewarded with honorary degrees from Tashkent University and the State University of Mongolia, *inter alia*. (He also enjoys hosting lavish receptions where the dele-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gates from impoverished Sahel nations can dim their concern for famine back home in a haze of champagne, Johnny Walker, and paté.)

All arrangements for this particular conference (including the voluminous background documents, detailed agendas, and suggested outcomes) were handled by the Assistant Director General for Education, Sema Tanguiane, a dapper Russian who was frequently to be glimpsed in private but animated conversation with senior members of Soviet-bloc delegations. He and his staff also execute UNESCO's actual program activities in the field of education, costing about $280 million in the current triennium. I have no knowledge of Mr. Tanguiane's personal views, but a useful general rule was offered by Richard Hoggart, an Englishman who himself served five eventful years in the early 70's as an Assistant Director General of UNESCO, in his perceptive book, *An Idea and Its Servants*: "The concept of a neutral civil service is certainly, as is the UN itself, a product of this hemisphere. . . . The Soviets do find it almost impossible to believe that a member of the Secretariat is not also a member of his national civil service. . . . It follows that almost all staff members from Communist countries, and many from others, are ideologically wholly reliable. . . ." Not to put too fine a point on it, the man in charge of our conference could not reasonably be expected to place the defense of intellectual freedom at the very top of his list of UNESCO's educational priorities.

Apart from meticulous planning, the Secretariat's most valuable tool at a conference is its ability to engender confusion. This tool was put to good use at our conference. Deadlines were not communicated. The translation and duplication of draft resolutions and amendments were inexplicably delayed. Key procedural issues—such as whether submitting a formal amendment to another country's draft resolution made one a participant in the ensuing "melding" of texts—were unresolved. It was not even clear what to amend, since the melding process produced a second generation of resolutions long after the stated period for submitting amendments had passed.

But the Secretariat was also capable of pinpoint timing and exquisite clarity when those served its purposes. There had been speculation from the outset of the conference about whether a general declaration would emerge from it, such being a fairly common product of UNESCO gatherings and, in this case, a particularly choice vehicle for a Soviet-inspired assault on obstacles to "peace," i.e., on efforts by the West to safeguard its own security. Certain that something was brewing, but unable to find out what, the U.S. delegation decided to submit its own draft declaration in the form of an amendment to several of the more strident Soviet resolutions. Moments before the deadline for filing amendments, we raced in with a hastily-written eleven-paragraph declaration, proposing for the conference's consideration such heretical thoughts as that "individual rights are inalienable, that they must not be violated, suppressed, or postponed, and that they are essential commitments for all societies that seek through education to foster international understanding and peace."

Within the hour, there began to circulate around the lobbies of the conference building copies of another draft declaration, with no clue given as to source or author—it was later described as the work of Angola and Cuba—but written in flawless English and unmistakably produced on the typing and duplicating equipment of the UNESCO Secretariat. It was evident that this eight-page text had been prepared long in advance of the conference. Focused primarily on the "arms race," and rarely mentioning the word education, it declared *inter alia* that "There can be no human rights without peace"—a standard Soviet formulation—and that "All states must abstain from the use or misrepresentation of human-rights issues as a pretext for interference in the internal affairs of states, for bringing pressure to bear on other states, or for generating a climate of mistrust and disorder within states or between states or groups of states."

At a meeting of the conference's executive committee later the same day, the Director General won approval for the Secretariat not even to translate or distribute the declaration in the form of an amendment that the United States had submitted, in return for which the Cuban-Angolan text—already in everyone's hands, courtesy of the Secretariat—was set aside, and the conference president, Ecuador's Gonzalo Abad Grijalva, volunteered to pen his own "appeal for peace" on behalf of the conference. We were never certain whether the Cuban-Angolan text had been released to counter the American draft, or whether it was already in the process of being distributed when the American version was submitted. But it was painfully clear that the Secretariat had cooperated in its production and dissemination, as well as in the suppression of our alternative.

THE FOURTH battle was, of course, the expected conflict between West and East. (The G-77 nations had relatively less to say at this conference than at most UNESCO events, though they were present in sufficient numbers to sway the outcome of any vote.) It became apparent within the first few days that the Soviet strategy was not to use the conference itself as a major propaganda forum, but rather to emerge from it with a new set of "peace-education" programs enmeshed in the ongoing UNESCO machinery. This approach was designed to synchronize UNESCO activities with the ongoing Soviet peace offensive, and thereby to bring international legitimacy, resources, and an endless array of conferences, meetings, and other activities to bear on Moscow's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

persistent efforts to fracture the Western alliance.

Hence the most important of the Soviet-bloc resolutions was the most temperately phrased and, on its face, least objectionable of all. Asserting that "It would be appropriate . . . to draw up and adopt a long-term plan for the development of education for international understanding, cooperation, and peace," the resolution simply called upon the Director General "to make a proposal . . . envisaging, within the framework of the program and budget for 1984-85, the holding of a meeting of experts to help him to prepare the draft of such a plan" and to establish an "advisory committee with the function of making recommendations and proposals to the Director General and contributing to the successful implementation of the long-term plan for the development of education for international understanding, cooperation, and peace."

This proved to be a shrewd tactic. By focusing Western concern on the more inflammatory resolutions dealing with textbook content, press freedom, and family policy, by hinting that they would modify or withdraw some of those if the United States would jettison its one major effort to foster the free flow of information and ideas, and by gracefully accepting virtually all the specific amendments that we sought in the rhetoric of the peace-education proposal, the Soviets emerged with a reasonable approximation of what they most wanted, namely, a request to the Director General and Mr. Tanguiane to develop a peace-education program for the years ahead. This will now be ratified in principle by the General Conference of UNESCO in September 1983, developed into detailed specifications—with the assistance of "experts" and "advisers" recruited by Mr. Tanguiane—and approved by the 1985 General Conference in time to take effect in 1986, which the UN General Assembly conveniently has already designated the International Year of Peace.

Because the United States has no long-term strategy for UNESCO, because we had few concrete proposals to make in Paris (our "free-flow" resolution being more in the nature of a statement of principle than a program plan), because we have allowed the Soviet Union to make "peace" its issue, and because the creation of new plans and programs is the very essence of UNESCO's organizational existence, our delegation had no satisfactory response.

IN THE final sessions of the drafting and negotiating group, the Soviet-bloc delegates who were so accommodating toward our technical amendments to their peace-education proposal turned stony-faced on nearly all other matters, and in the main their view prevailed. Though two of their most egregious resolutions were finally withdrawn, in return for our forgetting about truth and academic freedom, the conference went firmly on record in favor of "improving" school textbooks to embody "correct" views. It offered further aid to the educational programs of sundry terrorist groups. It again deplored the "arms race" as an assault on the economic interests of the Third World. It denounced neo-Nazism as the major threat to human rights in the world today. It repeatedly affirmed numerous "rights of peoples" and called again for various "new international orders," principally in the areas of economic development and information policy.

It was, in sum, a standard-issue UNESCO conference. The United States gained nothing of consequence. We lost less than we might have, had we not been forceful-to-the-point-of-stridency in asserting positions, proposing amendments, and offering one serious resolution that could later be bargained away. Only one new program of any lasting consequence—the Soviet-sponsored peace-education initiative—was inaugurated and no wholly new doctrine was conceived, but a number of wretched ones were reinforced and some new language was enshrined in official texts, there to be quoted, extended, and built upon in later sessions.

This business of texts is important. General practice in the United Nations guarantees that once a statement is adopted by any UN body, however obscure the forum or obnoxious the rhetoric, those words enjoy privileged status and may be quoted at will—and for any purpose—in later sessions of all other UN bodies. Hence a bleary-eyed concession to a new phrase or different formulation at four in the morning at one conference reappears at another gathering months later as inviolable dogma. Soviet-bloc representatives are particularly adept at keeping their quotations straight and at writing new resolutions that start with elaborate compendia of and references to those that came earlier. People who are serious about the use of words as weapons tend to do that.

But even this sacrosanct practice can be abridged when it is in someone else's interest to do so. The one small "defeat" that stands out in my memory, among the many that we suffered, as somehow emblematic of the forces that drive UNESCO today, was our unsuccessful effort to persuade the drafting and negotiating group to quote the passage in Article 13 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights that says "Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country." The delegate of the German Democratic Republic found this altogether irrelevant to the business at hand. And the heretofore silent delegate from China protested vociferously—probably mindful, we later realized, of that tennis player. One wondered what Eleanor Roosevelt would have thought.

THE United States should either take UNESCO seriously or it should get out. We should try the former before considering

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the latter, but either course of action is preferable to legitimizing and subsidizing the steady erosion of the fundamental principles that undergirded the creation of UNESCO itself—and congratulating ourselves after every conference that the erosion was not even more severe and that we were therefore able to join in the "consensus" that produced it. To be sure, we occasionally vote against specific resolutions—in Paris we demanded the chance in plenary session to vote against aid to terrorism—and we often voice formal "reservations" and informal regrets about various agreements reached through the consensual process. But that is not taking UNESCO seriously; rather, it is the substitution of symbolic protests for serious action, and is widely perceived as such by other delegations.

As a wise and worldly Western ambassador pointed out in Paris, only three kinds of power have direct influence on UNESCO. The first is the ability to command a majority of the votes. This we have not had for many years. The second is the cooperation of the Director General and the Secretariat. This we conspicuously lack. The third is the leverage of money, potentially provided by the 25 percent of UNESCO's budget that the United States alone contributes, which would be increased to about half if all the industrial democracies acted in concert.

The problem with this latent purse-string power, he explained, is that the United States has tended to treat it as if it were a nuclear weapon rather than as an instrument of conventional warfare. Withholding our whole contribution is so drastic a measure—equivalent to withdrawing from UNESCO—that we are reluctant to use it. The provocation is never quite serious enough, and it is in the interest of other nations (and certainly of the Secretariat) to keep it that way. What we have failed almost entirely to do is to place tough conditions on our contribution. Though the UN system plainly denies to any member state the right to stipulate what its funds may or may not be used for, there is little doubt that a determined United States government could, over time, attach strings that would affect the substance of UNESCO's programs, much as Congress uses the technique of appropriations riders to bring about substantive alterations in programs and to limit the actions of executive-branch agencies, notwithstanding the fact that funding measures are not supposed to be used for such purposes. This would not effect an instant change in the political ethos of UNESCO, but it is the most potent form of direct action that the United States could take to influence the course of events there.

There is already some precedent for withholding funds from obnoxious UN ventures. The Wolff-Moynihan amendment has since 1980 required the State Department to withhold from our UN contribution an amount equal to 25 percent of the sums devoted to certain pro-PLO activities, and a proviso in the current State Department authorization act stipulates that our entire UNESCO contribution will be withheld if the "new international information order" yields actual restrictions on the media. This latter threat is said by those who follow the matter closely to have slowed the velocity with which Director General M'Bow has been implementing that particular "new order."

The State Department has traditionally opposed all such restrictions, provisos, conditions, and threats to manipulate the U.S. contribution to the United Nations and its specialized agencies, and when Congress has persevered, the bureaucracy has tended to delay, dissemble, and look for loopholes. But when the entire government speaks with one voice, the results can be striking. When the General Assembly convened last autumn, for example, Secretary Shultz's threat—supported by majorities in both House and Senate—to respond to the expulsion of Israel by suspending American participation and withholding our financial contribution effectively stymied the perennial attempt by Arab and Soviet-bloc nations to challenge Israel's credentials.

Wielding purse-string power may seem crude and heavy-handed, and it is certainly not the approach favored by most diplomats, but if accompanied by a long-term strategy of asserting democratic values with clarity and conviction, of setting forth the programs we favor and pressing for the policies we respect, of creating situations in which there are costs and consequences associated with repudiating American interests and gutting Western initiatives, the formulation of each biennial American payment to UNESCO could become a major occasion for the defense of human rights and the promotion of freedom.

Of at least equal promise, however, is wider awareness within the United States that UNESCO is a place where sophisticated ideological warfare is constantly being waged for influence over "the minds of men." In recent years, the ideas of freedom, of liberal democracy, of education as a quest for truth, and of inalienable individual human rights have lost nearly all of these battles, such that the values enshrined in the UNESCO constitution are now routinely dishonored by the organization that they created. But if UNESCO's founders were even partly justified in their characteristically Western and enormously hopeful linkage of truth and knowledge to peace and freedom, then the stakes are large enough to justify our close attention to what is said and done on the Place de Fontenoy.

For the defeats suffered by truth and freedom in those corridors and conference rooms have not been administered by a superior ideology or by the force of worldwide public opinion. Rather,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they have been the result of lies and distortions successfully perpetrated by regimes that fear truth and despise freedom above all else. But the societies that embody truth and freedom in their own routine arrangements have engaged in something like unilateral disarmament on the very fields of international discourse where these principles undergo the most savage attacks.

Unlike other aspects of our national defense, taking UNESCO seriously does not cost money. It risks no lives. It entails no covert operations. It requires no silos, submarines, or spy satellites. It diverts no funds from social programs.

But taking UNESCO seriously does demand the lavish application of two resources that are in short supply. First, it requires the time and attention of those who make foreign policy for the United States, in both the executive branch and the Congress, for only in that way can we develop a long-term UNESCO strategy that is harmonized with our overall domestic values and international objectives, much as the Soviet Union has long done. We should, for example, have already taken steps to insure that our actions at the UNESCO General Conference in September would be reinforced by positions taken in other international bodies, in our bilateral relations with individual nations, in NATO foreign-minister sessions, and even in "summit" meetings such as the recent Williamsburg gathering. It little avails us to send a capable ambassador to Paris if UNESCO is to be regarded as a remote policy enclave, if its decision-making sessions are treated as isolated episodes, and if the tactics employed in what is essentially a battle of ideas are the products of a bureaucracy that instinctively opts for compromise, invisibility, and damage control. Having a UNESCO strategy means forcefully asserting democratic values and principles, even at the cost of losing votes in Paris, and responding to such losses in ways that encourage other nations—and the UNESCO leadership—to entertain doubts about the wisdom of having inflicted them.

Second, taking UNESCO seriously demands the sustained interest of non-governmental leaders—from business, labor, science, the academy, the media, and the major cultural institutions—in the effective advocacy of the values of liberal democracy in international arenas. Because it deals with intellectual, cultural, and scientific matters, UNESCO is perhaps the least governmental of all the multinational organizations. But so long as UNESCO is ignored, dismissed, idealized, or simply condemned by the heirs and descendants of those who created it, the principles on which it was founded will continue to be eroded, and the United States, which rests on the selfsame principles, will continue to be weakened.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Education of an Anti-Capitalist

Joseph Epstein

"DIDN'T I see you under attack again somewhere?" asked my dinner companion. He is a professor, a reader of the same magazines I read and write for. Perhaps I am growing punchy, but I had to think about it. "Wasn't it in COMMENTARY?" he asked. And then I recalled that it was, though from the standpoint of someone now used to a bit of intellectual trench warfare, it was scarcely a full-blown assault. My name had come up in a letter that the sociologist Dennis H. Wrong wrote to this magazine indicating that I had betrayed the cause, given up the fight, and gone over to the enemy. "Retreated" was the word Wrong used.

All of which is quite true, at least from Dennis Wrong's point of view. I don't think Wrong would much object if I described his point of view, and that of the intellectuals he feels ideologically close to, as left-wing anti-Communism. If one wonders what remains of leftism once the hunger for Communism is removed, the answer, I suppose, is a hunger for socialism. But since most American intellectuals who hold this view have never been able to give a shred of a hint of a clue as to what it is they have in mind by socialism, I think it might be less disingenuous, a good deal more straightforward, to say that at the center of left-wing anti-Communism is the hatred of capitalism. And here Professor Wrong has me nailed. If the cause, the battle, the war, is against capitalism and its attendant evils, then there is no question, I must be reported AWOL. I just do not despise capitalism the way I once did—I do not say that I love it, but, no argument about it, the old hatred is no longer there.

Now as it happens, on the day before this dinner, I had spoken over the telephone with a philosopher who had sent an essay to the *American Scholar* (of which I am the editor) about intellectuals and capitalism. After reading his essay I had written to the philosopher to say that it fell, for me, into a category I think of as "interesting if true"; it was the essay's truth, or—to use a less absolute term—persuasiveness that troubled me. I was immensely interested but far from persuaded by the case he put forth, which, though hedged around with careful qualifications, went like this:

Whenever he, the philosopher, argues with an intellectual about capitalism, he finds himself able to back his opponent down on every point. Yet defeat for his opponent never ends in final victory for the philosopher. In every case he senses that, though he may have won the argument, his opponent goes away no less convinced of the nastiness of capitalism than hitherto. Rather like an article of faith, the hatred of capitalism on the part of these intellectuals, the philosopher has come to conclude, cannot be defeated by mere ratiocination.

Yet, the philosopher goes on to ask in his essay, how has this unshakable faith in the nastiness of capitalism come into being? Essentially, he argues, intellectuals—chiefly intellectuals concerned with the arts and social sciences—are people who were lavishly praised and rewarded for doing well inside the school system in which they spent the key years in their lives, those between five and twenty-five. Once having passed through this system, however, they discover that it is not the only means of conferring reward in society. Many people who did quite poorly in school do well, hideously well, outside of school: in business, in politics, in the great world at large. Intellectuals, even though their condition as a subclass has improved greatly in recent decades, are not always sought out for advice, nor do they garner society's grander material rewards. In sum, the reason these intellectuals do not honor capitalism—quite the reverse—is that capitalism does not honor them, certainly not in the manner they deem appropriate.

Interesting, as I say, but not quite convincing. As arguments go, it does not seem to me to go quite far enough. It leaves uncovered all those tens of thousands of people who did quite well in school but who chose not to become intellectuals at all, veering off instead into medical and law and business schools, where they greet capitalism with friendliness enough. The argument is also a bit too psychological for my taste, implying as it does that intellectuals dislike capitalism chiefly

JOSEPH EPSTEIN is the author of *Familiar Territory: Observations on American Life, Ambition,* and the forthcoming *The Middle of My Tether,* a collection of essays (Norton). He is also our regular fiction critic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out of resentment. Many may do so; but many others, my guess is, do not resent capitalism, semi-, sub-, or un-consciously, for reasons of pique. Finally, I find this explanation less than compelling for a quite personal reason—it is an explanation that doesn't fit me, not now and not when I was myself a fine hater of capitalism.

Nor does it quite fit my friend Jack, with whom I argue often about the evils of capitalism. Jack and I go back to high-school days; we have known and liked each other for more than thirty years, and now we both teach in a university. Jack is very far from being an intellectual conformist; within "the profession," as university teachers rather pompously call their work in its collective and institutional aspects, he is thought a maverick, even a "crank." That's fine with Jack; and it's fine with me, too, for one of the things I like about my friend is that he is utterly lacking in, almost oblivious to, status anxiety.

I think, however, that I have begun to make Jack anxious in another way. When old friends no longer agree on fundamental things it is always a bit nervous-making. One of the fundamental things we don't agree on is capitalism. I don't happen to think it is so bad; as Churchill once said of democracy that it is the best of all inadequate systems of government, so have I come to think of capitalism as the best of all inadequate economic systems. Jack thinks it's pretty damn bad. He has no real training in economics, nor do I, so much of his dislike of capitalism begins and ends in aesthetics. Capitalism chews up the countryside—and the city; it yields ugly buildings and McDonald's and pollution. It is no respecter of tradition but respects only "bottom lines." It makes inevitable such sorry spectacles as the "consumer society," which, propelled by advertising, has people in thrall to everything from costly status items to fraudulent therapies. Capitalism grinds people down; it fails to provide enough good work; it lives all too comfortably in company with racism. This isn't the whole of it, but it is a large part of Jack's case.

I bat all his points back at him. I ask him what examples of socialism in today's world we in the United States ought to emulate. I point out where his distaste for capitalism doesn't seem to mesh with his professed taste for democracy. (Somebody, after all, must like all those McDonald's.) I am always especially pleased to note contradictions, when I learn of them, between the expression of anti-capitalist ideals and what certainly looks like patrician capitalist behavior: a contributor to the *New York Review of Books* who is supposed to have a full-time Chinese chef; a radical-professing theater critic whose father scored heavily in the rag trade; the latest young leftist who, for sheer hustling ability, makes many a used-car dealer look like St. Francis. Jack admires Orwell. I do, too. Yet even here I cannot resist jiggling the stick in his ribs. "Doesn't Orwell say somewhere that if he sees a worker struggling with a policeman, he doesn't have to ask whose side he's on?" Pause. "Maybe it would be better to ask—the guy could be a rapist." Or: "Orwell says that all revolutions are failures but they are not all the same failure." Pause. "But did you ever think how amazing it is that most of them essentially are the same failure?"

But I cannot shake Jack. Mostly I suspect that these conversations embarrass him a little. I mean, here is his old friend Epstein, turned into a kind of right-winger. That is what it has come down to, I fear; if you don't hate capitalism, you must be a right-winger, which in intellectual circles in this country is clearly not a good thing to be. Besides, sometimes I wonder if I am not being foolish in attempting to argue Jack out of his anti-capitalism. What, after all, would he do without it? It is the linchpin of his political being. Remove it, and a good deal else in his intellectual life will fly loose. He might no longer be able to think himself large-hearted in voting for liberal candidates. He might have to alter his positions on several other fronts —welfare, foreign policy, reform. With anti-capitalism as his lodestar, his views on these issues are already neatly set. If he could not blame capitalism for much of the evil he finds in the contemporary world, he might even have to change his ideas about human nature. It is a lot to ask. Yet I seem to be asking it. Sometimes, when arguing with Jack, I feel myself in the position of a faith healer. Throw away those crutches, boy, I want to say, you'll see, you can walk fine without them. But most intellectuals would rather go with the crutches. I don't find this at all hard to understand. After all, for a number of years they worked well for me.

How did it first occur to me to dislike the vague bag of ideas and notions and sentiments, the loose network of economic arrangements, known as capitalism—and to go from disliking it to blaming it for much of the world's woe? Nietzsche says that the origin of every idea can be found in autobiography; and Joseph Conrad, in *The Secret Agent*, says that "the way of even the most justifiable revolutions is prepared by personal impulses disguised into creeds." Yet in some lives this phenomenon turns up more obviously than in others. If one had been born to parents who were Communists or fellow-travelers or socialists or even active in the labor movement, or to parents whose lives were filled with economic disappointment, then a certain animus against capitalism would be understandable enough. It would come, you might say, by way of social inheritance.

But none of this was the case with me. My father was until his recent retirement a businessman, and a quite successful one. I grew up in a neighborhood where a great many families were in similar condition. My friends' fathers tended to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own their own small businesses; a few were doctors, dentists, lawyers. Occasionally, it would be claimed that someone must be immensely wealthy, but for the most part the families among whom I grew up were, as modest people in those days said, comfortable. ("Are you comfortable, sir?" asks a bystander of a little Jewish man who only a few minutes before has been hit by a car and is now lying still, awaiting an ambulance. "Comfortable I don't know," answers the man, "I make a nice living.")

With only two exceptions, none of the fathers of the children I grew up with worked for a corporation. This was because it was said then—I am talking about the years between 1945 and 1955, when I was between eight and eighteen years old, and first conscious of such things—that Jews were not welcomed in large corporations. One of the exceptions was an officer in a small, Jewish-family-owned scrap-metal company; the other worked in the public-relations department of a large canned-foods corporation, where, because he had an ethnically neutral name, it was thought that no one knew he was Jewish. I mention all this because I want to make clear that, even for one growing up in relative economic prosperity, it was impossible not to recognize that the world was filled with injustice—especially if one were Jewish. "Never be surprised," my father told me more than once, "if someone hates you because you are Jewish, and for no better reason than that."

I also recognized fairly early in life that injustice was not the lot only of Jews. Negroes, too, were victims of injustice, though, unlike many of the Jewish families I knew, Negroes by and large did not seem to know how to work the economic system in their favor. My father felt an affinity between Jews and Negroes. He sent checks off to the NAACP and to the United Negro College Fund. He hired a Negro woman as his secretary and bookkeeper, which then was not an ordinary thing to do. He would occasionally bring home a copy of *Ebony* magazine, which I read with fascination. He thought less of anyone who used the word "nigger." My father used to say: "The Jews and the Negroes have more in common than either would care to admit."

Ours was otherwise a most apolitical household. Later, as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago, I would meet students, most of them from New York, who had been reading the *Nation* and the *New Republic* since the age of twelve or thirteen. Later still, in the memoirs of such writers as Irving Howe and Daniel Bell I would read about boys in short pants passing out Trotskyite pamphlets on street corners, or arguing the merits of Plekhanov on the subway and later in the alcoves in the cafeteria at CCNY. But no such political precocity was evident in my case, and in retrospect I do not feel I missed out on much. The only political name I recall being mentioned in our family was that of FDR, whom my father admired for getting the United States into the war against the Nazis. Because of his admiration for FDR I assumed my father was a regular Democrat. Yet when I was much older and a most earnest liberal I was surprised—and a touch chagrined—to learn that he had twice voted for Eisenhower against Adlai Stevenson.

Politics, then, was not a dish very often served at our table. Neither did I have it for dessert out on the street with my friends, among whom talk was chiefly of sports, sex, and other solid adolescent subjects. Nor was I much of a reader, though I did go in for novels with slum settings. Some of their titles were *The Amboy Dukes, A Stone for Danny Fisher, Knock on Any Door, The Hoods.* I found the slums fascinating, perhaps even a mite erotic. I often imagined myself poor, as, I easily imagine now, a poor kid might have imagined himself middle-class. Driving across the city to visit relatives, or riding above it on the Chicago Elevated, I was endlessly interested by down-at-the-heel neighborhoods, by scenes unsightly and squalid. Thoughts of the world's injustice were slowly building in me.

STILL, it was injustice of an impersonal sort that I felt. It was not until I went off to college that injustice began to seem more personal. As a student who finished well down in the lower half of his high-school graduating class, I had no choice but to go to the state university, the University of Illinois, which in those days was compelled to accept all graduates from state high schools. At Illinois I joined a fraternity, a Jewish fraternity, for in fact there was a strict segregation between Jewish and Gentile fraternities at the University of Illinois, and the chief choice open to a Jew, as I saw it then, was to become a second-class Gentile. I was not a very Jewish Jew, but I had grown up in neighborhoods where roughly half the people were Jews. But now, at the University of Illinois, for the first time I felt myself at odds with my environment. I still didn't have a true political thought, only an instinct that told me to beware of conforming to something I did not particularly admire.

Such politics as I might be said to have had were those of anti-conformity. Among other things, I no longer wished to be—or even to think myself—a fraternity boy. A late bloomer, I caught intellectual fire at the University of Illinois. I began to make respectably high grades, and, in partial protest against the reigning ethos at Illinois, applied to the University of Chicago, where, much to my delight, I was accepted.

Although I was far from being a brilliant student at Chicago, the university was to prove a decisive influence on my life. Unlike Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, the University of Chicago had no social cachet; one did not make connec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions there that might be useful later in life. Unlike Stanford and Berkeley, it gave no signals that university life might have its pleasures, no sense of fun in the sun. The University of Chicago was monastic, otherworldly—devoted, so it preferred to think, chiefly to things of the mind. It taught many things and one of the things it taught—to those who listened attentively—was a contempt for business civilization.

It did not do this in any of the ways one might suppose. During the years I was an undergraduate at the University of Chicago—1956-58—I never had a teacher who was a Marxist or who, in the classroom, pushed any line at all. Whatever a teacher's politics might be, he kept them, if not altogether to himself, at least out of the classroom. There were some fringe political groups on campus—Students for a Sane Nuclear Policy, also Young Socialists—but I had not the slightest interest in them. No, I learned my antipathy to business by reading, with some care and a great deal more earnestness, Aristotle, Plato, Thucydides, Rousseau, Dostoevsky, Max Weber, Freud, and many other powerhouse writers. In one way or another, the work of every great writer addresses itself to the question, What is the good life? No writer I ever encountered as an undergraduate at the University of Chicago so much as suggested that business had anything to do with the good life. Quite the reverse. Business represented, for young students who took their great writers seriously, a falling away from the good life. To be a businessman left one in a category perhaps a millimeter above Aristotle's "natural slave."

One of the consequences of a fairly good undergraduate education is that it leaves one enormously impressed—perhaps too much impressed—with art and with ideas. While no one ever said so at the University of Chicago, the point of education in the years I went there was clear. There were only a small number of worthwhile things a serious person could do with his life. He could become an artist or an intellectual; or, failing the ability and courage to do either, he could teach about art and the life of the intellect. He might be a scientist, preferably doing pure research. A serious person could also have a public life, though at a level no lower than that of Adlai Stevenson; it was permissible to be a statesman but not a politician. That, I believe, was it. Below this line no one could live, or really had any chance to live, anything even faintly resembling the good life.

AN UNDERGRADUATE education at the University of Chicago effectively blotted out any prospect of my ever going into business; and certain journals that I began to read during my final year at Chicago confirmed me in my revulsion against business. These were *Partisan Review*, COMMENTARY, *Dissent*, and *Encounter*. I wonder if anyone has ever properly accounted for the educational significance of such magazines. I know they were at least as formative in my own education as any courses I took. In any case, if the University of Chicago put the blacking on my anti-capitalism, these journals supplied the polish. All were anti-Communist, but so were they all anti-capitalist. In COMMENTARY in those days one could read Michael Harrington, behind an array of quite confusing statistics, claiming that somewhere between a fifth and a third of the American population was definably poor. In *Dissent*—and, later, in COMMENTARY—Paul Goodman wailed away at the dehumanizing quality of capitalism and all social and economic arrangements centered on large organizations. C. Wright Mills, a broadax man if ever there was one, never let up on capitalism, blaming it for everything damaging in life except tooth decay. Harold Rosenberg—waiting, as a wag once said of him, for Marxism to get its third wind—could always be counted upon to argue that capitalism was subtly geared to subvert aesthetic taste and indeed the very quality of our perceptions.

I was greatly impressed with all these writers, but the writer I took most pleasure in reading was Dwight Macdonald. Soon after leaving college I had acquired a copy of his book, *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* (1956), and it knocked me out. It wasn't the least bit profound, yet with the exception of H.L. Mencken I had never before come across prose imbued with such passionate energy and winning dash. The 1950's were Macdonald's best years as a writer; the essays in *Against the American Grain* (1962), most of them attacks on products of middlebrow culture, were easily the most brilliant things he wrote. Macdonald's was an almost wholly destructive talent; when praising he was never quite convincing. What he specialized in destroying was the work of large capitalist institutions: Hollywood, the Henry Luce magazine empire, large publishing firms. He was not alone in this activity, of course. Edmund Wilson, a writer I admired much more than Dwight Macdonald, took quite the same view: the two greatest enemies of talent in America, Wilson used to like to say, were Hollywood and Henry Luce. But Macdonald said it better, more clearly, with more raucous laughter the reward for his readers.

Dwight Macdonald seemed so confident as a writer during these years because he traveled with so clearly marked a moral map. On this map, painted in black for bad were the following: business, the military, mainstream politics, the general tenor of American life, which he saw as cramped in spirit, philistine in taste, and probably hopeless. Painted in white—a dot here, a dot there—was highbrow culture, represented by a few modernist writers, a few European movie directors, and intellectuals of radical bent; and radical, as Macdonald was fond of pointing out, meant going to the root. As should be immediately evident,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Macdonald's was an overwhelmingly dark map, and with no allowance made for topography. It showed a country fraught with danger: artists were always in danger of selling out, radicals of losing their ideological purity; McCarthyism could return at any instant. Again, Macdonald was not alone here. This was also the general view of Norman Mailer, who, in his novels, spiked it with existentialist mutterings and an interest in the mechanics of fornication. Paul Goodman imbued this view with an air of idealism. But Dwight Macdonald, through his really splendid journalistic powers, gave it far and away its clearest expression.

This, for the better part of my twenties, was also my view. As someone who had determined to become an intellectual—and who was proving himself one by beginning to write for the intellectual journals—I took it as the standard view of the community. In this I was not mistaken. Leftward was the intellectual drift; left the wing on which intellectual thought flew. "First of all," said Jean-Paul Sartre in an interview with Jean-Claude Garot, "I don't think you can have an intellectual without his being 'left-wing.'" I, at twenty-five, agreed with Sartre. Great minds think alike.

Luckily, I had earlier read a good deal of the writings of Sidney Hook—I recall being especially taken with a collection of his essays entitled *Political Power and Personal Freedom*—which prevented me from ever approving Communism or Communist regimes. Yet I was also still much taken with the revolutionary tradition, about which I read a great deal at the time, and noted with not a little pride that so many of the people in this tradition were Jews. Knowing the evils that had resulted from their work did not prevent me from admiring what I saw as the idealism behind it. I used to think that, had I been an adult during the worst years of the Depression, perhaps I should have been sympathetic to Communism, too. (Now I hope I would have been smarter than that.) Nor did knowing the evils of Communism prevent me from dwelling on the evils of capitalism—not, admittedly, so great but still bad enough. My view of life in the United States was that it was pretty much a shuck and a swindle (Madison Avenue), with the wrong people in control (military-industrial complex), and the dreariest element (Wall Street) raking in most of the chips. In these circumstances—or, more precisely, what I then imagined the circumstances of the country to be—radical seemed to me a shimmering, an altogether honorific word. A radical, actually, is what I fancied myself.

Through my twenties I wished to shape myself into an intellectual, and during this time I came to believe that an intellectual was, by the very nature of his calling, a radical. My view of the intellectual was roughly that put forth by Lewis Coser in his book *Men of Ideas*, which I reviewed favorably in the *New Republic* when it came out in the spring of 1965. This view held that the intellectual functioned best as a critic of his society—skeptical, detached, theoretical, but above all critical. I recall Coser, in the pages of COMMENTARY, roasting Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. to a fine turn for giving up his intellectual credentials when he hitched his wagon so firmly to the star of John F. Kennedy. I don't remember Coser saying that the intellectual must perforce be a man of the Left, but then he didn't have to. He wrote a great deal about how hard it was "to resist the lure of a culture that has become as absorptive as our own"; and he quoted David Riesman's question, "Were not intellectuals of more use to this country when they had less use for it?"

Besides, if one thought oneself an intellectual, and if one were educated to an antipathy for business, one was not very likely to become an intellectual of or on the Right. As with examples of successful socialism, so with impressive intellectuals on the Right—they were extremely tough to find, and not merely in this country but in this century. In France the intellectuals of the *Action Française* were anti-Dreyfusard and hence tinged with anti-Semitism; later, in the 1930's, right-wing French intellectuals collaborated with the Nazis. A movement of conservative intellectuals had arisen here in the 1920's and 30's around Albert Jay Nock and the *Freeman*, but it sputtered out. William F. Buckley, Jr. and his friends had begun and continued to publish the *National Review*, but the intellectual atmosphere of that journal always seemed to me—as it seems to me even now—pretty much Ivy League-sophomoric.

The upshot was that if intellectuals were to function as critics of their society, they would have to do so—as they had done since the time of Voltaire—from the Left. What other choice was there? That intellectuals might find an honorable place to function from the Center simply did not seem a serious possibility. How, after all, does one criticize from the Center?

IF I had an ideal ambition at this time, it was to become a kind of American Fabian. I wanted to be brilliant and I wished to do good. It was with these notions and aspirations among my intellectual baggage that, in 1965, when living in Little Rock, Arkansas, I became the director of the county anti-poverty program. It was a most interesting time to be living in the South. It was a time of rare moral clarity. The civil-rights movement was under way in earnest, formed to accomplish a specific and wholly admirable task: to remove from a number of Southern states a great many laws and statutes—in education, in accommodations, and in much else—that were strongly and perniciously biased against Negroes. This was a clear good cause, made all the more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impressive by the fact that it called for physical courage and had already resulted in the loss of human life. So simple, so pure, a moral drama has not since been played in America in my lifetime.

As director of Little Rock's anti-poverty program, I saw myself as an agent (though not much of a provocateur) for the ideas of liberalism. A large part of my job was writing up grants, and those I cared most about had to do with undermining what I was pleased to think of as "the system": voter registration among Negroes (under the guise of holding elections for our program's "poverty board") and legal aid (with which in a number of class actions I hoped the poor would sue the city of Little Rock). I was also a public-relations man for the War on Poverty, as Lyndon Johnson's Great Society then styled it. I spoke at Negro churches around town, explaining how the anti-poverty program worked, and was charmed and amazed at the hearty response to my rather dull talks on the part of Negro church audiences. I became a local television bore. One night I would be on the evening news announcing the arrival of a new grant; the next morning, wedged between a high-school gospel group and the woman from the newly opened gourmet food shop, I would talk about poverty in this nation of the wealthy. That same afternoon I might bring a tear to the eyes of the ladies of the Junior League by informing them that there were children in Harlem who had never seen an orange.

Meanwhile, wily for the public good, I was funneling information, on the quiet, to the members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) on how they might make use of anti-poverty funds for their own purposes. I attended weekend Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) seminars where I gave instructions on anti-poverty grantsmanship. Many of the young men and women in the civil-rights movement I found very impressive. The leader of SNCC in Arkansas at this time was a young man of my own age (then twenty-eight) from Cincinnati named Bill Hansen. Hansen was white, married to a Negro woman (itself at that time very daring), tall, lean, and the veteran of many a beating during sit-ins and nights spent in jails throughout the South. Bill Hansen was a single-purpose man and, as with all single-purpose men, somewhat humorless. I recall our having lunch together once at a Negro luncheonette; as we got up he left a tip (a quarter and two dimes), which, for some reason, caused me to remark, "You know, Bill, Trotsky never tipped." "He didn't," he said, and promptly picked his coins off the table.

The civil-rights movement was also becoming, especially for graduate students from New York and Boston, a summer camp of a sort—providing a kind of moral tourism. Students came down South, some to work in the movement, some to teach without pay at Little Rock's two Negro colleges (Philander Smith and Shorter). The level of naiveté could run very high among them. I remember one young man, a literature student at Columbia, recounting to me his travail in attempting to teach Valéry and the French *Symbolistes* at Philander Smith. "They don't seem to go for it much," he said.

My own naiveté was not quite so high, but during this time, with the aid of my confident anti-capitalism, I made a number of fairly dopey observations on the scene right before my eyes. One steamy afternoon I visited one of Little Rock's "poverty areas" with a Negro grade-school teacher, a woman in her fifties, of evident solidity of character. We went into a number of dilapidated houses—shacks, really—many of them with tar-paper walls, rough wood floors, no screens on the windows, outhouses in the back. Like the sound anti-capitalist thinker I was, I remarked to my companion on the irony that every one of these houses, for all their deficiencies, had a television set, usually with children staring at it. "Mr. Epstein," she replied, "I am afraid I can't allow you to criticize those television sets. Without them, you know, many of these children would come to school with scarcely any vocabulary at all. The television may not be Shakespeare, but these children do learn an awful lot from it that they would not otherwise know."

I SENSED that things were beginning to be a bit shaky for me as a fifth-columnist out to tumble established arrangements when one day James Ridgeway, then a hot young reporter for the *New Republic,* telephoned from Washington to say that he wanted to come down to write a piece about me and the Little Rock anti-poverty program. (I was at the time a fairly regular contributor of book reviews to the *New Republic.*) I suspected that what Ridgeway really wanted was a guided tour of our local bigots, after which he would return to Washington and write a piece saying that the anti-poverty program in Little Rock, for all the director's good intentions, was not making much of a dent in the larger problems of the poor, and ending with a call for more radical measures. (I suspected this chiefly because that was the piece I myself, as a good anti-capitalist, would probably have written.) I told Ridgeway that I didn't require any publicity at this time, thank you very much, adding that if he came down to Little Rock I would do my best to set up a welcoming committee of rednecks and German police dogs to meet him on arrival.

Then one day not long after this I received a phone call at my office, from a graduate student spending her summer with SNCC (back to Harvard in the autumn), informing me that a large demonstration was planned for later in the week at the state capital building, and that everyone there hoped I would march in it. If I did, I told

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her, my usefulness in my job would be at an end. She said something like that was for me to work out, man—either I was with them all the way or I wasn't. Put like that, I replied, I guessed I wasn't. But this taste for unnecessary confrontation was an indication of something larger going on in the civil-rights movement.

This something larger turned out to be the beginning of the end of the movement. It had begun to come to an end in part because of its own successes. The year 1964 saw the passage, under Lyndon Johnson, of a strong Civil Rights Act. Legally the movement had accomplished much that it had set out to accomplish. But the movement itself had changed—separatist elements within it had become dominant. I marked the moment of change from the time the slogan "Black Is Beautiful" was first put into circulation. From that point on, integration of the races—my own dream—began to be superseded by black consciousness-raising. Whites were now made to feel unwanted—first in leadership roles, then anywhere at all. From here it was a short jump to declaring anyone who wasn't a Negro a racist. The dream of racial harmony was all too soon replaced by the reality of interracial bitterness. No sadder public event has occurred in my lifetime.

This change accompanied a further radicalization of the Left in America generally. The methods of the civil-rights movement—civil disobedience, lofty moral rhetoric—were now taken up by the "free-speech" movement in the universities and ultimately by the anti-Vietnam-war movement into which the former naturally fed. For myself, my own anti-capitalism made it extremely difficult to be other than sympathetic to either of these movements, even though I instinctively felt in both the strain of nihilism bursting to break free. As an anti-capitalist, how could I be other than sympathetic to the student movement, which held that universities were in thrall to big business (a jug of wine, a book of verse, and Dow) and to government, which, through the Pentagon and the munitions industry, was itself hostage to big business? Hadn't the university itself turned into a kind of quasi-governmental big business?

So, too, with the anti-Vietnam-war movement. As an anti-capitalist, I found it difficult to be against it. Although I had already served in the U.S. Army, and although I had the gravest doubts about the righteousness of older men advising younger ones to burn their draft cards, I was—again as an anti-capitalist—in general sympathy with the Marxist notion that we were in Vietnam essentially to secure U.S. markets, to make the world safe for American big business. Wasn't the Vietnam war merely one more shuck put over on the country by the military-industrial boys? I was never so foolish as Susan Sontag, Mary McCarthy, Noam Chomsky, and others who idealized the North Vietnamese as a gentle people filled with socialist idealism and forced into war by American business and government. I was instead a "plague-on-both-your-houses" man. That I happened to be living in one of these houses was not a staggering problem. The tradition of intellectuals neatly took care of that. With only rare exceptions, intellectuals, by their nature, were not supposed to feel at home, especially not in their own country.

In *The Crack-Up* F. Scott Fitzgerald speaks of the special ability of the artist and others to keep two opposed ideas in balance in one's mind at the same time. He should have added that they didn't necessarily have to be good ideas. Thus I found it fairly easy to be both anti-Communist and anti-American. Nor did I find it any more difficult to condemn capitalism while prospering under it. I had at this time a very well-paying job as a senior editor for a large corporation, Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc.; I had a wife and children; I was even a home-owner. None of this prevented me from speaking out against a system under which I myself flourished. Similarly, in electoral politics, I thought myself a Democrat, albeit at the leftmost reaches of the Democratic party. Yet it was with an excitement bordering on glee that I watched the Democratic party ruined by the riots during the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago—an event from which, to this day, the party has yet completely to recover.

But then *Schadenfreude*, delight in another's failure, is the pleasurable emotion most often engaged in by the anti-capitalist. And no greater pleasure is to be had than the spectacle of a large American institution failing. What is behind this *Schadenfreude*, of course, is the sense of alienation that the anti-capitalist tends to feel, almost to cultivate. It could hardly be otherwise; if one is an anti-capitalist one is perforce against "the system"; and to be against "the system" in its turn guarantees a sense of alienation. The logic here is circular and ineluctable. It is thus extremely difficult to be anti-capitalist without allowing one's anti-capitalism to lapse into anti-Americanism. How, after all, can one love a country run by a system one hates? This was a question I from time to time thought about—but not too hard.

No harder, really, than I strove to acquire a serious knowledge of economics. I had read some Marx, though I didn't have the intellectual stamina to push all the way through the often turgid pages of *Das Kapital*. Yet I never considered myself a Marxist, or had any desire to become one. Although I was doctrinaire enough in a general way, something in me refused to follow a *specific* doctrine. I sometimes considered myself a Keynesian, though here, too, I must confess that I was barely able to get through Keynes's *General Theory*. What I liked about Keynes was his elegance, his *sang-froid* (he had made a killing as a speculator), the fact that he was a true writer, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his anti-capitalist bias. I used also to claw my way through lengthy pieces by Robert Heilbroner in which Heilbroner (the son, I believe, of a successful retailer) used to predict the imminent demise of capitalism—like the premature newspaper stories of Mark Twain's death, these reports too were greatly exaggerated.

But the truth, I now see, is that I was an anti-capitalist not out of economic reasoning but by default. I wanted to be an intellectual, and to be an intellectual meant to be a man of the Left, and to be a man of the Left in the United States who was not also a Communist or a Communist sympathizer put one—put me—in a position where I had only anti-capitalism to fall back on. No other criticism of my country remained but the economic one. I could not truly fault the United States for its lack of freedom, since I recognized that freedom here was plentiful. I could not fault it for being boring, since there was no country in the world that seemed to me livelier, no country I preferred to live in. I could—and did—fault the United States for its philistinism, but I never felt a clean conscience about this, being myself of the philistine middle classes and sensing, while watching Gore Vidal take up this line on television, how loathsomely snobbish it not only seemed but was. No, all that remained to me was anti-capitalism. That I had no serious knowledge of economics was simply not permitted to deter me. I saw injustice around me; I blamed it on the economic system. Case closed.

As a writer, I was provided by anti-capitalism with a clear if not original point of view. In considering the work of other writers, I could run a little checklist: was a particular writer sound on "the underdog" (for), "business" (against), "idealism" (for), "the status quo" (against)? To this list nowadays would have to be added "women and all minorities" (for) and "America and Americans in other countries" (against). Among critics of anti-capitalist bias, a certain amount of switching and crossing occurred. Philip Rahv, an anti-capitalist if ever there was one, was fascinated by Dostoevsky—though not so entertainingly fascinated, I suspect, as Dostoevsky would have been by Philip Rahv. Yet by and large anti-capitalist literary critics voted the party ticket. Alfred Kazin blamed drinking and other failures among American writers on American society—American society, like the devil in Flip Wilson's comedy routines, made them do it. If one reads through a book like Irving Howe's *Politics and the Novel*, one discovers that Howe does not quite approve any novelist—Conrad, James, Dostoevsky, Koestler—whose politics do not mesh with his own anti-capitalist, waiting-for-Elijah, socialist utopianism.

This sort of thing has been going on for a long while. Thus it is scarcely surprising that the writers most ardently promoted by anti-capitalist critics tend to be alienated figures, or at any rate figures for whom a good case of alienation can be made out. In the standard anti-capitalist account, for example, a crude business culture all but destroyed Mark Twain's talent. That Mark Twain, eager to pile up millions for himself, may have been a man of weak character—this is scarcely allowed to come through. Instead, Twain's troubles —from which he had to be bailed out by H.H. Rogers, an associate of John D. Rockefeller—are blamed on the Gilded Age, which means on the age of the Robber Barons, which means, finally, on capitalism.

Not long ago I wrote something about the American critic Van Wyck Brooks, who in mid-career attempted to fashion, as he put it, a "usable past" in American literary history. For this effort Brooks's fellow critics rounded on him—and quite brutally so. F.O. Matthiessen claimed Brooks had lost his edge, had given up the lead. Dwight Macdonald would later call Brooks "our leading mouthpiece for totalitarian values." When the first volume of Brooks's literary history of America, *Makers and Finders*, appeared, Malcolm Cowley pronounced that Brooks had "withdrawn from the battle." Battle? Had I missed a war here? Of course, the battle being referred to was against America and American capitalism. In this battle, you had to be on one side or the other. Again, case closed.

And closed, so far as I was concerned, the case would have remained had not something extraordinary happened. What this something extraordinary turned out to be was not an epiphany, not a vision, no single momentous event but the fact that, at some unspecified date, the ideas clustered around anti-capitalism gained ascendancy in this country—and became the conventional wisdom. How, precisely, it happened I still do not exactly know, though it could, I suspect, be traced historically. But happen it did. Who would have expected the surrender to be so unconditional, the victory so complete? In my view it began in the universities and radiated out from there. I myself had only begun to teach in a university in 1974, but by then the victory of anti-capitalism was near-total. Would anyone dispute that, apart from certain religious schools and certain colleges in the South and perhaps in Utah, the reigning ethos in American colleges and universities today is the anti-capitalist ethos?

Even this might not have been of much moment but for the fact that, while anti-capitalism was becoming the conventional wisdom, university enrollments rose higher and higher, until more than 60 percent of the young in the United States were partaking of higher education, and hence in one form or another were being sold this particular line of ideological goods. The better—or, to be more precise, the more prestigious—the school, the more the ideas of anti-capitalism tended to hold sway.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the schools to the culture at large: Joseph Schumpeter, in *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy*, had foreseen the process years before it had quite come about: "Perhaps the most striking feature of the picture," he wrote, "is the extent to which the modern bourgeoisie, besides educating its own enemies, allows itself in turn to be educated by them. It absorbs the slogans of current radicalism and seems quite willing to undergo a process of conversion hostile to its very existence."

Most anti-capitalist intellectuals are not ready to admit the truth of this insight. Neither are they ready to admit that the logic of anti-capitalism ends, inevitably, in anti-Americanism. Yet it is the embarrassing fact that if you are against capitalism you have also to be, in a spiritual sense, against America, the capitalist country *par excellence*. True, it is very much part of the intellectual tradition to criticize one's own country; the mentality of the intellectual, as Raymond Aron has said, is "one of permanent opposition." Yet in the current state of the world, with large swatches of the globe Communist, the Third World's hatred of the United States exceeded only by its hatred of Israel, and America's allies either vastly weakened (as in the case of Britain) or dependably unreliable (as in the case of France), to continue flailing away at the United States seems, even for an intellectual, hopelessly foolish. Not that the United States isn't riddled with faults and flaws, but oughtn't these to be regarded like faults and flaws among the members of one's family, to be regretted, to be criticized, to be reformed? But the strongly anti-capitalist intellectuals have gone a long step further; they see the faults and flaws in their country and have chosen to disown it.

As a former anti-capitalist, I can testify that there is something in this particular political faith that makes one hate capitalism rather more than one might love democracy. The passion of the anti-capitalist is for justice over freedom. In his view, without justice—for which read equality—there can be no real freedom. I once believed this, but the events of the past two decades have caused me to believe otherwise. Of the few political thoughts in which I have serious confidence, one is that justice has the best chance of being attained where freedom is greatest. For all that can be said against it—that it can be inhumane, that it can encourage greed, that is is no respecter of tradition—capitalism, of all known economic forms, does the most to maximize freedom; and it does respect and reward discipline and effort, which remain the best known ways—perhaps the only known ways—to attain those freedoms most worth having. "I have in my own fashion learned the lesson that life is effort, unremittingly repeated," observed a young non-anti-capitalist named Henry James, adding: "I feel somehow as if real pity were for those who had been beguiled into the perilous delusion that it isn't."

These views make me, in the well-worn formulation of anti-capitalist intellectuals, a sell-out. Dennis Wrong was in fact being rather polite when, in his letter to the editors of COMMENTARY, he said I had "retreated." Implied in this accusation is one of the oldest clichés in political psychology, namely, that as one grows older one loses one's ardor, one's youthful idealism, even one's sympathy—in short, one becomes more conservative. "The danger of success," Jules Renard noted in his journal in 1908, "is that it makes one forget the world's dreadful injustice." I have not been successful enough to forget the world's injustice. I do happen, however, to have come to believe that the best way to combat injustice is not through demonstrating what a large-hearted fellow I am by hating capitalism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Prince of Progressive Humanity

A Story

David Evanier

WHEN Maury Ballinzweig came out of prison in 1970 after sixteen years under lock and key, the balance of forces in the world had shifted to his side, to the side of rationality, peace, progress, and human problem-solving.

Yet curiously, cancer now seemed to be riddling almost everyone.

These were the exhilarating contradictions.

"ARE you having an affair, Linda?" he had asked his wife when she visited him in prison near the beginning of his stretch.

"I am." She had paused. "But with X, not Y."

She was glowing, in a black gown. She was on the way to meet Sartre on Maury's behalf and could not conceal her excitement.

He had looked at the ground, unable to raise his head.

Although in time he had come to realize how glad he was that she was not sacrificing herself for him, and how good it was that it was X, not Y.

DANIEL GREENWALD was walking from Grant's Tomb along Riverside Drive at 122nd Street in the fall of 1982. He was wearing a coat he'd bought at the Salvation Army to make him look proletarian. He was about to make his first visit to a man who had once been called one of the most dangerous espionage agents in America—the man who had been convicted of giving the secret of how to intimidate the universe to the Russians.

Daniel Greenwald had been building up to this meeting for years, working on the man's friends, the man's wife. The idea began pecking at him as he read about the torture of dissidents in Soviet mental hospitals. After he called Maury on the phone, Maury had delayed the meeting month after month. Even though Greenwald had said he wanted to write the life story of Solomon Rubell, not Maury.

Although Daniel Greenwald had ruses and plans, his heart was pure. There was no way the man he was about to visit could be convinced of this. Nor should he have been.

AWAITING his visit was the ex-prisoner, who should have been one of the most suspicious hosts in the United States. Maury had been photographed, taped, wired, spat upon, condescended to, despised, and generally screwed in every orifice. He should have awaited his visitor with machine guns and barbed wire and baby tape recorders in corners. But he sat in his bare room in his slippers, fortified by apricots, his radical publications, his picture of his father, his ideology.

A steel rod, that's how they designated the Lincoln Brigade members in Spain who had been honored with party membership. Those who could be trusted to maintain the purity of the party line. Who could not be broken.

MAURY HAD no use for Susan Sontag. Or the likes of Susan Sontag. He didn't care what she had said, and wondered why all the hoo-ha. Berlinguer of the Italian CP had said worse about Poland, and *that* didn't bother him. Maury snorted at the sentimentality.

Look, after they arrested him, the party demanded that Maury's mother give up her party card and not come to party club meetings ever again. He understood what was necessary. He often said, "I don't go by the heart. I know that by the heart you can get a Nazi as easily as a Communist." He waited for his visitor, and sat snuggled into himself, clasping his hands between his knees in the barren room crowded with wall posters for Vietnam and Chile and Nicaragua and American political prisoners and *Guardians* and revolutionary papers strewn across the floor.

"TURTLES get a great deal of satisfaction sitting and getting sunned on a rock," Linda Ballinzweig had said to Daniel Greenwald, explaining how she had always been "attracted to a profound respect for things in and of themselves." She went on to point out that this society did not have that respect and traced it back to Columbus, who "came to this continent, looked at these people who welcomed him, and the first thought he had was how

---

DAVID EVANIER's book, *The One-Star Jew*, has just been published by North Point Press. His stories have appeared in the *Paris Review*, COMMENTARY, and many other journals. The present story is part of a novel in progress.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to use them." That was why, in her classroom, she had anti-Columbus celebrations.

When they said goodbye, she said, "I want to help you." Then she kissed him on the mouth.

At the rallies for Solomon Rubell and Maury in the 50's and 60's she had been the best speaker. "I need, I need," she sang.

FIRST Daniel had written an article on the Case for the *Wall Street Journal*: "Crime of the Century." Then a friend had a friend who was sharing an apartment with Linda Ballinzweig and would introduce him to her. Daniel learned that Maury and Linda had separated because Maury had wanted a harem at home and Linda had refused. She had moved, but not far away.

When he met Linda Ballinzweig, he did not tell her of his article. He wanted to understand, he told her. The idealism, the hope, Spain, anti-fascism in the 30's and 40's.

"You want to build a bridge over the Holocaust," she said.

Why not? "Yes," he said. He thought quickly: "And I'm setting up these archives of progressive humanity. I plan to shape the book on Solomon Rubell from them."

"I was in Washington, in the park, picketing, when we heard that Solomon was murdered," Linda said. "We lined up to put away our signs on the truck. As each sign was lowered by its stick into the truck, into a huge growing pile, it was as if a part of the world's virtue was being destroyed and savagery was winning sway.

"Maury was meant to testify against Solly. Solly was meant to testify against others. Concentration camps were ready, you know. The FBI came to Maury and told him he was a patsy for not testifying. After Solly's death, they wanted someone to wash their hands for them."

Daniel asked, "How would you describe Maury?"

"He's a hedgehog: a prickly outer shell which he uses to protect his inner soft self."

"I would like to meet him."

"You can try," she said. "Here's his number." She was leaving New York to teach the art of software in Oregon.

DANIEL ripped his pants and streaked his face with dirt so he would look presentable. He cultivated a loving expression.

He had a new hair style to make him look trustworthy: three hairs from the left of his forehead met three hairs from the right in the most vulnerable handclasp, the rest of the hair brushed honestly back behind his jutting ears. He wore a corduroy jacket with elbow patches, and his proletarian coat. One eyebrow jumped up in progressive steps as the conversation became heated.

Daniel Greenwald stood in the doorway shaking hands with the man in green workshirt, brown pants, and slippers, who looked like his coat had many buttons in need of sewing. Maury's long white hair was held in a ponytail by a white rubber band. He fidgeted and jumped.

He looked much older than in the black-and-red posters of Daniel's youth. The posters had been everywhere. There were large pictures of Solomon Rubell, with Maury looking from a distance over his shoulder. It was logical: Rubell had been hanged. Maury only got sixteen years.

AFTER talking about his Social Security and about the weather, they sat down. "Whoo!" Maury yelped. "I've got two girlfriends. The first one was very sweet and never surprised me. I found her boring. The new one is full of levels and she drives me crazy." He laughed buoyantly and munched pumpkin seeds.

Daniel sat in a chair wearing the Japanese slippers Maury had handed him—an aid to contemplation. Maury sat on the floor gazing up at him.

The wall posters proclaimed CHILE: FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS. WHO KILLED LETELIER? The battered bookshelf contained books about the Case from all viewpoints.

Maury's voice was Brooklyn-Jewish with little curls of refinement. There was whining in it, weeping, and a bubbling joy.

"*God* . . . of course you know that epilepsy is loaded with ideology coming from the ruling class!"

"Oh . . . sure. . . ."

"I might like to leave New York," he said. "I could live on my Social Security. Should I move to Oregon?"

"I like the passion of New York," Daniel said.

"The passion. Yes. True. Interesting. I don't know. What I really want to do is to help Vietnam and Grenada. What is their optimum trajectory for technical development?"

Daniel stroked his beard and muttered, "Mmmm . . ."

They sat in silence except for the cracking of Maury's knuckles.

Maury looked at the floor, and said, "So? Begin."

"About Solomon Rubell—"

"So you're going to write the 25th book about Solly."

"Tell me about him."

"As a scientist, Solly was a fish out of water. He should have been a Greek scholar. He wasn't a natural.

"Solly and his wife went to Coney Island one day. People left their clothes in the lockers. But Solly brought all of his things out to the beach with him." Maury put up his arms and waved them. "Legend has it that all the lockers were robbed that afternoon. They always told afterward how wise Solly was."

Daniel stared.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As a boy, Daniel had pondered the posters of Solomon Rubell, with Maury Ballinzweig looking over Solomon's shoulder. At the rallies before and after the hanging, the people around Daniel had wept and moaned, they collapsed in a frenzy in the aisle, the elderly had strokes.

On the stage, Linda Ballinzweig pounded her breast. Rubell's mother wept. Maury's mother screamed—and then there was the collection. Actresses dressed in Lincoln Brigade uniforms came down the aisle, while the band played "Beyond the Blue Horizon."

The children, the children, someone screamed. The music stopped. Red and black klieg lights swept across the huge auditorium, crisscrossing the stage. An organ softly played. Huddled together, a drawing lit up behind them of Solomon with a noose around his neck and Maury waving goodbye, the Rubell children, in their little white stockings and caps, held each other by the hand and walked slowly onto the stage.

People next to Daniel gasped. "Harry, oh my God," a woman said to her husband, "this society is killing us. We've got to stop the killing before it's too late." And she bent his nose with a kiss. The second collection began. "My daddy is innocent—" began one of the children. Screams resounded across the auditorium and klieg lights crisscrossed, the organ ripped into the shrill light and the natural voice of the people was heard:

INNOCENT . . . INNOCENT . . . INNOCENT
TOSS THE WRETCHED MONOLITHS INTO THE SEA
RIP THE MARBLES OF STEEL OFF BY THEIR HINGES
ISSUE FORTH THE DAWN

A speaker added, "And don't forget Maury Ballinzweig."

Maury fidgeted as they talked.

"I've read a lot about you," Daniel said.

"Yes. What?"

Daniel hesitated. "Well, that your wife told you of her relationship with another man while you were in prison."

Maury stared at the nub of his slipper. He glanced up at Daniel, and looked down quickly, hiding what Daniel thought was a flush.

"The way the warden and the prisoners baited you about your wife. Your lousy lawyers, your best friend's betrayal. The death of your father."

Maury remained immobile.

Daniel said, "How did you survive?"

"Historical and political perspective," Maury answered. "I didn't look at it in personal terms. Solly was an ordinary person. I can't consider myself heroic either. 'Ordinary' doesn't mean you can't become a hero."

"About Solomon—" Danel said.

There was a long silence.

"I never had a good hold on him."

Daniel suddenly said, "Did you like him?"

Maury didn't answer for a long time. They looked at each other. Maury lifted his arms behind his head and breathed from the belly. Then he looked down. "He was a comrade. This to me is saying a good deal. To understand what this meant is a whole story in itself.

"At that time I couldn't relate to people. I was an atheist at five. I got into people much more in prison."

"But did you like him?"

"He was wonderful with his kids."

"Whenever people mention Solomon, they mention you."

Maury shrugged. "It was a long time ago." He paused.

Daniel asked, "You said that to understand what Solomon's being a comrade meant is a story in itself. What's the story?"

Maury shifted.

"Daniel," he said, "beyond that, you'll have to use your imagination."

Later, Daniel said: "I thought it was Solomon I was most interested in." He added, "Now I know it is you."

"Well, I'm here," Maury said immediately. "Solomon isn't."

At the door, they said goodbye. They would meet again soon, Maury said. They shook hands, and Maury held Daniel's hand for a moment longer.

Such buoyancy! Such sweetness! Such willingness! Such trust toward a stranger! Such civilized jargon! Daniel was astonished.

What had preserved Maury?

"I want to help you" Maury had said to him.

Daniel Greenwald went in search of Solomon Rubell's sister to find out more about Maury, but she told Daniel almost nothing about him. She talked about Solomon.

Daniel found her living in Lefrak City with her second husband. Color TV's flashed in the living room, where her husband sat, and in the kitchen, where she talked to Daniel. She turned off the sound, but left the picture on.

"When I went to visit Solly for the last time, I was waiting outside. I heard the guards talking in the enclosure. One of them said, 'When the spy is put on the slab.' I wanted to run in there and say, 'He'll never die, he'll never die.' I held myself back. I didn't want them to know I was Solomon Rubell's sister.

"A little boy, I remember him. He was the youngest of all of us. And such a beautiful baby. Little gold curls. And blue eyes.

"He sold lollipops on *shabbes*, he wouldn't take the money for them. He would come back the next day to collect the penny for the lollies.

"I loved his character. Nothing but pride. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was a wonderful person. Knowledgeable, very well-educated, well-read. To me he was like a king. If you look at me you'll see Solly, but you'll see a much handsomer man. Before you knew it he went to Hebrew school, took a keen interest in Hebrew. Put his whole heart into it.

"When he walked, he may have sloped a little. I don't remember. He entered school speaking Yiddish and didn't know English. But he learned so fast.

"Broome Street and Catherine Street where we used to live are torn down. All gone. It was a *shtetl*. You were happy, you walked out, you were among friends and relatives. It was just a *haimish* atmosphere. In later years we had hot water and steam too. Jewish girls went with Jewish girls and Jewish boys went with Jewish boys.

"We used to walk by the river and throw our sins away . . . on *Tashlikh*, on the first day of Rosh Hashanah . . . like crumbs or something. You say a prayer.

"Mama would cook and bake for every occasion. I loved Fridays but I hated Sunday when the laundry had to be done. Everything had to be stripped. And that tub in the kitchen. Mama used to stand with the board and wash the clothes. The tub would have curtains around it that she made.

"When my father got up to talk, everybody listened. And this is Solly, he inherited his intelligence, ability to talk; he was a born leader, a brilliant boy. He made sense. He wasn't as fiery in later life as he was in youth. He changed. He married and had a family. Responsibility. You look toward prospering.

"The lawyer Mandel kept saying, '*They won't dare kill him.*' When my husband opened the door at 8:00, the first thing he said to me was, 'I didn't think they'd do it.' He repeated that several times. And he embraced me. And we both cried. A half hour before, my little son who was twelve years old got up on the chair. He turned the clock I shouldn't watch it. Because I couldn't watch the clock anymore from 7:30. He had the sense to get up on the stool, a little fella, to turn the clock back.

"Maury Ballinzweig? He wasn't cut from the same cloth. Even his mother, I heard her say in court before he testified, she said, 'I hope he'll have some of Solly's courage.' She wasn't sure."

As A boy of fifteen in the 50's, Daniel learned about the party and the Case.

He had stood in the thin crowd, the blinding sun on the podium at Union Square in 1954. They toiled onto the stage, the released Smith Act prisoners, blinking into the sun, thin, waving at the barricades behind which no one stood. Telegrams from Moscow, China, People's Republics of Eastern Europe were read. Fists clenched. Anna Louise Strong took a bow. Pete Seeger sang. Reverend William Howard Melish blessed the Red Army. Edith Segal read martyr poems. Solomon's sister spoke in a trembling voice: "To think he didn't live to experience the joys of television"—and wept.

Henry Winston, blinded in prison, stood with his stick. Robert Thompson, his skull bashed in by a Yugoslavian fascist in prison, sat on a chair with a pillow. Benjamin J. Davis, dying of cancer, stood tall. He shouted, "I'd rather be a lamppost in Moscow than President here." He dropped the rest of his speech and went right into his crowd pleaser: "They can call me red, they can call me black, *but they can't call me yellow*. They can call me red, they can call me black, *but they can't call me yellow*. They can call me red, they can call me black, *but they can't call me yellow*."

They bared their throats for slitting.

This was what they knew.

Their pale complexions and gabardine suits.

They knew their lines.

Eugene Dennis read and squeaked his proclamations. No one listened. There were no human sounds. In the dry listless day, on the hot earth across from Klein's, the people's martyrs stood silently.

Daniel watched.

EVEN for a lonely kid, it was weirdness, no doubt about it. He needed a place to go, and he didn't know how to dance. He couldn't do the mashed potato or the twist. Allan Freed was pounding the phone book on WINS to the new rock sound.

The party took him as he was. They were overjoyed to welcome "a representative of the youth."

THE problem was that two days after Solomon Rubell was arrested, Maury Ballinzweig fled to Toronto with Linda. Within three weeks they were located by the Canadian police and Maury was handed across the border to a United States agent.

Maury had locked up his house in Flatbush, left his new Chevrolet in the garage, and did not tell his employers of his plans.

When he reached Toronto, Maury cashed in his return trip airline tickets and wrote to a friend in Manhattan, using such aliases as "M. Ballbearing" and "Myron Ballast." Enclosed in his letters to his friend, Maury included notes for his parents and aunts, and asked his friend to forward them.

Maury left Linda in Toronto and traveled to Vancouver by himself, using five other false names, to try to find a boat that would take them abroad. Traveling around the west coast of Canada, he inquired about passage to Europe or South America. He wrote later of those lonely days:

> I spent a lot of time at the docks, walking around, hoping to find someone to talk to, someone who could give me a lead. Frankly, a lot of the time I just stood around, observing the local customs, or went "slumming." The music in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pubs was mainly starkly conventional: Doris Day and Guy Lombardo, and at first it was a novelty to observe another culture. Then it got on my nerves. I hope the music did not adequately reflect the cultural outreach of the habitués. I might have enjoyed a dance or two, but this seemed to me like impermissible self-indulgence. For these forays, I purchased prescription sunglasses, fearing slip-ons would mark me as a tourist.

After he returned in despair to Toronto, Maury and Linda were sitting peacefully in their room sipping wine and reading the Bill of Rights and the Constitution, when the door was broken open. Four men surrounded Maury with guns. "Don't shoot," he pleaded. They picked him up and carried him to a car, where they beat him over the head with truncheons.

They drove around with him for hours, questioning him and slapping him in the face when he refused to answer. At the Canadian border he was handed over to a U.S. agent, handcuffed, placed in jail, and returned to Manhattan. This kidnapping became the basis of Maury's unsuccessful appeal of his conviction.

His flight had occurred at the height of McCarthyism.

But it just didn't look right.

AT THE Rubell-Ballinzweig rallies, there were endless explanations of Maury's "flight from the fascists." They said that what had happened "would never be allowed to occur in the Soviet Union." Progressive historians and dialecticians explained it over and over, and Maury himself called it "the most traumatic event of my life," and said that he had acted irrationally because of the atmosphere of "intimidation and repression" against opponents of the Korean war.

The explanation that stuck came from the historian of the Case, Jim Bailer. Only he had read all the intelligence sources, he said. Only he had discovered the wonderful news that the Soviet Union had never once conducted espionage against the United States. The Soviets had told him personally that espionage was forbidden in the Soviet constitution. Then he presented the obvious parallel between Nazi Germany and America.

"Why did Maury flee from the truncheoned fascists, you ask? Should he have jus stood there and waited for the knock at the door?

"I had the special privilege after I was wounded in World War II to visit Dachau with the fabulous People's Singer, Paul Robeson, in 1945. In traveling from Munich to Dachau, we asked lots of people where the concentration camp was. Not one of them admitted they knew. This should tell us something about our fellow Americans who pretend not to know what is going on all about us here in America. When we got to the camp, the most significant experience for me was this: seeing the 'shower rooms' at the death chambers, where they put so many innocent victims, both politicals and Jews, to their death. There were nozzles on the ceilings. They thought they were going to be given normal showers. Instead gas came from hidden pipes on the ceiling. *Let us not be like those victims in Germany who went to their deaths not knowing what was happening. Let us be like Maury Ballinzweig.*"

In a public letter to Linda, Maury later wrote:

I am trying to conjure up memories of that time, yet I can remember the most trifling incidents of my life more easily. Whence the disparity?

The vacation—or "flight"—had many motivations. To see the land, to search out others—these too contributed a taste to the feast.

History entered, as it must: the Korean war, the witch hunts, fascism's imminence. Perhaps I was frightened of something, or thought I was.

Why did I apparently decide to opt for the experience of an "assumed" name? Why did I crave this particular experience more than once? Was I trying to hide something, and what could it have been?

Clearly there was some movement on my part toward anonymity. Was I on some level running away, or perhaps toward myself? Perhaps you, my wife, could contribute some wisdom to our understanding of these events.

Was I sympathetically projecting onto Solly's experience and did I fear the concept of hanging?

Put brutally: was there a cause for my behavior? What was it? Can one isolate in the maelstrom of being one simple cause in any case? This reduces life to simplistic levels, and is not my style at all.

DANIEL called Maury every Sunday night, trying to get him to agree to a second meeting. He lived in terror that Maury would see his article on the Case in the *Wall Street Journal*. He would call after taking a tranquilizer, a beer, and black coffee.

One Sunday in January, Maury told him that his mother had been mugged, and that he was proud of her for not identifying the mugger. Then he said perhaps he could see Daniel again in the springtime.

"I haven't been sleeping well since I saw you," Maury said.

"Maury, look, I want to see you again. I'm very shy. I don't want to push you—"

"Daniel, you don't have to—"

"Let me—"

"You don't have to! You don't have to! Really! I understand. Let's put it this way: the only chance I won't see you—" Maury paused, and out came a stream of laughter—"is if I go down to El Salvador!"

"Oh God."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Look, going to these places is my idea of having fun!"

"But—"

"I know, Daniel, but I'm trying to have fun!"

LINDA BALLINZWEIG had been impressed by Jack Henry Abbott. "These jailers who destroy people: they're the ones who are guilty for any murders that happen afterward," she said. "Look at the black people. They're robbed of everything before they are even born. They don't even get necessary nourishment in their mother's bellies. They're justified in whatever they do."

MAURY's early attempt to join the anti-fascist struggle on a politically mature level took him to Cats Paw, Georgia, on a dusty hot August day in 1941. Dressed in old khakis, sweatshirt, and sneakers, driving his beat-up Ford, he planned to melt into the local population. He carried two expensive cameras with him.

Several things bothered Maury immediately about the town: the accents of the people, which grated on him, bringing to mind reactionary viewpoints of the worst racists; and the curiosity of the townspeople toward him, which he didn't understand. Why did they stare at him? They were especially interested in his "German accent." He told them with a snort of contempt that he did not have one, and "obviously could not have one, since I was born in Brooklyn."

The young man checked into the Loveheart Tourist Home on Route 5. Then he walked into the Pevear flour mill and asked to see Mr. Pevear. He asked Pevear for permission to take pictures of the mill. He photographed the outside and inside of the mill and took close-ups of each piece of machinery. Then he headed for the Harris lumber mill, and asked the foreman where and how much of the lumber was being shipped. The foreman didn't reply. Maury asked if he could take pictures. The foreman told him to get permission from the owner. Within a few minutes, the foreman saw Maury snapping away, and assumed Maury had gotten permission. When Mr. Harris, the owner, saw Maury taking pictures, he did not know that Maury had been told to ask his permission.

Crowds gathered.

Maury tried to relax them by chatting about matters of general interest on a level they could understand. He asked one worker if there was a shortwave radio set in the town, and the man stammered he didn't know. "Well, can't you find out?" Maury said, and turned away. He asked a man who looked more enlightened, but the man walked away without replying and called the police. Maury said to a group who were looking at him, "Can you believe those English? Such incredible arrogance? In this day and age, with all those outmoded customs and mores?"

"What do you want here, mister?" one of the men asked.

"Basically, I have a deep interest in studying Tobacco Road country," Maury replied.

When the town was getting ready to arrest Maury, Pevear took him aside and told him that he was acting in a very peculiar way. Maury took out his Navy shipyard card and explained he was on vacation.

"But what does that have to do with your taking pictures of the mills?" Pevear said.

"I'm sorry I can't seem to satisfy you," Maury said. "Nobody seems to know anything," he continued. "The English go on acting like they own the world, and in my estimation they can't do anything right. Would you want to place your destiny in their hands?"

Maury walked off and entered a radio shop. He again asked about a shortwave radio, explaining he wanted to send a message.

Maury disappeared the next morning. When the FBI arrived, the landlady told them, raising her eyebrows, that the young stranger had received two special delivery letters and that he was carrying *one small bag.*

BEFORE meeting Maury, Daniel had spoken to anyone who was close to him: old Communists, a progressive historian. He traveled to Washington for the Freedom of Information files. He'd gone to a rally on Nicaragua on a steaming hot Sunday in Tompkins Square Park. Linda had mentioned the rally, and he thought Maury might be there and he could see what he looked like now. And there he was: an old man with a long white ponytail bobbing along with quick little steps bringing a Coke to the tall young blonde who towered over him.

THE progressive historian who knew Maury well had a cheery face. Yet when she spoke agitatedly in the dark room about the Hitler-Stalin pact, Daniel could swear a change took place—her face became redder and redder. Sweat poured down her; her cheeks hollowed out. He saw horns, and smoke.

"Maury was raised in a family of party people," she said. "His aunts were in positions of leadership: on the National Committee, chairmen of the Disciplinary Committee. From childhood on, as soon as he walked, as soon as he remembered, he was surrounded by the party. He still resents to this day the domination of his mother. When he got his first job in Chicago, she brought the dishes and the linen to his new apartment.

"She had a great contempt for her husband. Her family was important in the party. Her husband didn't have time, although he was a member, to be active. He ran the candy store, and he was there practically twenty hours a day. She played a strong activist role, and felt he wasn't active

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough—that he was a *yeshivah bocher* type, that he allowed himself to be pushed around. She thought Maury was from her side of the family, and that he identified with her.

"She was wrong. He loved his father, he treasured the memories of his father. When his father became ill, his mother put him in a home. Maury never forgave her for letting his father die there while he was in prison."

MAURY was too busy to see Daniel. Daniel phoned him every week. Maury had six, ten projects: to help improve the medical equipment in Vietnam—to attend the farewell dinner for the Vietnamese ambassador—rallies, demonstrations—"I met Abbie Hoffman for the first time at an affair for Nicaragua!" Peals of laughter. Why was this man laughing?

The months passed. On a spring day, a spy was arrested. When Daniel called him that night, he could barely recognize Maury's voice. It was minute, strangled, terrified. He did not understand why. Had the arrest brought back memories? Had Maury discovered Daniel's article? Was Maury afraid of *him*?

Yet that was the night Maury finally agreed to see him again. They agreed on "next Wednesday night." Maury called back. He was suddenly effervescent again. Was it to be that Wednesday or the following? Maury was delighted with "the ambiguity in the language." He rocked with laughter, and hung up howling.

ON WEDNESDAY night, Daniel walked through Harlem to Maury's house. He had left a goodbye note, just in case. Paranoia ran in his family. He felt sorrow for Maury; it almost outweighed his fear.

Daniel removed his shoes and put on Maury's slippers.

Maury said he felt upset that night. He looked much older, his hair frazzled. He sat scrunched up, his hands between his legs, peering downward. Daniel suddenly saw him in prison.

Maury talked again about his Social Security; he was afraid he would be getting less than he had expected. "How do you earn your living?" he asked.

"Freelance editing. Not much. Part-time teaching."

Daniel began. "You said you became a much more social person in prison."

"There's a real camaraderie," Maury said. "There was an escape attempt. Half the joint knew what was going on for months. That's how tight the thing is. . . . But even if I felt close to someone, for their own sake I kept aloof. It hurt me, especially with black people. One guy wanted to get even with a guy who fired me. But I said no. . . .

"I had the outside to keep me going. That was a stress inducer and a stress reducer. You go insane digging a ditch in your mind deeper and deeper into events that happened, going over and over them, with no way of breaking out. If it were analysis, okay; but it wasn't."

"You seem to be a happy person," Daniel said.

"I have to make up for those years. That's why I'm happy. In prison, you develop humanity. You see all these unfortunate people. You feel for them. My confrères opened up to me. We walked the yard and talked. I developed a radar. There's either an open loop when you speak with somebody or there's a servo loop—engineering terms—and you really listen to what they're saying. In college I was an open-loop person. I didn't listen. In prison I listened."

"But you call yourself primarily a political person."

"Yes. People unfortunately react with their hearts rather than their heads. The heart betrays. I strictly avoid self-sacrifice. In Argentina the bastards are getting the people's support. In England they support the bitch. We wouldn't have wars if people didn't respond that way."

Maury stretched his legs out before him. "Before prison I never really had a world view, a long view. It was through the heart, not the head. Linda was very political, even when I met her in 1940. So was Solly.

"In prison the government was testing me, trying to make me a witness. Why did I resist? I didn't feel pressure. It isn't in yourself to turn somebody in to save yourself."

He suddenly said, "You know, I can't get deeply involved with a 'personal' person."

"I guess that's me," Daniel said.

"I once wrote to the Metropolitan Opera radio host asking him to compare Tosca with Leonora: two women trying to help free their husbands from prison. Tosca uses womanly wiles to try to help her husband. Leonora turns into a boy, Fidelio, and succeeds in freeing hers.

"Apropos culture," Maury said, "I can't believe you hated *Reds*."

"Did I say that?"

"You said it. On the phone. You're an effete aesthete," he snapped. "I'm the radical, you're the liberal."

"But you couldn't tell what John Reed was motivated by."

"All right!" Maury shouted. "So you couldn't tell. Maybe Reed didn't know himself why he was doing what he was doing! So what?"

Maury sprang up and ran water into a glass. He paced around the room. He picked up a book. "Ever see this?" He showed Daniel Linda's book of poetry, *To My Beloved Prisoner*.

"No, I haven't."

"Two of the poems were to me. The others were to other people. This wasn't generally known at the time."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It must have hurt you, about Linda," Daniel said softly. Maury stiffened.

"That was our relationship. I was powerless. Under the circumstances any other way would have seemed more painful."

"When did she tell you?"

"About a year into it. Haven't you had extra-marital affairs?"

"No."

Maury was striking his hand against the chair. "Look, I don't believe in self-sacrifice. I was caught in a situation. I did not choose. They came to me with all these deals. They were not viable alternatives. She had alternatives, which would in no way take away from me. If I had faith in her, it would not take anything from me. If it hurt me, it was my own fault. It's because I'm too damn bourgeois."

"Did it hurt you?"

"Of course it hurt me."

Maury stood up and moved to a table. He took a framed picture from it and silently handed it to Daniel. It was Maury as a boy in Brooklyn, sitting on his father's lap. His father was smiling. Maury took the picture back and placed it on the table.

"You don't know where I'm coming from," he said after a silence. "You're too full of feeling—that's what I get from you. Feeling just works off guilt," he said with contempt.

Daniel said, "No one's more full of feeling than you."

"But I control it." Maury stood up. "I think that's it for today."

Daniel put on his shoes and coat.

Maury ripped Daniel's name off his bulletin board.

"*Farfallen*," he said.

"What does that mean?"

"The opportunity is lost."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rubinstein the Great Entertainer

Samuel Lipman

When Arthur Rubinstein died last December at the age of ninety-five, there was remarkably little feeling of loss in the musical community. As had been the case with his life, Rubinstein's death too seemed natural, another fulfillment of the kind which appeared (at least to onlookers) always to have been his lot.

Rubinstein enjoyed a long and splendid career. Born in 1887, he was before the public from the 1890's to the 1970's, a period beginning with the vigorous manhood of Claude Debussy and ending with the old age of John Cage. Despite this almost unparalleled longevity as a performer, he was never, even during the years of his phenomenal success, perceived as the world's greatest pianist. During the 1920's, for example, this title was shared by Josef Hofmann and Sergei Rachmaninoff; from the mid-1930's to the present day, the undisputed champion has been Vladimir Horowitz. And if the applicable title were to be not the world's greatest pianist but the world's greatest musician-pianist, the names of Artur Schnabel, Alfred Cortot, and Edwin Fischer would seem, for most music lovers, beyond compare.

Hofmann, Rachmaninoff, and Horowitz all belong to the class of virtuosi, those who astound by feats of dexterity, lightness, and elegantly applied force. Schnabel, Cortot, and Fischer are regarded as thinkers, those whose musical ideas are always prior to, and more interesting than, mere mechanical execution. Rubinstein, by contrast, did not astonish with his fingers, and he did not inspire with his mind. He did both less and more: he gave pleasure, he made his listeners happy—in a word, he entertained. Not only was this his claim to fame and riches, it is now his claim to our admiration.

The story of Rubinstein's life is to be found, no doubt often highly embroidered, in two marvelous volumes of memoirs, written in the 1970's when his failing eyesight and strength made further piano playing difficult.[1] These more than one thousand pages tell of a Jewish prodigy from Poland who managed, at the age of three, to impress the great violinist Joachim, friend and adviser to Brahms. From the age of ten, Rubinstein (under Joachim's guidance) studied in Berlin: piano with Heinrich Barth and theory with Max Bruch. He worked a bit with Paderewski, and, perhaps more important, received a notable *éducation sentimentale* from numerous women who were only too charmed by his extreme youth and passionate eagerness to please.

Almost out of his teens, Rubinstein began to concertize extensively, though not yet profitably. In 1906 he toured the United States, giving 75 concerts, not very successful, under the sponsorship of the Knabe Piano Company. Residence in Paris brought him into contact with the *jeunesse dorée*, and some of its aristocratic elders as well. Great names of society and music whizzed in and out of his life; he dined out much more often and more regularly than he practiced the piano. When he visited Poland, he hardly saw his family, choosing instead to pass the time in the great world of Warsaw. And wherever he lived, he was on a kind of dole.

Such a state of affairs was hardly tenable. In 1908, this creature, who had so clearly been born to gladden hearts, attempted suicide in Berlin, the scene of his dreary student days. The attempt itself—at least as he himself describes it—was farcical, but in his memoirs he adds bathos to farce as he tells what happened next:

> Then, half-consciously, I staggered to the piano and cried myself out in music. Music, my beloved music, the dear companion of all my emotions, who can stir us to fight, who can inflame in us love and passion, and who can soothe our pains and bring peace to our hearts—you are the one who, on that ignominious day, brought me back to life.

Beyond the self-indulgence, something important had happened. From this day forward, Rubinstein was the man we have always known: ". . . I discovered the secret of happiness and I still cherish it: Love life for better for worse, without conditions."

Though worldly success was still a few years off, Rubinstein was now ready to receive it. His musical reputation grew, as did his contacts with such famous artists as Leopold Godowsky, Pablo Casals, and Eugène Ysaye. In London, just before and during World War I, he laid the foundation for his later English triumphs. Indeed, it was in London in 1915 that Rubinstein received a concert offer which was to mark the beginning of fame and fortune: an invitation to play the Brahms D minor Concerto in San Sebastián.

Rubinstein came to Spain and conquered. In his memoirs he is characteristically frank in describing what happened in San Sebastián:

> The concert was not well attended; the theater was only half-filled. But my personal success, after this monumental and sober work, was absolutely sensational. No Saint-Saëns, no Liszt, no Chopin, had ever excited a public to that extent.

During the 1916-17 season he gave more than a hundred concerts in Spain. With this kind of success, it was hardly surprising that he soon

Samuel Lipman, Commentary's *regular music critic, is publisher of the* New Criterion, *a monthly cultural review.*

[1] *My Young Years* (1973) and *My Many Years* (1980).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

received an invitation to Argentina. There, and in the rest of South America, he scored a success even greater than in Spain.

For Rubinstein, the 1920's marked an extraordinary period in which he combined the life of an artist with that of a *boulevardier*. He immersed himself in the currents of modern art; he was a friend of the French *Les Six* and of Jean Cocteau, the major influence upon that group. He associated with, and played the music of, Karol Szymanowski, Poland's greatest 20th-century composer. He performed widely a piano transcription of Stravinsky's *Petrushka* which the composer himself had written for him. He became close to Manuel de Falla in Spain and to Heitor Villa-Lobos in Brazil, and he played their works all over the world. De Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance" from *El amor brujo* and, to a lesser extent, Villa-Lobos's short *Polichinelle* became Rubinstein's ubiquitous musical signature.

The 1920's also saw the beginnings of Rubinstein's prolific career as a maker of phonograph records.[2] In a remarkable display of constancy in this age of shifting commercial arrangements, the pianist spent more than a half-century with just two recording companies: first His Master's Voice in England, then passing on to its affiliate RCA when he became an American resident in the 1940's. It was his work in the recording studio, combined with the advent of Vladimir Horowitz as a virtuoso technician, that convinced Rubinstein that in performance he needed to do more than just give the spirit of a composition, letting the exact notes fall (as he always had) where they might.

In his personal life, too, Rubinstein was now ready to settle down. In 1932, this confirmed bachelor married a woman half his age. Aniela Mlynarska was the daughter of Emil Mlynarski, the foremost Polish conductor of the day. She provided Rubinstein with a family —they eventually had four children—and the kind of social stability he craved. The ensuing fifty years were a whirlwind of concerts and tours, of elegant homes on both coasts of the United States and in Paris, of endless supplies of wine, song, and lobster, if not (as before) women.

Rubinstein continued to play almost into his nineties. Indeed, it seemed that his appetite for playing, and his strength to indulge the appetite, grew as he himself grew older. In the mid-1950's, for instance, in a series of five concerts repeated in Paris, London, and New York, he played again seventeen of the concertos he had done over the years: works by Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Schumann, Mozart, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Rachmaninoff, Franck, Grieg, and de Falla. In just a single concert he would do both Brahms concertos or three Beethoven concertos. In 1961, he gave a series of ten solo recitals in New York, playing different pieces on each program.

His last concert was a benefit at Wigmore Hall in London in April 1976. Once again, his memoirs sum up both the moment and his retrospective feelings about it:

> As for myself, it was a symbolic gesture; it was in this hall that I had given my first recital in London [in 1912] and playing there for the last time in my life made me think of my whole career in the form of a sonata. The first movement represented the struggles of my youth, the following andante [stood] for the beginning of a more serious aspect of my talent, a scherzo represented well the unexpected great success, and the finale turned out to be a wonderful moving end.

NOW THAT Rubinstein is dead, it is at last possible to assess his achievement as an artist. No one will dispute that his audiences enjoyed his concerts. But there is a deeper question to be answered: just how well did Rubinstein play?

Perhaps the best place to begin is with some of the numerous and widely available stereo LP recordings Rubinstein made for RCA during the 1950's, 1960's, and 1970's. There are something like one hundred of them, and they cover, with few exceptions, the repertory he played during his lifetime. Here are most of the great romantic concertos and many of the classical works for piano and orchestra; here too are almost all the solo works of Chopin, several of the most popular Beethoven sonatas, some of the most important solo works of Schumann, and a smattering of the earlier 20th-century music Rubinstein played not out of duty but out of liking. And there are numerous examples here of chamber music for piano and strings, a genre which Rubinstein cultivated even at the times of his busiest concert activity.

Listening to these records *en masse* does make clear just what—in addition to Rubinstein's infectiously ebullient stage personality—gave his audiences so much pleasure. In his records, one always hears clearly articulated melodies, proudly carried high above their pianistic background. Yet these records also bear out Rubinstein's reputation among musicians: rarely do the performances seem unique documents either of pure piano-playing or of compelling cerebration.

The records are at their weakest, it seems to me, in performances of pre-Romantic music. Rubinstein's approach to Mozart, as demonstrated in his concerto recordings, is heavy, often wayward in articulation, and immensely dutiful. It is of some significance, too, that the orchestral background (most likely at Rubinstein's choice) is romantically sweet and overly full of feeling, rather than classically energetic and astringent as is required if the solo part is to be heard in proper context.

As for Rubinstein's recordings of the Beethoven concertos, of which the 1960's set with Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony and the 1970's set with Daniel Barenboim and the London Philharmonic are both currently available, they offer clear examples of how far a pianist can go by knowing how the music ought to sound, even if the physical ability necessary to implement this conception is rapidly waning. Not surprisingly, the earlier set, made when the pianist was "only" in his mid-seventies, seems somewhat fresher and less tenuous; the latter, made more than a decade later, suggests the "shipwreck" that Charles de Gaulle called old age.

---

[2] Material has recently come to light, through a letter by James Methuen-Campbell in the April 1983 *Gramophone*, suggesting that Rubinstein made at least one disc for a Polish company around 1910. This record, of the Liszt Twelfth Rhapsody and the Strauss *Blue Danube* Waltz, is in the possession of the Polish Radio, whence it will doubtless emerge on some appropriate state occasion.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are painful documents, not least because of the listener's constant awareness of an intensely captivating personality here defeated by infirmity.

On records as in concert, Rubinstein shied away from the late Beethoven sonatas (though in his much younger days he did play the Sonata in B flat major, opus 106, the "Hammerklavier"). But he did often play such earlier works as the *Pathétique* (C minor, opus 13) and the "Appassionata" (F minor, opus 57). His early 1960's recordings of these works, though technically adequate, seem cautious by comparison both with his reputation as a firebrand and with his 1950's recordings of the same works. For those used to the performances of Beethoven specialists, Rubinstein's approach will inevitably seem decorative, as if he were bemused by the local beauties of the music rather than concerned to communicate the strong bones of Beethoven's structures.

RUBINSTEIN was renowned during his American heyday as a Brahms interpreter, and those fortunate enough to have heard him play the B flat Concerto in concert as late as 1960 will recall the magisterial approach he brought to this work. A 1959 recording with Josef Krips and the RCA Symphony Orchestra and a 1960 concert recording with Witold Rowicki and the Warsaw Philharmonic demonstrate not only how completely Rubinstein identified with this style, at once knotty and luxuriantly romantic, but also how well its technical problems were under his control even as he grew older. By contrast, his last recording of the piece, with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra about 1970, though pianistically vastly superior to his final Beethoven concerto efforts, can be no more than a souvenir for those who remember the artist in earlier and better days.

One of the most attractive features of Rubinstein's Brahms playing was his characteristically rich, deep tone, simultaneously tender and strong. In his concerts, this tone was always in the forefront; though it did not always survive in reproduction on modern records, it can be heard in the numerous short solo pieces of Brahms recorded by Rubinstein in the early days of stereo. The same tone remains in evidence in the pianist's discs of Schumann, which include the famous A minor Concerto (with Carlo Maria Giulini and the Chicago Symphony) and such solo pieces as the Carneval, the Fantasiestücke opus 12, and the Symphonic Etudes. Here, on 1960's stereo issues, there is much to admire in sensitivity and the sheer ability to make melodies and harmonies easily discernible by the listener; yet these performances too seem to suffer from a certain digital lethargy, as if the pianist were having trouble getting his fingers and hands up from the keys quickly enough to provide the necessary space between the notes.

THROUGHOUT his American career, Rubinstein was most famous as a Chopinist. His Chopin repertory was enormous, and he drew on it often in his recitals. He recorded Chopin in quantity three times: first on 78-RPM for HMV in England during the 1930's, then for RCA on mono LP in the 1950's, and then finally on stereo (again for RCA) in the late 1950's and early 1960's. Many of these last records, including the Barcarolle, the Ballades, both Concertos, the Mazurkas, the Nocturnes, the Polonaises, both major Sonatas, and the Waltzes, are still easily available; together they give a coherent picture of Rubinstein's Chopin playing at the end of his career.

That picture is essentially ruminative, gentle, often introverted, and also often backward in rhythmic impetus. The Chopin presented by the later Rubinstein is a poet rather than a virtuoso, a self-reflecting musician rather than the heroic lion of the keyboard. This essentially miniaturist approach, in Rubinstein's hands, is capable of producing many felicities; on occasion, as in the Impromptus and the Berceuse, or in the quieter Mazurkas and Nocturnes, it is decidedly effective. But when the music is itself on a larger canvas, as in the Barcarolle and the Polonaises, we are reminded all too often that what we are hearing is an old man's Chopin, a musical suit cut to fit the cloth of necessary caution.

Even where Rubinstein evidently decides to gamble, to push his fingers beyond their comfortable competence, as in the later recordings of the two Chopin concertos, the result is forced and artificially brilliant; the whole somehow suggests those reproductions of paintings in which special care has been taken to make the colors seem bright and compelling. There is a great difference between this kind of straining after survival and the true art of concerto playing which properly consists in the soloist's constantly shaping the entire performance, including that of often unresponsive orchestras and conductors. To do this requires a kind of forcefulness Rubinstein clearly no longer possessed.

Enough has been said here to paint the essential outlines of the Rubinstein we can now hear in stereo. His recordings of later music, including the Rachmaninoff C minor Concerto, the Paganini Rhapsody, and the Tchaikowsky B flat major Concerto, are still in the catalogues. The late recording of the Rachmaninoff C minor with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia is notey and tame, altogether inferior to the earlier stereo version (still available) with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago. The Paganini Rhapsody (again with Reiner and the Chicago) is a not very satisfactory account of a score Rubinstein learned relatively late in his life and with which he always had technical trouble. The Tchaikowsky, with Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston, is a routine account of a work which Rubinstein's arch-rival Vladimir Horowitz made peculiarly his own (in recordings with Toscanini).

If the 1960 performance of the Brahms B flat Concerto is a magisterial document, then one side of a disc containing excerpts from the ten-concert series in New York in 1961 is a document both of the intimate Rubinstein and of Rubinstein the performer of 20th-century music. On this record, no longer available, the pianist plays twelve *Visions Fugitives* (from opus 22) of Prokofiev and the *Próle do Bébé* Suite (1918) by Villa-Lobos. His playing treats every note with seriousness, commitment, and, above all, with a plentiful fancy; the result is delectable, and sad too, in its way: still more evidence, if more were needed, of the fundamentally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wrong road taken by piano music sometime after the 1920's.

IT GOES without saying that in the last two decades of his life Arthur Rubinstein played magnificently for a man of his age; it also goes without saying that his audiences, to the very end, were conscious of receiving full value. If such factors were all that were relevant in the making of musical judgments, then Rubinstein's career could now be seen as having reached its greatest triumph at its close.

But more is involved than an audience memory of Arthur Rubinstein, even though that memory is one of pleasure. Although there once was a time when all that was left of an artist's reputation after his death lay secreted in the fading and inaccurate memories of concert-goers, now everything is different. Proof of that difference has been the very fact that I have been able to examine Rubinstein's playing not just memory by memory, but by listening to note after note. It is the phenomenon of sound recording which has made this difference; and it is the enormously prestigious Rubinstein recorded archive which requires us to take his playing seriously.

For these recordings are now widely taken as imperishable documents of an authentic tradition; as such, they will continue to shape the expectations and perceptions of audiences. Because this is the way such music is supposed to sound, this is the way audiences will want it to sound. As far as young performers (and their teachers) are concerned, it can be put crassly: here is what succeeded. With this model as a guide, others too may find fame and fortune at the keyboard.

Lest this seem cynical, consider the extent to which today's pianists, regardless of age, sound old; indeed, the present generation of musicians has turned the adage "wise beyond one's years" into anything but a compliment. Among pianists, outbursts of brilliance are too often seen as proof of immaturity and unmusicality; every fast tempo and forceful dynamic scheme is taken as a sign of insensitivity. What is the antidote to these artistic shortcomings? Listen to the great, students are told.

Given the synthetic character of creative musical life today, it would be quixotic to ask that audiences and musicians cease listening to recordings. And as for music criticism, whatever else it might or might not be able to do, it can hardly be expected to inspire originality. Critics have little choice but to make distinctions, to point out better and worse. Fortunately, such an act of discrimination is possible in the case of Arthur Rubinstein, for in addition to the records I have been discussing, there is another kind of playing to be heard from this pianist.

I refer to Rubinstein's earlier recordings. By earlier I do not, for the most part, mean his mono LP discs, or even the many 78's he made in this country during the 1940's. Despite the presence among those recordings of several excellent performances—in particular chamber music with Heifetz and Feuermann (later Piatigorsky) and both the *Symphonie Concertante* and the first four Mazurkas of Szymanowski—Rubinstein's playing on them often sounds hard and brittle, as if he were attempting to give a perfect performance for the microphone.

Such, indeed, may well have been the case. Much has been made, correctly, of the chilling effect that the meteoric rise of Vladimir Horowitz had on Rubinstein's perception of his own technical abilities; too little has been said in this connection of the pianist's own thoughts on the impact of the phenomenon of recording. In the second volume of his memoirs, describing his life in Paris just before the outbreak of World War II, Rubinstein writes:

> My readers will certainly be astonished that now I seem to barely mention my music making and my concerts, but to describe long tours, concert by concert with detailed programs, is utterly impossible. All I can say now is that my playing improved considerably, mainly due to the fact that the American public was more demanding than any other, and also to my recordings, which had to be note-perfect and inspired. The result was that I learned to love practicing and to discover new meanings in the works I performed.

But *did* Rubinstein's playing improve? The answer—coming, as it can only come, from recordings of this period—must be no. For a reasonably large body exists of Rubinstein recordings made at a still earlier moment, on European if not on American labels; and this body of recordings from before the late 1930's provides eloquent testimony that Arthur Rubinstein was once a supremely great pianist, with a supremely interesting and exciting personal approach to music.

PERHAPS the earliest of Rubinstein's HMV records was a disc he made in 1928 of the Schubert Impromptu in A flat major (D. 899, 4) and the Chopin Waltz, again in A flat major, opus 34, no. 1.[3] The Schubert is searchingly musical and pianistically magnificent; comparison with the later and now standard recordings of Fischer and Schnabel suggests that only Schnabel was in Rubinstein's league as a Schubert player. The Chopin is by turns tender, gay, and brilliant; the technical mastery Rubinstein possessed at this time is made startlingly clear in his ability to play difficult decorative figures at extreme speed and with exemplary clarity.

The next record in the HMV numbering series is the Chopin Barcarolle.[4] Not only is this performance distinguished by a piano tone beautiful even for Rubinstein (in his memoirs, we are told that it was done on a Blüthner rather than the more likely Steinway or Bechstein); it also brings together, on a large scale, the same combination of insight and virtuosity the pianist shows in the Schubert and Chopin "miniatures." Here, in the grandest romatic music, is freedom elevated to the rank of order. And on a purely mechanical level, informed ears will hear on this disc remarkable trills, octaves, and runs.

The next year Rubinstein made a record of his—and his audience's—beloved Spanish music.[5] *Navarra* and *Sevilla* of Albeniz are authentic crowd pleasers, and they are also tests both of a pianist's rhythmic

[3] DB 1160; currently available on LP as EMI Electrola 1C 151-03 244/5.

[4] DB 1161; available during the 1960's as EMI Odeon QALP 10363 (Italy).

[5] DB 1257; EMI Electrola 1C 151-03 244/5.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense and of his ability to play dense chordal masses at great speed without heaviness. Rubinstein succeeds magnificently, and one's pleasure in the gorgeous color and ease he brings to this music is hardly diminished by the liberties he takes in the *Navarra* with the exact text Albeniz prescribed.

On the next record of Rubinstein issued by HMV at this time,[6] we find an unlikely combination: the Brahms *Capriccio* in B minor, opus 76, no. 2, and the Debussy Prelude from Book I, *La Cathédrale engloutie*. Each performance is completely in the character of the music it presents, and one scarcely knows which to admire more, the yoking of a serious approach with a light piano tone in the Brahms or the bell-like clarity of the sonorities in the Debussy.

BECAUSE Rubinstein had made no prior recordings with orchestra, perhaps the greatest interest attaches to his discs of the Brahms B flat Concerto made in 1929 (or 1930: the memoirs are unclear on the matter).[7] He seems to have been uncomfortable during the recording sessions, because he was physically separated from the conductor, Albert Coates, with whom in any case he had had no chance to rehearse. Rubinstein wanted the takes destroyed, and one can understand his reasons: he plays wrong notes galore, and the orchestra (the London Symphony) is hardly first-class. But the performance is still extraordinary; Rubinstein plays without caution, as if in full confidence of his ability to get the keys down properly without taking individual aim at each one. There is no point in looking to this recording for the ultimate in realized perfection; there is every reason to cite it as an example of that pianistic attitude of risk and force which must underlie concerto playing.

Much has been written about Rubinstein's 1931 recording of the Chopin F minor Concerto with John Barbirolli and the London Symphony Orchestra;[8] it is enough here to remark that, for those fortunate to own the original 78's or to have access to the LP reissue, it still sets the standard for richness of tone and intimate force of conception. The recording, probably made the next year, of the Brahms Sonata in D minor for violin and piano, in which Rubinstein appears with his Polish compatriot Paul Kochanski,[9] is an extraordinary example of chamber-music playing. Kochanski, sadly an under-recorded violinist, plays beautifully; Rubinstein is able to make soft piano phrases clear without drowning his partner out.

Rubinstein's recording of the *Triana* of Albeniz (again, as with the *Navarra*, in his own version)[10] maintains the caliber of his achievement in Spanish music; three Villa-Lobos pieces on the other side of this disc document not just wonderfully attractive music, but also the incredible hand coordination Rubinstein deployed at this time. It is difficult to praise too highly his 1932 recording of all the Chopin Scherzos[11] and the 1934-35 discs of the complete Polonaises.[12] In their combination of power and beauty they are unrivalled. Exceptional among these performances are those of the B minor Scherzo and the two famous Polonaises, the so-called "Military" in A major and the "Heroic" in A flat major. Whether one fastens upon the passage work, the repeated chords, the rapid left-hand octaves, or just the sustained *cantilena*, here is a summit of Chopin playing and of piano playing altogether.

One recording from this period remains to be mentioned. As I suggested earlier, we have grown to associate the Tchaikowsky Concerto in B flat minor with the name of Horowitz; his supercharged performances with Toscanini seem about as far as human capacities can go in the direction of icy brilliance, breakneck excitement, and the extremes of strength and speed. Rubinstein, however, made a recording of this work almost a decade before Horowitz;[13] done with Barbirolli and the London Symphony, it was a great seller before (though not after) the first Horowitz album appeared in 1941.

Rubinstein's performance of the Tchaikowsky on this early recording is lighter than Horowitz's. Only a little, if at all, slower, it is not so relentlessly driven, and it is a good deal more "romantic." Indeed, instead of the Horowitz excitement, Rubinstein supplies sentiment. Today, after a generation of pianistic attempts to imitate Horowitz's daggerlike fingers, it would seem that Rubinstein's more luxuriant approach wears rather better.

THESE early records, taken together, go a long way toward explaining Rubinstein's success in the concert hall. He provided technique, daring, emotion, tenderness, power, all in about equal measure. Fortunately, evidence of just what he did supply in concert (rather than in the studio) can be found on recordings made live without subsequent editing. In this regard, two performances from the 1940's stand out. They are both of concertos: one, from 1944, of the Beethoven C minor with Toscanini and the NBC Symphony,[14] and the other, from 1947, of the Chopin E minor with Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic.[15]

Here, collaborating with great conductors and orchestras, Rubinstein does indeed prove himself the supreme entertainer among pianists —not because he was a show-off in the manner of a Pavarotti, but because he brought the culture of a great musician to the pleasurable re-creation of the greatest art. Though he gladly accepted the love and homage of the audience, he gave in return an authentic experience of the highest culture of the 19th century. That he did this for so many, and for so many years, is proof enough that in calling him an entertainer one is not denigrating him, but rather raising him far above the pack of applause-mongers whom music-lovers know today as "stars."

---

6 DB 1258; available on EMI Electrola IC 151-03 244/45.

7 D 1746/60; available on Supraphon 1010 2856.

8 DB 1494/7; available on EMI Dacapo 1C 053-10172.

9 DB 1728/30.

10 DB 1762; available on EMI Odeon QALP 10363 (Italy).

11 DB 1915/8; available on EMI Electrola 1C 187-50 357/8.

12 DB 2493/500; available on EMI Electrola 1C 187-50 357/8.

13 DB 1731/4.

14 RCA DM 1016 (78 RPM).

15 Bruno Walter Society BWS 740 (private recording).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aharon Appelfeld, Survivor

Ruth R. Wisse

In the twenty-five years of near-silence following the destruction of European Jewry in World War II, those who managed to survive must often have wondered whether anyone but they would remember their trial. As they assembled memorial volumes bearing the names of their vanished communities, and erected monuments to the dead in local graveyards, they must occasionally have expressed a wish to hear some echo of their own remembrance among writers and organizations in the Jewish community at large and in the world beyond. Ghetto commemorations in those years, even when they were held in large halls, seemed to be taking place in basements or bunkers.

Anyone who attended such events in the early postwar years can also testify that there were serious differences of emphasis among the mourners, sometimes to the point of open friction. Arguments from the podium were not uncommon, and sponsoring groups sometimes split away from one another when their differences became too great for resolution. While some of the quarrels were over issues of high principle, most amounted to continuations of the same infighting among political factions that had existed before and during the war. When official spokesmen would appear on behalf of the organized community, offering fraternal condolences in English, voices would cry down from the balconies: "Speak Yiddish! The language of the martyrs!" Although such contentiousness interfered with the mood of collective sorrow, it was nonetheless inevitable. The solemnity of these occasions demanded strict supervision over what was being solemnized.

During the past decade, as everybody knows, neglect has given way to widespread interest in the Holocaust. Whatever the aesthetic or historical merit of the various memorial projects that have been undertaken, they are certainly preferable in their sum to forgetting. But one thing that is obscured by the neuter and rather abstract term, Holocaust, is the fact that every such project, every such work of art, is an act of interpretation, whether its creators know it or not, and perhaps especially when they do not. The attempt of the Polish government to use the fortieth anniversary of the uprising in the Warsaw ghetto as a cosmetic advertisement for its "human face" is the most egregious recent example of political exploitation of the Holocaust. But there are other forms of exploitation as well. Each Holocaust "work" is a comment upon its subject, and it is seldom the kind of comment that the dead would have wished upon themselves. Just as whole generations of Jewish women, for whom modesty was among the highest human virtues, have been condemned to permanent public display in photographs of their final naked walk to the gas chambers, and have become pornographic exhibits in the museum of death, so those who have waited so long to see their experience acknowledged may now realize how little control they have over what shall be said of it.

These reflections have some bearing on the work of the Hebrew writer Aharon Appelfeld, this year's winner of the Israel Prize for Literature, whose reputation in the United States was established by two translated novels, *Badenheim 1939* (1980) and *The Age of Wonders* (1981), both greeted with very high praise by American critics. Now his latest book, *Tsili: The Story of a Life*,* has appeared in English even before its publication as a book in Israel.

Appelfeld survived World War II as a child. Born in 1932 in the city of Czernowitz, then Rumania, now part of the USSR, he was sent with his family to a concentration camp from which he managed to escape. He spent the war hiding in the countryside, keeping what he calls the sweet secret of his Jewishness, while trying to survive exposure to the elements and to hunters of Jews. In 1944 he joined up with the Soviet army as a field cook, then made his way to Italy with a small tide of refugees, and from there, in 1946, to Palestine. Though he learned Hebrew only at this point in his life, he writes exclusively in his adopted language, and is known as one of its distinctive stylists.

Appelfeld's short stories and novels are concerned with the effect of the war on the assimilated Jews of his boyhood milieu. His work is classified as Holocaust literature because of its subject matter and because of the sense of doom that presses down on most of his characters even when they temporarily manage to elude their earthly predators, yet Appelfeld's writings are actually more engaged with the world into which he was born than with the forces that determined its extinction. Like Kafka, the writer with whom he is often compared and to whom he acknowledges a major debt, Appelfeld knew anti-Semitism from the inside, from the anti-Jewishness of his own home, before he encountered it in society, and it is this initial discovery that has remained the more decisive. The hostility of outsiders appeared to be almost proper retribution for the spiritual meanness of his assimilating family.

Among Appelfeld's first published

Ruth R. Wisse, *whose articles and reviews appear regularly in these pages, teaches Yiddish literature at McGill University.*

* Translated by Dalya Bilu, Dutton, 185 pp., $12.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stories in the early 1960's were disturbing studies of surviving Jews, tiny grouplets of people who had managed to elude their pursuers. "Right after the war, great opportunities opened up," says the narrator of a story in which the characters are recuperating in a Displaced Persons camp near the Mediterranean before choosing the direction of their future. The heavy irony grows from page to page as the aspirations of these Jews reveal the depth of their deprivation. A man who has sheltered an orphaned girl for years in the forest now signs her over to a convent so that he can run off without encumbrance; he is invited by a friend to find compensation for this treachery in the notion that there the girl will learn French. The lure of "opportunity" thus turns out to be the same formula for assimilation that had corrupted Jewish life before the war; no sooner have the Jews survived the Nazi danger than they willingly return to the poisoned well.

Appelfeld conceives of this period after the war as a kind of wilderness, through which the Jews must pass before they can reach the promised land. Many fall away. As in the biblical story, the people are so badly demoralized that few who have escaped bondage are able to live in freedom. The refugees are sick and wounded. Epidemics rage. The starving are unable to adjust to the sudden glut of food, and die on the threshold of their resumed lives. Worse than the body's failures are the weaknesses of spirit. The only remnant of traditional Judaism is the occasional madman preaching repentance. Except for one or two miraculous recoveries of nerve, the straggling survivors show signs of moral infection that appear to be beyond human cure.

Speech is a central problem. One of Appelfeld's narrators loses his voice the moment the cover is lifted off the bunker in which he has been hiding. Another, recuperating in the hospital, wants to find an unwounded writer to record other people's stories as well as his own "with the kind of detachment that makes observation possible." Appelfeld's characteristic narrator has an extinguished or muted personality, and moves somnambulistically as if afraid that his assumed equanimity will at any moment be shaken.

THE dreamlike quality of Appelfeld's fiction is immediately palpable in *Badenheim 1939*, the book that introduced the author to English readers. The novel opens as spring returns to the Austrian resort town of Badenheim, bringing with it the vacationers who form the basis of its economy. Townspeople and visitors have established over the years a routine of mutual accommodation. But this year, even as the guests begin to arrive, ominous changes are noted. The pharmacist's wife, the novel's Cassandra, has been having hallucinatory visions about the miserable fate of her daughter who has married a Gentile, and about her native Poland which beckons her to return home. Her husband gradually recognizes the logic of these premonitions as the "Sanitation Department" extends its jurisdiction into many areas of once unassailable privacy, requiring that all Jews, permanent residents as well as visitors, be registered.

The Badenheimers, however, have reached such a remote stage of acculturation that some of them have never even been recognized as Jews; the drama of their progressive unmasking is like the prolonged climax of a successful masquerade. Throughout the summer, as the town adjusts to every new discriminatory measure, the Jews, one by one, reluctantly or persuaded by an inner logic, accept the condition that has been forced upon them, and which culminates in their "return to Poland." By the time the trains come to gather everyone up, some of the reconstructed Jews are even looking forward to the New Jerusalem they hope to find on Polish soil.

The book's English title signals its prevailing mood of predestination (the original, with subtler irony, is called *Badenheim, Resort Town*). As if to underscore the element of frivolous self-deception in the whole process of Jewish assimilation, the characters are enclosed in their hotel as in a great amusement center. They are the spectators, the stagehands, and the entertainers; only the script is being written by higher powers. For so long the Jews had expressed their appreciation of European culture through dedicated participation in its high artistic forms. Now their German-Austrian hosts have rewarded them by casting them in the leading roles of this year's drama, to be performed (like the passion play at Oberammergau) with the whole town's cooperation. In Appelfeld's novel they are good actors, playing to perfection the part of the compliant Jews.

One reviewer of this novel, in pointing to the Jews' creative embrace of their function and to the spiritual verve with which they bring the drama to its conclusion, has praised Appelfeld for imbuing grim historical events with a real sense of artistic decorum, a *commedia dell'arte* charm. It is certainly true that the reader, if he does not derive actual pleasure, is spared undue pain from this stylized work of fiction whose plot is known in advance and whose characters all seem to accept its ineluctable denouement. The final image, of Jews sucked into trains "as easily as grains of wheat poured into a funnel," leaves a lulling sadness, but no sharper emotion—no moral outrage, no disquieting hatred of the murderers, no panic about the human condition. The novel, like its characters, succumbs to the Germans and Austrians as if they were fate itself. It suggests that the return to Poland in cattle cars was implicit in the initial attempts of Westernizing Jews to transcend their identity, and that the best of them *accepted* the ironic reversal that restored them to their origins. In this way *Badenheim 1939* spares its readers any confrontation with history, a process determined by the choices of living persons.

Though one can see why Appelfeld's narrative scheme of fatal entrapment has been compared to Kafka, there is none of Kafka's mystery here, nor any of his metaphysical doubt. Kafka's view of incomprehensible authority arose from within himself, and was then projected outward; Appelfeld comes at writing from quite the opposite direction, taking the real terror imposed from without by real human

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forces and internalizing it, thereby further obscuring its origins and meaning.

The Age of Wonders is a less controlled and more complex novel. The narrative is divided into two sections: the first deals with the period immediately preceding the war, as remembered by the young son of an assimilated Jewish family in Austria, whom one cannot help associating with the author; the second recounts a visit by this son, the sole surviving member of his family and now a resident of Jerusalem, to his native town "many years later when everything was over." In between has occurred the metamorphosis that accounts for the "wonders" of the title.

The novel traces the remorseless pressure of anti-Semitism in the late 1930's upon a family that is ill-equipped to understand or to escape it. Under Nazism, the boy and his mother—expelled from an idyllic summer retreat—become aware of the meaning of their identity. The boy's father, who had just begun to attain some recognition as a writer, is set upon in print by anonymous critics, and is gradually cut off from all his cultural outlets. This is the more unbearable to him since he shares in the general hostility to Jews, of whose evil and unpleasant ways he considers himself free.

The fate of the mother's depressive sister, Theresa, casts a long shadow over the first part of the book. Confined to a sanatorium-convent, she is deeply attracted to Christianity, but this does not slow her slide into insanity and eventual death. Neither does the father escape, though he leaves his family in the attempt to do so; he is not rounded up with his wife and son and all the other Jews of the town for deportation, but eventually he is caught, and only the manner of his death remains uncertain.

The son's return to his native Knospen many years after the war is inspired by an unwelcome invitation to help in the republication of his father's work. The unchanged physical nature of the town, filled with so many familiar landmarks, leaves him unprepared for the difference he finds. He does meet among the townspeople a small group of Jewish "half-breeds," including the illegitimate daughter of one of his uncles, yet he feels utterly alone. Then, at the very end of his stay, he makes real contact with one of the few local residents he still remembers from his childhood. This bitter old cripple allows the returning son to confront the past and warns him to get out of town, and to stop stirring up the old demons. "My hatred for the Jews knows no bounds," he says with proud malice. Although the old man has fallen to the ground and is lying there helpless, the Jew hits him in the face at this provocation and replies, "Now it will be easier for you." Having performed this act of purgation, he returns at peace to Jerusalem.

THE ontological condition of this book is anti-Semitism, and one can think of few such thorough descriptions of its spread among Jews themselves. The boy's father is the purest example:

> Strange—Father was not angry with the friends who had abandoned him, the many societies that had stopped inviting him to their meetings. He was angry with the Jewish petite bourgeoisie. He spent his time writing pamphlets attacking the Jewish petite bourgeoisie, saying that they should be stamped out because they were selfish, narrow-minded, and lacking in true feeling. This was now his sole, burning, means of expression.

The boy, grown to a man, avenges his father by a peculiar act of definition: if six million corpses were not enough to satisfy the anti-Semite's hatred, the Jew can at least refuse to play the complementary role of the self-hater. So he slaps his enemy, returning the aggression where it belongs. But he cannot slap his father for the inglorious and ugly legacy he has been given, nor can he free himself from its oppressiveness. "His father, his father—the wound that never healed."

Unfortunately, Appelfeld himself cannot seem to get beyond this point, which may be summed up, in this reading, as the disgraceful Jewish desire to shed an unwanted Judaism in favor of all that once appeared so much grander: liberal, post-Romantic idealism; the mystical intensity of Christianity; the unexceptional bliss of a European bourgeois existence free of anti-Semitic persecution and history. Yet was it, finally, the desire that was venal, or the forces that first encouraged hope and then brutally denied it? *The Age of Wonders* ends with a view of the Jews filtered through a corner of the same anti-Semitic lens that first distorted their own view of themselves.

It is odd to read this novel alongside the recent *Memoirs of an Anti-Semite* by the German-language writer Gregor von Rezzori,* who, like Appelfeld, comes from Czernowitz and is similarly obsessed by his childhood in that rich but troubled meeting point of European cultures. The five interconnected episodes of Rezzori's book present vivid portraits of Jews who have stirred the narrator's envy, lust, and the kind of passion that is alternately love and hate. His title notwithstanding, Rezzori tells us little about anti-Semitism and a great deal about the Jews. His narrator, an "ideal" anti-Semite, is inspired by the intensity of his absorption to observe every nuance and gesture, and as a result his portraits of the Jewish boy and of the several Jewish women who challenge his youth and spur him on to manhood are brilliantly fresh, without a trace of the morbidity and retroactive premonition that weigh down most other accounts of Jews in the period between the two world wars. Rezzori's self-avowed emotional involvement with his characters produces an extraordinarily zestful memoir, one in which Jews are imagined in their full objective autonomy as persons. In contrast to Appelfeld, Rezzori succeeds in portraying Jews who remain gloriously untouched by, indeed triumphant over, the curse of shame which the narrator would visit upon them. Ironically, if one had the choice, one would far sooner be a Jew in his fictional world than in Appelfeld's.

IN *Tsili*, the latest of Appelfeld's

* Viking, 1981.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novels, the author seems to want to take a somewhat more affirmative view of his subject: rather than the sorry disintegration of the European Jewish collectivity, he treats the survival of a single worthy individual. The main character, Tsili, is a slow-witted girl, resilient and good-tempered but without the verbal facility and intelligence that are considered characteristic of the Jews and that are indeed characteristic of her highly assimilated and ambitious parents and of her studious brothers and sisters. So hopelessly inferior is Tsili that her parents engage a tutor from the nearby village to teach her Jewish prayers: she may as well know *something*. When the war breaks out, the family flees, leaving Tsili to her fate.

The book takes its revenge on this family. All but Tsili disappear, presumably forever, while she alone adapts successfully to the ensuing animal hunt. Her plain instinct for survival teaches her to endure the brutality of those who take her in as a servant in the winter rains, and to forage independently during the summer when she has no need for human shelter. One day she meets a stray Jew, whose way of speaking reminds her of her clever brothers and sisters at home. His gray flabbiness is as repulsive to her as her peasant strength is appealing to him. She instructs him in the mountain life, but as soon as he is sufficiently strong he is drawn back down to the people in the plain, and disappears. Tsili is left pregnant with his child and with a few remembered sentences that she holds precious.

As the war ends, Tsili joins the flow of refugees westward, survives the loss of her baby, and prepares to board a ship for Palestine. In the final pages of the book the company of callous, isolated refugees is addressed thunderously by Zionist organizers, whose words are as incomprehensible and inappropriate as were the injunctions of Tsili's parents in the beginning. Nonetheless, though the words remain beyond her understanding, Tsili has rejoined the Jewish people. She has come through the war alone, intact.

This story of a life is told in a spare manner, as if adjusted to the limited mentality of its heroine. In its partisan sympathy for the simpleton over the worldly wise, it corresponds in form to many well-known folk tales. In Jewish folklore, Tsili may be considered a female version of the *tam*, the character of limited intelligence who is at a particular disadvantage in a community that places such value on learning and brilliance but who nevertheless triumphs in the end over those older and smarter. As the narrative structure suggests, Tsili wins a victory not so much over her would-be Nazi destroyers (unnamed and remote) as over those who in their hubris belittled her ability and were themselves destroyed.

Tsili is also reminiscent of one of Appelfeld's earliest fictional heroines, a slightly retarded girl named Kitty who in the story bearing her name is granted asylum in a convent during the war as long as she seems a suitable prospect for conversion to Christianity. But once Kitty begins to develop into a young woman, and to take some interest in her physical life, she is suspected by her would-be "saviors" of being a damnable Jew. As the end of the war draws near, and "a final ceremony was still needed," Kitty serves as a sacrifice. The Germans overrun the convent, and the young Jewish girl is betrayed and executed.

If preoccupation with her body is responsible for Kitty's downfall, in *Tsili* the same preoccupation becomes a saving grace. Tsili stands in opposition not to the religious values of the convent, however, but to Jewish hyper-intellection and guilt. While all around her Jews are drawn to their death (several, having survived mass murder, commit suicide), she concentrates instead on the stark requirements of animal existence. Her survival, based as it is on growing strength and accumulated experience, is made to seem less a felicitous accident than the consequence of her difference from all the other Jews whose subtlety is here exposed as obtuseness.

Some critics have claimed that Tsili's endurance is emblematic of Jewish survival. So Appelfeld may possibly have intended it; but it is in fact rather the opposite. The Cinderella of her own Jewish family and community, she exposes their self-absorption, the failure of all their protective strategies, their weakness, baseness, folly. *Tsili* is thus an emblematic tale of how and why the European Jews, in their vast majority, did not survive.

CONTEMPORARY Jewish literature has revived in secular form a long-standing theological debate over the responsibility of the Jews for the many destructions that have been visited upon them in history. Actually, religious thinkers and secular philosophers alike have so far offered a stiff and honorable resistance to the notion that the *khurbn*, the devastation at the hands of the Nazis, in any way represents an act of divine retribution for Israel's sins. But in literature, just such a response to the Nazi atrocities has found a curious resonance. Without entering a straightforward moral judgment, without invoking the language of retribution, somehow the historical verdict has been turned inward upon the Jews.

In his writing, Aharon Appelfeld struggles with a very difficult personal inheritance—the culture of self-rejection in which he was raised and to which, despite everything, he remains attached by strong filial bonds. His desire to confront his past is inhibited by the terrible fate inflicted on the world of his childhood—as well charge your father with parsimony when he has been murdered for his wealth. In trying to achieve the necessary detachment, Appelfeld has cultivated an uninflected style, emotionally neutral, distant, impersonal. But the stifled anger of the son has been transferred onto the parents. Fate sits in judgment on all the ugly, assimilated Jews—fate in the form of the Holocaust. The result is a series of pitiless moral fables, more damning of the victims than of the crime committed against them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Bombs and Men

THE WIZARDS OF ARMAGEDDON: STRATEGISTS OF THE NUCLEAR AGE. By FRED KAPLAN. *Simon & Schuster. 452 pp. $18.95.*

Reviewed by EDWARD N. LUTTWAK

THIS account of the evolution of American strategic thought in the nuclear age begins in a promising fashion, with the first attempts to understand how the atomic bomb could be used, or rather kept unused, to keep the peace. Among the first to study the matter were the classical economist Jacob Viner, the equally classical political philosopher Arnold Wolfers, and the young Bernard Brodie, already well-known as a naval historian. Brodie soon transcended his elders because, unlike them, he was deeply interested in the technical aspect of the new weapons; he understood, for example, that the fission bomb of those days could destroy cities far more easily than armies in the field, especially if they were tank armies.

The quest for new ideas was soon encouraged and supported by the most progressive military figures of the day, the generals of the Army Air Corps and emergent Air Force, notably Henry Arnold and Curtis LeMay. They were responsible for the creation of Rand, the first of the nonprofit government-funded "think tanks." Rand was launched as an Air Force project for the explicit purpose of providing a permanent peacetime home for the sort of civilian scientists and "operational analysts" who had been found so useful in the war just ended. To attract talented minds who would not want to remain in the peacetime civil service, Rand was designed to combine the virtues of a non-bureaucratic research institute with the long-term funding and secret information which only the government could provide.

It was in those earliest years of the nuclear age that the ancient idea of deterrence (already explicit and indeed prominent in Roman times) was given its modern role, at the very center of strategy. Here Kaplan has good material in the doings and sayings of interesting and talented men, and he uses it well. Yet there is also a curious omission: Kaplan does not feel it necessary to describe, even in a single phrase, what it was that the American deterrent was to deter, namely Stalin's Soviet Union which was even then being sealed off from the outside world more fully than ever before, which was subjecting Eastern Europe to novel political brutalities, and which was probing for expansion most energetically from Norway to Iran.

Nor does Kaplan think it interesting to ask why it was that seemingly not a thought was given to the possibility of extracting concessions from the Soviet Union by the threat of using the bomb, then still an American monopoly. As a matter of fact, Kaplan does not record even the modest defensive benefit the bomb did bring merely by its existence: the tacit rules of conduct that allowed the United States to protect key interests in spite of the superior might of the Soviet army, as most notably in the first Berlin crisis. It was only because of the invisible protection of the bomb that the Soviet land blockade could be circumvented by entirely vulnerable American transport aircraft which landed safely in West Berlin right over Soviet anti-aircraft guns.

It is obvious enough why the atomic monopoly served only passively to protect American interests from further aggressions, and not to force Stalin back from Central Europe, as Czar Alexander I had been forced to withdraw after Napoleon's defeat. The reason was that an American society which had so recently refused to fight until forced to do so, would not now even contemplate the deliberate use of the bomb for a diplomacy of coercion. But why did military men, sometimes depicted as downright bloodthirsty, not even try to argue the merits of an American *pax atomica*? Would Stalin have shown similar restraint had the atomic monopoly been his?

This most fundamental difference between the Soviet Union and the United States is the central truth of the strategic contention between the two: the United States is most reluctant to use such power as it has, whereas in the Soviet system there is compulsion, partly ideological and partly bureaucratic, to use power to the very limit. But it is precisely this truth that Kaplan avoids, for, as one soon discovers, what he is trying to do is to show American intellectuals and military men collaborating mostly to promote the "arms race." So too he avoids all reference to the purely defensive benefits which the bomb did bring in the 1945-49 period of U.S. monopoly, because it is now *de rigueur* to insist not merely on the dangers of nuclear weapons, but also on their complete uselessness for the purposes of statecraft.

BUT THE trouble with Kaplan's book does not become fully apparent until one reaches page 74 and the chapter on the role of the Rand men in the decision to develop the thermonuclear "superbomb." There was of course a fierce controversy, supposedly scientific but actually political: in a malpractice that was to become habitual, scientists who actually opposed the weapon for political reasons usurped their scientific authority to argue that such a bomb was not technically feasible (the current rendition of this practice is aimed at President Reagan's new strategic-defense initiatives). Kaplan makes much of Edward Teller's personality in explaining why it was that the H-bomb was developed at all. Teller, he writes, was "an almost

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK *is senior fellow at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington, D.C. His latest book,* The Grand Strategy of the Soviet Union, *is being published by St. Martin's Press this month.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fanatical anti-Communist with a particular loathing for the Soviet Union." In contrast to a wise and almost saintly J. Robert Oppenheimer, who did not want to build the H-bomb, Teller is described as "furious, driven," and obsessive.

Kaplan, judging by his citations, went to great lengths to uncover obscure unpublished sources and to extract documents from the Pentagon by using the Freedom of Information Act. All this activity must have interfered with the plain reading of widely available printed books. Had he consulted Dean Acheson's *Present at the Creation*, he would have discovered that the H-bomb decision was not the product of Teller's individual character and supposed political beliefs but rather followed from lawyerly deliberations on two key questions: could it be built?; and could the Soviet Union build one soon? Acheson and his aides (chiefly Paul Nitze) examined the evidence and decided that the answer to both questions was yes. That made the decision to build the weapon inevitable.

Kaplan ends the H-bomb chapter with a little anecdote calculated to depict Teller as an unfeeling monster. When the H-bomb device, code-named "Mike," duly exploded in the first test, Teller "in a fit of joy" sent a telegram to the director of the Los Alamos laboratory: "It's a boy." It is only some thirty pages later, and then by tangential reference in a chapter devoted to Albert Wohlstetter and his pervasively influential basing study (which inaugurated the centrality of force vulnerability in American strategic-nuclear thought), that Kaplan casually mentions the fact that the Soviet H-bomb was detonated in August 1953, a mere eleven months after the American test. And it is still some pages after that, in discussing Rand's role in instigating the development of the ICBM, that Kaplan refers, again tangentially, to the fact that the Soviet H-bomb employed lithium. This was no small matter: it meant that the Soviet H-bomb was in fact a *bomb*, a practical weapon, deliverable by an aircraft or even a missile. "Mike," by contrast, had only been an experimental device made huge and non-deliverable by a refrigeration apparatus. Now Rand's influence and Teller's supposed obsessions seem not so important after all. Seriously delayed by Oppenheimer's opposition, the American decision to build the H-bomb had come just in time.

Obviously, the Soviet H-bomb could not have been the product of the "action-reaction" phenomenon that supposedly drives the arms race. The Soviet Union's test of a bomb in August 1953 suggests a decision made by 1948 or even earlier, certainly long before Dean Acheson arbitrated between the contending scientists. Kaplan is writing about Americans, and the evolution of American thinking about the strategic questions of the nuclear age, but given his depiction of Teller, and his description of the Rand crowd as "collaborators" in the awful deed of building the H-bomb, we should ask ourselves how it was that the Soviet Union, quite Randless, started to build the H-bomb even earlier. Who was the Soviet Teller? Was he perhaps Hungarian too? Did he also have bushy eyebrows, and was he "an almost fanatical anti-capitalist with a particular loathing for the United States"?

Nor does Kaplan pause to consider the profound and sinister implications of the fact that the Soviet H-bomb decision was made so early. For the circumstances of the Soviet Union would easily have justified a long delay in acquiring the weapon. A wealthy United States, far more advanced scientifically but very weak in military power of the conventional sort (in 1950 American forces could scarcely cope with the North Koreans), could easily obtain the bomb and also had a great need of it, then as now to contain the far superior armies of the Soviet Union. For the latter, by contrast, the H-bomb was a far greater sacrifice of far smaller utility. Nevertheless, in a Soviet Union where the war's destruction had compounded colossal mismanagement to bring back a harsh poverty of miserable overcrowding, ragged clothes, and sheer hunger, the decision to build the H-bomb was made even earlier than in the United States.

That uncovers the second central truth of the strategic contention between the two sides so misleadingly equated in the very term "superpowers," and it too is a truth ignored by Kaplan. It is that there is no symmetry of effort between Americans who so reluctantly use a small fraction of their vast wealth to acquire military power and a Soviet regime which imposes enormous sacrifices on its own people and colonizes others in order to increase its military power.

With the entire strategic reality of the Soviet Union thus excluded from the picture, Kaplan is off and running. In writing of Paul Nitze and his role in NSC-68 (the plan for conventional rearmament prompted by the Soviet A-bomb in 1949 but implemented only in part, and then only after the North Korean invasion); in describing the Gaither committee and the ballistic-missile decisions it advocated (in the wake of the Sputnik shock); and in discussing the Rand thinkers, Kaplan combines a lucid exposition of ideas and procedures with the insistent suggestion that Nitze and the rest were afflicted by almost hysterical fears or, worse, that they consciously manipulated the evidence to arouse groundless fears.

With not a word about the Gulag, Budapest 1956, or Khrushchev's threats of nuclear bombardment against Paris and London in that same year (on the occasion of the Suez invasion), and above all with nothing whatever said about the Soviet army, we are invited to contemplate arrogant and yet weak American minds relentlessly threatening the Soviet Union with unnecessary arms.

In the same vein, when Kaplan writes of the Strategic Air Command, Curtis LeMay, and the persistence of a rigid, all-out bombing plan (which anticipated and outlasted the policy of "massive retaliation"), the text is again well-informed and informative about all the detailed aspects and yet simultaneously tendentious in the extreme. Now Kaplan offers us the spectacle of men cold-bloodedly planning the destruction of Soviet cities but he gives no serious consideration to the strategic predica-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment which was the source of it all: to protect Western Europe from intimidation if not attack, the United States had acquired all the attributes of a European Great Power except the most important, a great army.

The thinking and operational studies of Bernard Brodie, Herbert Goldhammer, Herman Kahn, William Kaufmann, Nathan Leites, Andrew Marshall, Henry Rowen, Albert Wohlstetter, and other Rand strategists; the planning and force-building of the military establishment and notably the Strategic Air Command; and the policy advocacy of Paul Nitze, Robert Sprague (the true author of the influential report named for Rowan H. Gaither), and a good many others since, including the Committee on the Present Danger, have all been prompted and shaped by the great asymmetry between the Soviet Union's powerful ground forces and their changing but always inadequate Western counterparts. To keep a tolerable overall military balance that would protect its more exposed allies even in conditions of non-nuclear inferiority, thus allowing them to resist Soviet intimidation—and also to dissuade the proliferation of national nuclear forces—the United States has had to extend the scope of its nuclear deterrence to cover its allies as well. If it were not for that, if the only requirement were the deterrence of a nuclear attack upon the United States itself, then indeed all the labors of Rand, all the advocacy of additional strategic-nuclear strength, and a great part of the nuclear weapons themselves would always have been unnecessary.

By leaving the Soviet army out of the picture, and by constantly pretending that American nuclear weapons serve only to deter a most improbable Soviet nuclear attack upon the United States, it is easy enough to make the thinking of the nuclear strategists seem nothing more than self-serving, even mercenary over-elaboration. By leaving out the Soviet army and its armored divisions equipped, trained, and deployed to threaten invasion, one can ridicule any and every measure of nuclear force-building as useless and dangerous "overkill,"

If you believe that pressing political, economic, and cultural issues cannot be resolved—or even understood—without considering their moral and ethical underpinnings, you should subscribe to

This World

the lively new journal (less than 2 years old) that believes the same. Here are highlights of the current issue, dated Spring/Summer 1983:

Foreign Policy and "The American Way"

The Rise and Fall of the Post-World War II Consensus

by Allan C. Carlson

Our pluralistic society is increasingly torn by divisive conflicts. A diminished core of common values appears unable to sustain the formerly shared sense of moral identity and purpose. Can the old consensus be restored? Can some other viable common faith replace it? And, lacking either, can the U.S. reassert an effective foreign policy, rebuild its position vis a vis the Soviet Union, and continue as leader of the non-Communist world?

"Cosmos", Cosmologies, and the Public Schools

by Richard A. Baer, Jr.

A Cornell University scientist examines recent developments in the continuing controversy over religious and moral teachings and the public schools: the use of Sagan's "Cosmos" series in science studies; the storm over tuition vouchers and educational tax credits; the creationism conflict. Baer warns of a dangerously widening gulf between education theorists and leaders on the one hand, and broad segments of the public on the other.

The Market, Planning, Capitalism and Democracy

by Giovanni Sartori

Debates over the degree of economic planning that is compatible with political democracy are notable more for their passion than for their clearheadedness. Here, however, the distinguished Schweitzer Professor of Humanities at Columbia University presents light without heat: a remarkably readable and lucid explanation that, happily, defines some basic concepts too often obscured, when not overlooked entirely.

THIS WORLD is published three times yearly. Single copies are $5 each. Subscriptions: $16 for four issues, $32 for eight issues. Please enclose payment with your order, and address:

This World 6th floor 210 East 86th Street New York, N.Y. 10028

Editor: Michael A. Scully Editorial Board: Michael Novak, Seymour Siegel
Exec. Publisher: Philip N. Marcus

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a word which suggests an absurd excess measured by matching the many American nuclear warheads with the small number of Soviet cities—as if American nuclear warheads were in fact targeted upon Soviet cities to any important extent, and as if the United States could plausibly deter attacks upon other countries, and attacks not necessarily nuclear, by the desperate and unbelievable threat of destroying the cities of the Soviet Union. By leaving out the Soviet army, one can depict SAC and the rest of the military as mad bombers, forever wanting to burden the planet with more and more nuclear weapons, for no better reason than bureaucratic self-interest, or even for the profit of the contractors. Kaplan avoids such explicitly crude characterizations, and yet he implies them by his omission of any sustained and serious discussion of the non-nuclear imbalance of forces.

In reality, all the significant thinking of the Rand men and their many emulators, and almost all the building of new nuclear weapons, have been motivated by the very opposite of a quest for "overkill." Far from seeking to obtain more destructive power against the peoples of the Soviet Union, the aim rather has been to uncover ways and means of making retaliatory threats more selective, more flexible, and much less destructive —threats which could in turn plausibly deter Soviet threats themselves less catastrophic than the all-out nuclear attack upon America which is indeed most easily dissuaded by a very small nuclear force. As soon as it becomes necessary to do more, everything becomes far more difficult, and many more weapons far more accurate and resilient are needed.

Thus, for example, if the Minuteman missiles served only to deter a nuclear attack upon our own cities, then we should not be concerned by their vulnerability to attack. Even if the Soviet Union could destroy 90 percent of them with its own larger missile force, the remaining 10 percent would still be ample to destroy every Soviet city worth destroying—thereby still inhibiting any Soviet attack upon our cities.

But that is not the exclusive or even predominant purpose of the Minuteman force. It serves rather to add an element of deterrence to inadequate non-nuclear defenses. These land-based missiles, the most controllable of all long-range nuclear weapons, can best extend deterrence because they can be used selectively, perhaps in twos or threes, to threaten not Moscow or Kiev but military facilities relevant to the invasion to be deterred, facilities perhaps remote from any large civilian population.

Now the vulnerability of the Minuteman force does reduce its deterrent value. For how can the threat of using a *few* of the missiles be plausible when the Soviet Union can threaten just as plausibly to destroy all of them if any are used? Thus, ironically, to threaten less one needs more.

Those who flatly assert that the Soviet Union would promptly launch an all-out assault if it ever became the target of any nuclear attack at all, even one provoked by a massive invasion of Europe, are merely echoing a transparent Soviet attempt to inhibit the extension of deterrence. Of them we should ask whether the Soviet Union, having unleashed an invasion, would add the cataclysm too if, say, a single airfield were destroyed by a single warhead. And if not, what of two warheads and two airfields? And so on, in a reversal of "salami tactics."

Those, by contrast, who merely note that nuclear weapons are so destructive that any "selectivity" is dubious, and therefore exceedingly dangerous, have a far simpler and more impressive argument. But so long as they offer no better defense against the Soviet army than loose talk of new anti-tank weapons (the Syrians had thousands in the Bekaa against Israel last year), and still looser talk about the drunkenness of Soviet officers (drunk they fought, and drunk they won, in 1945 as in 1812), the only alternatives to the decline of Western security will continue to be nuclear forces resilient enough and powerful enough to extend deterrence, or else the enormous increases in defense spending that a truly adequate conventional deterrent would require.

When Kaplan reaches the "missile-gap" episode at the end of the Eisenhower era (yes, we meet yet again an avuncular Eisenhower, firm or almost so in resisting military demands), he becomes even more tendentious. We now encounter Air Force Intelligence enlivened by General George Keegan—the same Keegan who many years later introduced the entire rubric of beam weapons into our public debate, only to be branded as a fantasist by the Carter administration which was soon enough to fund those very weapons to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars.

Kaplan recounts the fierce paper battles of the Air Force with the CIA experts who began to doubt, and later flatly denied, that there was any missile gap at all. Kaplan has a good time in contrasting the frightening Air Force estimates of a hundred Soviet ICBM's by 1960 (and five hundred soon thereafter) with the tens forecast by CIA, and the *four* actually known to have been deployed. But consider the circumstances: first, there was in 1957 the shock of the Soviet launch of Sputnik, the first man-made space vehicle; second, there was the plain fact that the booster which had launched Sputnik into orbit could more easily launch a nuclear warhead at the United States, thereby functioning as an ICBM—at a time when the United States had no such weapon; third, there was the carefully orchestrated Soviet propaganda campaign designed precisely to persuade the world that the Soviet Union was in fact producing ICBM's in quantity; fourth, there was the absence of reliable and comprehensive intelligence from inside the Soviet Union until the first satellite photography became available in 1960 (the earlier U-2 photography had been unable to bring back pictures from some of the most likely missile locations).

And then there was one more fact, the most significant of all, which Kaplan as it happens does mention, but only in passing and in another context, long after he has had his fun with Keegan and the Air Force. Although there was a controversy over the number of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet missiles of intercontinental range, there was *no* controversy about the medium-range ballistic missiles of which the Soviet Union had hundreds at the time. Thus the reader is invited on page 167 to ridicule Keegan's early estimate of hundreds of Soviet ICBM's, only to be casually informed on page 301 that the Soviet Union did indeed have hundreds of ballistic missiles, though not of intercontinental range.

To be sure, there was an absolute difference between the two classes of weapons so far as the vulnerability of American-based nuclear forces was concerned. But the ability to build medium-range missiles certainly suggested a parallel ability to build equivalent weapons of intercontinental range, and the Air Force was thus being only prudent in estimating that what could be built would be built.

Moreover, in the broader context of strategy, the difference between Soviet medium-range missiles aimed at Europe and ICBM's aimed at the United States was not all that great, given the fact that the purpose of American nuclear forces was (and is) primarily to protect Europe by deterrence. Obviously Soviet medium-range missiles that could destroy any European city diminished the assurance that American protection could confer.

THE missile gap was indeed a myth, if only because the Soviet Union was overambitious and tried to deploy too quickly a huge and most impractical first ICBM. But a myth has also been created about the myth—that the missile-gap overestimate was the result of unreasoned, groundless hysteria or even deliberate fabrication. In fact, it was induced by elementary prudence, for once misapplied. And there is worse, much worse: the missile-gap myth lasted only for three years, but the myth about the myth endures still. As do its evil consequences.

One such consequence is simply the inclination to disbelieve even the strongest evidence of increases in Soviet military power in any form. Another was confined to the inner world of the intelligence men themselves, but its effects were broad indeed, effects with which we must now live, at great cost and some added risk: the systematic *underestimation* of the Soviet ICBM force from the mid-1960's onward. The same group of CIA analysts who exposed the overestimate of the 1957-60 period, and who thereby gained authority over the combined (or "national") estimates, systematically proceeded to underestimate the quality of new Soviet ICBM's and their rate of deployment, continuing to make the same gross error year after year until the mid-1970's. It is odd that Kaplan does not feel it necessary to censure error in the direction of imprudent optimism, though this was an error that persisted for many more years than the missile-gap error did, and which was altogether less excusable given the availability of satellite photography throughout the period.

It was on the basis of such profoundly misleading but ardently welcome estimates that Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara—traumatized by the Cuban missile crisis—cut off any major innovation in the American nuclear arsenal after 1963. Kaplan follows the fashion by celebrating the post-1963 McNamara as the man who stood up to a voracious military and especially the Air Force (which wanted to build not only a new bomber but also the WS-120—just the sort of large ICBM that the Soviet Union now has in its SS-18). Kaplan's account eventually extends to the McNamara of delicate personal agonies about Vietnam who was to expiate his sins by serving as the unlikely preacher for the poor at the World Bank. But there is one aspect of McNamara's doings that Kaplan does not choose to discuss, namely, that his openly declared policy of one-sided restraint was based on a gross miscalculation of the Soviet response—an error of epic proportions, unambiguously documented in the successive Annual Defense Reports for Fiscal Year 1964, 1965, 1966, and 1967.

In fact, the systematic underestimation of Soviet armaments went far beyond the ICBM's alone and lasted long beyond McNamara's tenure at the Pentagon, serving as the foundation for policies of arms

Extraordinary critical acclaim for—
"A magisterial cultural history."*
Forced to flee their homeland, they made a magnificent contribution to ours: from Albert Einstein to Hans Hofmann, from Bruno Bettelheim to Thomas Mann, from Hannah Arendt to Otto Preminger, "Heilbut tells their complex, absorbing story with erudition, compassion and eloquence... Beautifully written and orchestrated, perfectly thought out." —Edmund White*
"Insightful, valuable and stimulating."
—Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, *New York Times*
EXILED in PARADISE
GERMAN REFUGEE ARTISTS AND INTELLECTUALS IN AMERICA FROM THE 1930'S TO THE PRESENT
ANTHONY HEILBUT
The Viking Press 40 West 23rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

Studies in Comparative Communism
An International Interdisciplinary Journal

Editor: Peter Berton

The only scholarly journal devoted to the comparative study of political, economic, military, social, cultural, and ideological dimensions of Communist states and parties, including comparative analyses across political and social systems, and especially those of the divided nations.
Special issues devoted to women in Communist countries, science and technology, civil-military relations, dissent and political change, leadership and succession, Trotsky and Trotskyism, and cities under Communism—East and West.

Sample Articles
Adaptations to Competitive Politics: The Case of Israeli Communism
Ideology and Ethnicity in Israel's Two Communist Parties
Baltic and Non-Baltic Immigrants in Israel
Soviet Policies in the Middle East
Economic Conditions and Political Instability in Communist States
Karl Kautsky and Eurocommunism
Antonio Gramsci and Marxism
Cabral's Marxism: An African Strategy for Development
Chinese Communist Revisionism in Comparative Perspective
The Goals of Citizenship Training in American and Soviet Schools

Institutions $29 Individuals $16

Studies in Comparative Communism
University of Southern California
Los Angeles, CA 90089-0043

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

control and non-deployment which might have worked well if only our antagonist were Great Britain or perhaps Sweden. It was those policies which engendered the predicament of today, in which a weapon as unsatisfactory as the MX is nevertheless a greatly belated necessity, and in which nuclear weapons must awkwardly be deployed in the crowded setting of Europe to serve as costly, inadequate, but essential substitutes for the intercontinental nuclear advantage that was so frivolously surrendered.

KAPLAN concludes his book by proclaiming that "the bomb" remains "a device of sheer mayhem, a weapon of cataclysmic powers no one really had the faintest idea how to control. The nuclear strategists had come to impose order—but in the end, chaos still prevailed." If this were said in order to call for more thought and better planning, for further refinements of engineering and for new and better policies, then the matter might be debated on its merits. But that is not at all the case. Kaplan relishes the chaos he has placed in prospect, and insists on the futility of any remedy.

And yet it is a fact most easily documented—without recourse to the Freedom of Information Act—that today's nuclear weapons are far less destructive and far more reliably controlled than those of twenty years ago; and it is a fact that needs no documentation at all that we have lived since 1945 without another world war precisely because rational minds did not surrender to unreason but rather devised the plans and procedures, the deployment modes and the policies that extracted a durable peace from the very terror of nuclear weapons.

Atlanticism

THE EUROPEANS. By LUIGI BARZINI. *Simon & Schuster. 267 pp. $14.95.*

Reviewed by LESLIE LENKOWSKY

IS THE Atlantic Alliance breaking up? The signs are certainly ominous. A common defense policy remains elusive. American efforts to restrict trade with the Soviet bloc meet with public rebuff from the European allies. Protectionism is again on the rise, and monetary affairs are a continuing source of dispute. Outside the Atlantic region proper, in crucial areas such as the Middle East and Central America, the supposed allies often find themselves working at cross-purposes.

Similar conflicts have always plagued Alliance politics, but now is a time when the need for unity seems especially great. Not since the years right after World War II has the Soviet Union posed so great a threat to the independence of Western Europe. Yet the United States and its NATO allies, instead of organizing a common resistance as they did then, have responded by quarreling with one another—sometimes over nothing more important than the composition of mayonnaise (the Germans use a synthetic, the French do not).

This sorry state of affairs is the subject of Luigi Barzini's new book, *The Europeans*. In a series of essays that are as witty and charming as they are realistic and candid, the distinguished Italian journalist asks why the major countries of the Alliance (including the United States) are acting so recklessly. His conclusions make one wonder not just whether "Atlanticism" is a thing of the past, but also how it has managed to survive so long.

Most observers have tended to blame the current troubles of the Alliance on the shortsighted behavior of its members. The United States, Europeans say, has been impulsive and unpredictable in foreign affairs, or too preoccupied with the Soviet Union. Furthermore, its high interest rates have weakened European currencies and harmed European economies. From the American viewpoint, the Europeans seem unwilling to shoulder their share of the common burden, are too willing to spend money on welfare programs rather than on defense, and all too eager to make lucrative trade deals with the Soviet bloc. What is needed, according to this line of reasoning, is better understanding and a greater resolve to put the common good above national interests.

Barzini agrees that such a solution would be desirable, but thinks its likelihood remote—as remote as the age-old dreams of European unity. Although cut from a common cultural cloth, the countries of the Atlantic Alliance are astonishingly diverse. They differ in their foods, their wines, their temperaments, and, most importantly, their histories. In Barzini's eyes, the past is more than a prologue; for better or worse it continues to shape the views and behavior of citizens and statesmen. While he does not deny the extent to which recent events have aggravated matters, Barzini finds the more fundamental reason for Atlantic disunity in the persistence of "national prides."

Most of *The Europeans* is devoted to this theme. Thus, the French are fractious because they still insist on being the chief rooster in the barnyard, even though they have long since lost the means: their vaunted missiles—the *force de frappe*—are but the contemporary equivalent of Cyrano de Bergerac's sword. In contrast, the Italians are the staunchest advocates of allied unity, because they hope—perhaps more for public consumption than out of private conviction—that it will provide a solution to their own historic ungovernability.

The British, writes Barzini, are stoics. The imperturbability which enabled them to carry their customs to distant lands and made them the envy of Europe now hampers their efforts (and their desire) to fit into the habits of the continent. Similarly, the lowland countries—in particular, Belgium and the Netherlands—are strong Atlanticists, but bring with this a commitment to pacifism that is better suited to small trading powers than to a union whose purposes are mostly military.

IT IS Germany, though, which Barzini finds especially worrisome. Throughout history, he argues, the Germans have excelled at adopting, "Proteuslike," characteristics they have thought would endear them to others. Since World War II, it is the Americans they have sought to please, by emphasizing the stolid, bourgeois elements of their tradition. In this they have succeeded,

LESLIE LENKOWSKY *is research director of a private foundation in New York City.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to an even higher degree than the Americans themselves; as a result, the gap between their economic and cultural strength, on the one hand, and their political and military inferiority on the other, has become all the more irritating.

In addition, lurking in German consciousness is the issue of reunification. Unless it is settled, Barzini believes, Germany will remain "vulnerable psychologically" as well as militarily. Yet the price of a solution is apt to be a neutralized nation in the heart of Europe that will make the position of the Atlantic Alliance untenable.

As these problems fester in Germany, a new mood seems to be taking hold which Barzini calls "national pacifism." The Germans wish to regain control of their destiny, not in order to strengthen the defenses of the West but in order to opt out. The new mood is not yet dominant politically, but, as Barzini writes, "Germany is, as it always was, a mutable . . . unpredictable country, particularly dangerous when it is unhappy." And once again, as has happened before, Germany may hold the future of Europe and the United States in its hands.

Barzini does see the growing success of the Common Market (EEC) as a possible avenue to a better outcome. The people of each country in the EEC, he notes, are increasingly likely to buy one another's products, learn one another's languages, marry one another's citizens. A European passport is about to be introduced, and there has been talk of a common currency and postage. Slowly, invisibly, "coral-like," the cultural differences that have historically divided the continent are being homogenized. Even Britons, Barzini claims, are now likely to acknowledge, somewhat reluctantly, that they are Europeans.

This, if true, should come as a relief to Americans, since it might enable them to disburden themselves of at least some of the Alliance's defense. Yet Barzini provides little evidence that such a unification is really under way. Indeed, most of *The Europeans* conveys the opposite impression. And in any case, as Barzini admits, the development of a common identity will take one or two generations at a minimum. The Atlantic Alliance might not have that much time.

THE cultural contradictions Barzini observes have been present for a long time, and the Atlantic Alliance has still managed to function effectively, despite occasional strains. What might prevent it from doing so in the future?

For one thing, Europe itself has changed. When the Alliance was born, the nations that joined with the United States were still suffering from the effects of a long and brutal war. Most were economically weak, physically ruined, spiritually devastated. And they also had fresh memories of what the process of appeasing a totalitarian power could lead to.

Europe today is a far different place. It is rebuilt, prosperous, and, as Barzini shows so well, culturally vibrant and contentious. Moreover, after nearly fifty years, the lessons of Munich have apparently begun to fade. If the Alliance were being proposed now, one wonders whether many countries would join.

An even more important change has occurred in the United States. At the close of World War II, it was unquestionably the leader of the West. The Europeans knew this, as did the Americans themselves. In a sense, the Atlantic Alliance was little more than a device for ratifying that preeminence and creating a means of effectuating it.

Now, none of the partners is so sure. In the United States, the Vietnam experience replaced self-confidence with self-doubt, while across the Atlantic, American leadership began to seem unreliable and dangerous. Instead of deference and even admiration, Europeans have become more likely to show only a grudging respect, coupled with wariness, for American power. "They are what they are," former German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt has said, "but they are the only Americans we have."

What Barzini and most Atlanticists forget, however, is the converse: that the Europeans are not the only allies the Americans have. Indeed, the fact that the United States even became part of the Atlantic Alliance is somewhat surprising, for

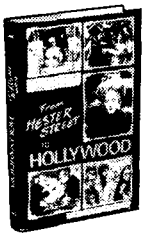
". . . [a] remarkable book."
—*Jewish Exponent*

THE JEWS OF WARSAW, 1939-1943
Ghetto, Underground, Revolt
By Yisrael Gutman
Translated from the Hebrew by Ina Friedman
Looks beyond the ghetto uprising itself to consider the broader character of Jewish public life as it took shape during the occupation and ghettoization of what had been Europe's greatest Jewish urban center. "Gutman . . . has chronicled with painstaking care and scrupulous annotation the sorry history of those abandoned Jews of Poland."
—Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*
"This work will stand as the definitive study."
—*The Virginia Quarterly Review*
$24.95

"This is an important addition to the literature on Jewish History."*

THE JEWS OF EAST CENTRAL EUROPE BETWEEN THE WORLD WARS

By Ezra Mendelsohn
"With sensitivity and intelligence [Mendelsohn] describes the fate of the five million Jews who lived in Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Romania, Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. Reviewing their economic, demographic, and cultural condition, he shows how their situation slowly deteriorated. The internal life of the Jewish communities, as well as their relations with the gentile society, are fully dealt with. A pathbreaking study, highly recommended . . . ." —*Library Journal*
$27.50



". . . a superb and much needed contribution."
—Sidney Lumet

FROM HESTER STREET TO HOLLYWOOD
The Jewish-American Stage and Screen
Edited by Sarah Blacher Cohen
From Fanny Brice to Lenny Bruce, Al Jolson to Woody Allen, the Jewish contribution to American popular culture has been both prolific and profound. "One cannot imagine American life without this band of vaudevillians, wisecrackers, troubadours, tear-pullers, enlighteners and moralists. *From Hester Street to Hollywood*, a scholarly theater romance, jumps out of scholarship into life, image, and identity." —Cynthia Ozick
$22.50

Available at bookstores, or send $1.50 postage and handling for first book, 50¢ for each additional book, to order from Publisher.

Indiana University Press
TENTH AND MORTON STREETS
BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47405

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not least among its cultural contradictions are those which divide the New World from the Old. Despite their common roots, Americans are different from Europeans—"baffling," as Barzini puts it. Their involvement in European wars did not come easily; forty years ago the creed of Atlanticism was hardly to be found among them, as the primary foreign-policy interests of the United States were thought to be elsewhere—south of the border and westward across the Pacific. With these regions now coming under intense Soviet pressure, a return to traditional American concerns might well be in the offing.

Reducing Europe's indebtedness to the United States might ultimately make for greater cooperation between them. Yet by the same token, the breakup of the Alliance might lead to national folly like that which preceded World War II. A Europe left to itself might decide that the price of defense is too high to pay, and succumb to the temptations of neutralism with Finlandization not far behind. Thus does the very fractiousness of the individual allies serve as an ironic reminder that the Alliance *is* Europe, and that without it, a free and independent Western Europe might well cease to exist.

The Jewish Tapestry

AN AMBASSADOR SPEAKS OUT: SPEECHES AND WRITINGS. By SHLOMO ARGOV. With an Introduction by TEDDY KOLLEK. *London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 294 pp. £12.50 (in UK).*

Reviewed by CHAIM RAPHAEL

WHEN Shlomo Argov became Israel's ambassador in London in September 1979 he brought with him, as part of his "credentials," a personal background that in its color and variety was a perfect expression of what he himself called, in another context, the "tapestry" of Jewish experience. He was giving full voice to this heritage, as was increasingly being noticed on all sides, when he was shot down at point-blank range by Arab terrorists in a London street on June 3, 1982. Miraculously he has survived, though hideously wounded and still gravely ill. But if his recovery from shattering physical wounds is inevitably slow, he speaks to us now, in a collection of earlier speeches, notable for their literary elegance and moral passion.

UNTIL the attack, his own life had incorporated the Jewish "tapestry" in its liveliest form. Born in Israel, he fought (and was wounded) in the 1948 War of Independence. Pursuing his education after the war, he studied at Georgetown University in Washington and took a master's degree at the London School of Economics. In the diplomatic field he worked for Israel in Nigeria, Ghana, New York, and Washington before becoming ambassador successively in Mexico, the Netherlands, and Britain. But the quality that symbolically informs everything is his descent from an Ashkenazi family that had lived in Jerusalem for seven generations.

Coming as he did simultaneously from Jerusalem and from the whole world, Shlomo Argov was irritated (as his speeches show) by critics who somehow expected Israel to have some placid, homogeneous, angelic character of the kind that could be expressed, say, in a verse from the Psalms—like "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." Certainly the Psalms belong to Israel; but, to interpret Argov, the people that has been reciting them with joy and conviction for 3,000 years has lived around the world in every conceivable circumstance, trailing clouds of experience and character that did not vanish, as by the touch of a wand, with the return to Zion. If, in Israel, ruthless struggles persisted in the arenas of religion, politics, and society, was this not the sign of both a rich history and a lively democracy? "Was there ever one precise *Israel*," Argov asks, "one single variation of Jerusalem?":

> Was Israel not, and will it not always be a composite, a tapestry of all the myriad strains and strands of the Jewish people. . . . Israel never was, neither will it, nor should it ever be the exclusive expression of any one facet of Jewishness; nor must it ever be the exclusive preserve of any one community, nor be expected to model itself in its image.

This last phrase conveys a special reproof to those who see Israel primarily in terms of the pioneer Zionists from Eastern Europe who came to build a socialist utopia on that stony soil. These, Argov reminds us, were not the only Jews who returned: "Over centuries others made their way back from the exiles of the East, and they too came in the name of Zion." Some were passive: "They hugged the walls, sat by the stones, and prayed at the tombs of their ancestors." Others "dwelt within the walls of the ancient capital" but then went out to found settlements that were to lay a practical base for the future, like Petah Tikvah, which, though Argov does not say so, was founded by one of his ancestors.

ISRAEL is now harmonizing these elements of historic diversity, but it will be a long time before the process is complete. Argov asks us to look on the contemporary "tensions and polemics" as part of a process of coming together, and also to bear in mind that the harmony being sought is not one in which

> all of these unique cultural experiences and attributes will become lost in one monolithic whole in which we will all look the same, act the same, talk the same. That would not be in the nature of Jewishness as a constant *individual* search for comprehension, for learning, for betterment, and for accomplishment.

Argov underlines the variety and diversity of Israel in order to deal with the charge that its moral fiber has now deteriorated. Just such a charge was made in a report to a meeting of the World Jewish Congress in January 1981, asserting that Israeli society was going along the wrong road, "fragmented, contentious, and unstable," riddled by "a

---

CHAIM RAPHAEL, *a frequent contributor to* COMMENTARY, *is the author of many books on Jewish life and culture, including* Encounters with the Jewish People, The Walls of Jerusalem, *and, most recently,* The Springs of Jewish Life *(Basic Books).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

growing materialism that has hastened the erosion of the old ideas and Jewish values." Edgar Bronfman, the new president of the Congress, was already on record as believing that Israel was "becoming increasingly a Middle Eastern country and thus much less a place where the average Western (or even Soviet) Jew will feel at home." He did not believe, Bronfman said in a later interview, that his children or grandchildren would ever move to Israel.

As his speeches show, Argov was affronted not so much by the prospective loss to Israel of Bronfman's grandchildren as by the emotional sterility of looking at Israel so sadly. Millions of Jews in the Diaspora will never settle in Israel; the reality, therefore, is to enjoy to the full a unique and fructifying association of mutual advantage. For Israel the material benefits are obvious and immense; but these will be poisonous in their effect if the Diaspora sees its role as one of providing moral lectures *de haut en bas*, as though Israel were a foreign branch of a multinational business organization headquartered in the West.

This theme recurs again and again in Argov's writing. By what impossible standard, he asks, is the community living in Israel to be judged? Quite apart from the fact that the state has had to defend itself against constant aggression and threats of aggression, is there some moral criterion according to which it is to be found wanting?:

> Have we turned away a single Jew because he was penniless? . . . Did we select only the young and the ablebodied and reject the old and infirm, as others might have done in circumstances such as ours? . . . Have we betrayed our democratic tradition? Is Israel no longer an open and free society? Do we change governments by coup d'états, or is not the will of the people—freely expressed and democratcially applied—the true and decisive determinant of policy and government?

Such thoughts burst out of Argov mostly when he is talking to Jews, within the "family." To those outside he prefers a cool and logical approach, making his listeners aware of the practicalities that have conditioned Israel's defense policies. A classic instance of this is a talk he gave to one of Britain's top defense institutes only a few months before the murderous attack on him.

At the center of his argument is the rueful recognition that Israel is alone responsible for its survival—unlike, say, Western Europe, where there is "a massive American military presence and the protection of America's nuclear umbrella." That Israel has to stand alone "is not an inflated perception of prowess [but] a function of Israel's unique strategic vulnerability," which governs its every action in the military field.

Israel, Argov says, faces four major disparities vis-à-vis its neighbors and enemies. First, geographic. Until 1967, with Tel Aviv only eleven miles from the old armistice lines, Israel had no strategic depth to speak of. Today, its defense is anchored in the Golan Heights and the eastern slopes of Judea and Samaria, which, though still not ideal, represent a critical change for the better. Next, there is the demographic disparity. Israel's small citizen army faces forces (excluding Egypt) of one-and-a-quarter million. It can only operate if there is time for mobilization, which means that everything stands or falls by the initial opening phase of hostilities. Moving on, Argov demonstrates the vast disparity in arms, usually played down because of the dangerous assumption that Israel has always been skillful and daring in deployment. But the crunch of the argument comes with the fourth disparity, that of "intent."

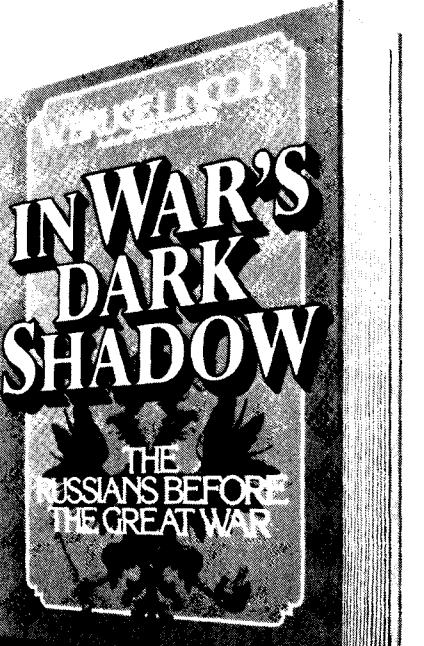
Blindness to Arab intent is part of the strange double-standard by which the world can allow the nations surrounding Israel to express the most infrangible hostility to its existence and yet be praised for their "moderation." In a letter to

"History made vivid, accessible, intimate...

unfolding the last days of Romanov autocracy in all its pathos and drama. Firmly establishes Lincoln as one of our foremost Russian historians."
—*Publishers Weekly*

"Lincoln has woven an intricate but coherent web of background, situation and detail deploying an immense range of material, blending contemporary report and historical research."—*Chicago Sun-Times*

"Vivid, dramatic and authoritative. ...Sets forth the empire's decline in a series of brilliant set-pieces."
—*Chicago Tribune Book World*



MAIN SELECTION OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
With photographs, at all bookstores

THE DIAL PRESS/DOUBLEDAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the (London) *Times* (February 20, 1982), Argov savaged an editorial that had advocated the reduction of American military aid to Israel in order to encourage good relations with a potentially peaceful Syria:

> President Assad can fire heavy artillery into the narrow streets of Hama, inflicting over 1,000 fatalities and untold injury and misery on many more thousands of his own people, and still come away crowned with such *Times* accolades as "a man of straightforward dealing and statesmanlike behavior."

The point is that Israel's military necessities are linked to its unique vulnerability, and have to be judged in that perspective. Every criticism of the actions of the present government has to take note of this general truth.

The Rope Sellers

RED CARPET. By JOSEPH FINDER. *New Republic Books/Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 409 pp. $16.95.*

Reviewed by EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN

THE current fascination with the machinations of the KGB—which focuses on Soviet espionage, subversion, disinformation, and assassination—tends to distract from the incredible, and far more decisive, success of Soviet trade policy in the past sixty years. This success, which was crucial both to the Soviet Union's economic survival and to the development of its military power, proceeded almost entirely from the voluntary cooperation of its declared enemy—the capitalist West.

By 1920 the Soviet economy, torn apart by civil conflict, and cut off by embargoes and military blockades, had literally come to a standstill. It had run out of the drills and bits necessary to produce oil, the components to keep its power stations running, fertilizer for its agriculture, and even replacement parts for its trucks and tractors. Moreover, its gold reserves abroad had been frozen, and it had no credit. The foreign policy of the Soviet Union thus turned by necessity to the task of inducing its main enemies—the United States, England, Germany—to provide it with the wherewithal to build a modern economy.

Lenin explained that inviting Western business to develop concessions "did not mean peace with capitalism but war on a new plane." This was the sense of the New Economic Policy. Between 1920 and 1930, no fewer than 350 foreign companies accepted concessions, and there followed a vast infusion of machinery, trucks, ships, planes, indeed whole factories from the West—all financed in large part by Western credit. With wartime Lend Lease, this massive transfer accelerated so greatly that Stalin could accurately boast to Roosevelt that most of Soviet industry had been built by the United States.

The dimensions of the success of Soviet policy are traced in Anthony C. Sutton's three-volume study, *Western Technology and Soviet Economic Development*. But the story of how American capitalists were enticed to cooperate in the Soviet design is the subject of Joseph Finder's brilliantly ironic *Red Carpet*. The cast of characters includes Armand Hammer, the head of America's ninth largest oil company, Occidental Petroleum; David Rockefeller, the chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank; Averell Harriman, the railroad heir and former governor of New York; Cyrus Eaton, the Cleveland industrialist (now deceased); and Donald Kendall, the chairman of Pepsi Cola.

Finder, a fellow at the Russian Research Center at Harvard, did not rely on the public-relations legends that have grown up around the careers of these illustrious businessmen. In addition to interviews with the principals (which even involved tracking down Armand Hammer's Russian nephew in Moscow), he used the Freedom of Information Act to pry open classified FBI files on Hammer and Eaton; he scoured the records at the National Archives, the Henry Ford Library, and the Rockefeller Archives; and he gained access to the Harriman papers and oral-history transcripts. The result is a completely original interpretation of the way the Soviet Union attempted, with varying degrees of success, to bend these captains of industry to its purposes. While Finder explores only five cases, which hardly exhaust the field, each illustrates a different use that capitalists have been put to by the Soviets.

THE story begins with Armand Hammer. In his many interviews, public statements, and commissioned biographies, Hammer has carefully advanced the legend that he was a canny American millionaire who visited Russia only for humanitarian reasons and then, through a chance meeting with Lenin in the 1920's, became involved in Soviet trade. Finder methodically debunks this version, demonstrating that if Hammer's involvement was an accident, it was an accident of birth. Hammer's father, Julius, who had been a founder of a wing of the American Communist party and an associate of Lenin even before the revolution, was appointed in 1918 the exclusive agent for handling Soviet trade in America. He proceeded to set up a company in partnership with the Soviet government which specialized in evading the embargo and in shipping supplies to Russia through Estonia. While Armand was still in medical school, his father built up the Soviet connection in an organization that eventually was taken over by Amtorg, the official Soviet trade agency.

Trouble set in when Julius Hammer briefly became the Soviet commercial attaché in New York. His Soviet partner in the venture was deported and Hammer himself was arrested and sent to prison on an abortion charge (which, with some justification, he saw as a screen for political persecution). British intelligence also seized secret documents suggesting that Hammer's organization was acting as a financial conduit for the clandestine activities of the Comintern, and Hammer was banned from England. Then, after he got out of prison in the United

---

EDWARD JAY EPSTEIN *is currently working on a book about international deception. His other books include* Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald, Between Fact and Fiction, *and* The Rise and Fall of Diamonds.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

States, he was arrested in Germany. Under these circumstances, Armand became the titular head of the business while his father continued to operate sub rosa.

In 1921 Armand Hammer went to Estonia and Russia as a representative of his father (then still in Sing Sing). At this point, Lenin decided that if the young Hammer were given a concession, he could be used as a sort of shill to attract investments from more substantial American businesmen. "What we want to show and have in print . . . is that the Americans have gone in for concessions. This is important politically," Lenin wrote in reference to Hammer. On his return Armand Hammer traveled around America talking to businessmen about his Russian concession, while Julius Hammer, back in Moscow after completing his prison term, remained behind the scenes.

Even after the Soviet government naturalized all the foreign concessions lured into Russia, Hammer continued both privately and publicly to organize Soviet trade with the West—a role he plays to the present day. In tracing this hidden story, Finder effectively dismantles level after level of the Hammer legend. For example, Hammer claims in an autobiographical memoir that he broke off relations with the Soviet Union in 1930 and more or less escaped from there with his personal art collection, which he then proceeded to sell in the United States. In fact, as Finder shows, the Soviet Union was supplying most of the art from its museums and storehouses, and Hammer was acting as a hidden broker. (The Soviet government could not reveal that it was the principal without risking suit by those from whom the art had been confiscated.)

Cyrus Eaton turns out to be a very different story. Up until the age of seventy-one, Eaton was such a dedicated capitalist that the *National Review* could describe him as "the most fearsome living incarnation of the old-time competitive spirit." He had founded a steel company, Republic Steel, and he ran a railroad, the C & O.

In 1954 Eaton negotiated a secret deal under which the Soviet Union would buy his surplus steel in Canada. At this point, it was merely business. But things changed when a delegation of Soviet journalists came to visit Eaton in Cleveland the following year, and he found himself publicly surrounded by hecklers. Assuming that this harassment had been organized by the FBI, Eaton, a fierce individualist, responded by openly befriending the Soviets.

The Soviet leadership took full advantage of the situation by giving this capitalist a hero's welcome in Moscow. Yet unlike Hammer, who played an active role in organizing Soviet trade with the West, Eaton was used mainly as a showpiece. Perhaps his major contribution was arranging a series of peace conferences at which Western intellectuals encountered Soviet scientists and diplomats.

Soviet leaders also attempted to cultivate Averell Harriman, who had served as wartime ambassador to Moscow, and David Rockefeller, who ran the Chase Manhattan Bank. They assumed that both men, as leading members of the "ruling class," could help open doors. The fruits, according to Finder's research, proved meager. With Donald Kendall, however, the Soviets acquired tangible results—Pepsi Cola syrup and some access to the inner circle of Richard Nixon (who depended on Kendall as a fund-raiser and supporter).

As Finder shows, these various stories became woven together when, in 1972, Hammer, Eaton, Rockefeller, and Kendall all got involved in the lobbying effort to override the Jackson amendment tying Soviet trade to Jewish exit permits. During this period, Rockefeller helped Kendall in forming a Soviet-American trade organization, and Hammer bought a majority interest in Eaton's Soviet trading company. Hammer even provided Nixon with an illegal cash contribution (which helped secure the silence of the Watergate burglars), and Nixon pressed William Casey, then director of the Import-Export Bank (and now head of the CIA), into giving the Soviet Union a $180-million loan

"What would we do without Mr. O'Neill?
How could we win without **him**?
Oh, how he loves to defend the New Deal,
All the way out on a limb.
Taxing and spending are what he does best,
Helping the deficit soar.
Even Fritz Mondale is getting depressed.
Please give the
speaker the floor."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review write to Dept. C-8, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

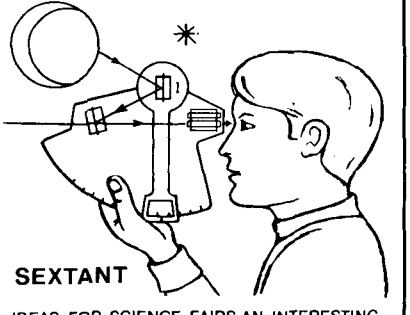
Le Moal

942 Third Avenue
(Between 56 & 57 St.)
New York, N.Y. 10022 / MU 8-8860

STIMULATE INQUIRING, YOUNG MINDS...

with a THINGS membership. Kits mailed each month have materials to use, and a booklet giving background on the science subject and easy to follow instructions for exciting demonstrations and experiments.

Designed for young people 10 to 16, parents often enjoy them too!



IDEAS FOR SCIENCE FAIRS-AN INTERESTING HOBBY-A HELP IN DECIDING ON A CAREER-A GIFT THAT'S FOR THE WHOLE YEAR;

JOIN NOW!

MAIL WITH REMITTANCE TO:

THINGS of Science

RD 1, Box 130C
Newtown, PA 18940

GIFT CARD SENT IF REQUESTED
1 YEAR - $17.50 2 YEARS - $33.00
EACH ADDITIONAL MEMBER - $16.00
CANADA AND MEXICO ADD $6.50;
OTHER COUNTRIES ADD $9.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to build a gas pipeline which Nixon claimed was in "the national interest" and certainly was in Hammer's interest. The other Americans also no doubt saw their own interests being furthered; but whatever the motives that were involved in this odd world of détente, strange alliances were forged.

ALTHOUGH *Red Carpet* is rich in vignettes that illuminate both the vanities and vulnerabilities of American capitalists, its real strength lies in unraveling the web of relationships that was used to promote economic help of all sorts to the Soviet Union. Hammer, for example, not only opened up business channels, he also cultivated relations with the family of President Roosevelt and, through his dealings in art and his philanthropy, developed connections for the Soviets throughout Washington. Indeed, the most revealing aspect of this book has to do with the way art, opportunities for profit, cultural and intellectual exchanges, and social contacts can be mobilized to influence American foreign policy.

To be sure, the Soviet Union had recourse to official channels as well in order to achieve its objectives. Finder, unfortunately, does not provide a final evaluation of the relative importance of the "red-carpet" strategy as against other avenues of approach. Was it Hammer who provided the "path" to American business that Lenin outlined in a letter to Stalin, and if so, did the Soviets get from him what otherwise would have been unobtainable? Did the stamp of approval Harriman and Rockefeller gave to Soviet trade assist in obtaining more favorable credit and trade terms? Did Eaton provide anything more than a momentary propaganda circus? Did Kendall play an active role in influencing Nixon toward détente? Did the corporate entities these men represented gain or lose from their activities?

Although it does not answer these questions, *Red Carpet* does offer an unparalleled view of the way the Soviet Union established back channels to American business by courting selected capitalists, and that view is a greatly illuminating one.

We mourn the death of

Maurice Glinert

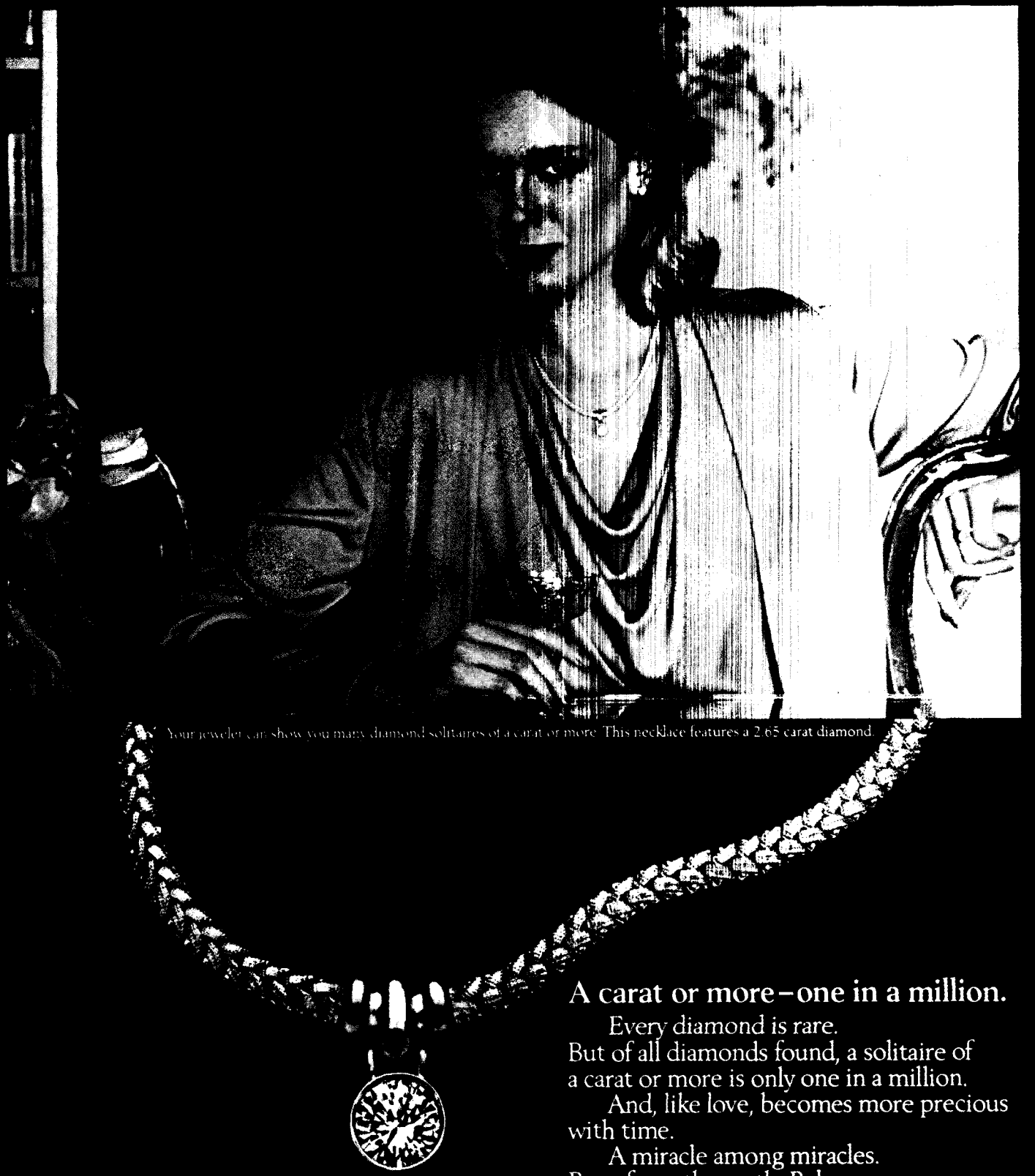
1892-1983

Member for thirty-five years and past chairman of the
COMMENTARY Publication Committee

Valued adviser, cherished friend

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A full carat or more. Halfway isn't your style.



Your jeweler can show you many diamond solitaires of a carat or more. This necklace features a 2.65 carat diamond.

A carat or more–one in a million.

Every diamond is rare.
But of all diamonds found, a solitaire of a carat or more is only one in a million.

And, like love, becomes more precious with time.

A miracle among miracles.
Born from the earth. Reborn on a woman.

The extraordinary diamond of a carat or more.

Show the world you couldn't have made it without her.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The all-new 1984 Ford Tempo

Style and technology in total harmony.

Form follows function.

In its creation of Tempo, Ford set out to design a car that would prove that a spacious interior, comfort and performance could be compatible with fuel efficiency. Ford engineers began with a sound design principle: Form follows function. First came completely new functional ideas. And then Tempo's pleasing form followed–naturally.

An acknowledged world leader in aerodynamic design, Ford used this expertise in creating Tempo. And it has a profound effect on the overall performance of the car. For example, aerodynamics helps Tempo hug the road because airflow is directed to reduce lift for improved stability and directional control.

Tempo is equipped with the world's most advanced automotive computer: the EEC-IV (Electronic Engine Control). It monitors and controls seven vital functions of Tempo's new 2300 HSC engine for optimum power response and fuel efficiency.

Fuel economy rates high on Tempo's list of pluses. The standard E.S. (Fuel Saver) powertrain with 4-speed manual transaxle is rated at 43 estimated hwy. and 28 EPA estimated mpg.*

Available in 2-door and 4-door (above).

TEMPO FEATURES

Front-wheel drive: All-weather traction, precise handling.

Four-wheel independent suspension: Responsive handling and a smooth ride.

EEC-IV computer: Instantly monitors and controls seven vital engine functions for optimum power/output and fuel efficiency.

2300 HSC engine: New High Swirl Combustion engine designed for quick power response.

Transaxle: Available with manual 4-speed, 5-speed or automatic transaxle.

Computer refined interior: Seats five passengers. More rear passenger room than a Mercedes 300D.

Quality is Job 1: Body fit tolerances that can be compared with European Sports Sedans.

Pick up the Tempo of your life.

To obtain a brochure with more information on Ford's all-new sedan, see your Ford Dealer or call 1-800-772-2100.

*For comparison and applicable only to sedans without A/C. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings will probably be lower.

Get it together–Buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Ford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED